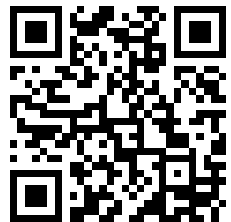

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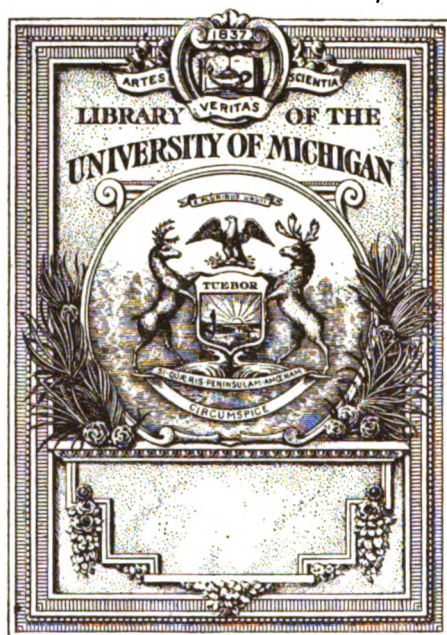




St. Nicholas

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ST. NICHOLAS:

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ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. II.

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NO. I.

TCHUMPIN.

(From the Russian of Ivan Bestujev.)

BY C. A. STEPHENS.

I.

IN the military school at Cronstadt the cadets have a custom of calling for a story from the Colonel-superintendent, at Easter. Russian lads, it should be remarked, have not nearly so many story books as American boys. Hence, a story from the Colonel is highly prized; and as soon as the Easter festival comes they demand it clamorously, though at other times they would not think of addressing their superior officer, save in the most respectful manner. But at Easter there is great freedom. It will be remembered that in Russia all classes exchange the kiss of Christian greeting at Easter; and in the military schools the Czar himself kisses the cadets, in full uniform.

There are very many quaint and peculiar customs common to the Russians.

On the present occasion the lads who had called for the Easter story were all assembled in the right wing of the ordnance room. It was past three o'clock; they were in full dress. Colonel Demidoff passed down the forms, saluting each in turn, then took his seat on the platform, smiling under his grey mustaches.

"So then you want your story," said he, in his crisp, military tones. "A story it shall be. I will tell you of a Kalmuck boy who was once my horse-boy, and who has risen since then by his courage and energy to be a captain in the Kier regiment of Cossacks.

"I tell you of this boy because I want you to

see and to realize that a stout heart, a brave mind and an active body will always make their way in the world, even from the lowest ranks in life; and at the same time I wish you to remember that courage, good sense and bodily strength can each be cultivated, and are, to great extent, within the reach of every one of you.

"His name was Tchumpin.

"But first, I must tell you how this Kalmuck lad came to be my horse-boy. At that time I held the rank of major and was attached to the corps of mining engineers at Barnaoul, in South-west Siberia. Barnaoul is the head-quarters of the mining operations carried on in the Altai mountains. All the gold and silver which the Siberian mines yield belongs, as you well know, to His Majesty the Czar; and the mining engineers are as much in his service as are the military officers. Gold is obtained throughout a great extent of the Altai range. Every year new tracts and districts are explored and new mines, with their works, are established.

"On the first day of May of that year I was detailed, together with an assistant engineer and a guard of seven Cossacks, to explore one of the southerly spurs of the range, and examine the beds of the torrents, both those flowing into the Irtysh and those flowing southward into the great lake of Altin Kool. Our march would take us nearly eight hundred *vershs** from Barnaoul. We were to be gone the whole summer. To carry our instruments and our provisions, which consisted

* A verst is 3,501 ft.; about two-thirds of an English mile.

simply of dried black bread, sugar, tea and *vodka*,* we had a drove of twenty-four pack-horses. And as the journey was performed on horseback, we each had one saddle-horse, and the Cossacks were well mounted.

"The country through which we were to pass was a wild, unexplored region. Constant care would be needed to keep our animals and baggage from straying and getting lost in the forests or among the crags. I had given orders that drivers should be obtained; and I was much astonished to learn on the morning of our march that Lieut. Stephanish, my assistant, had hired but one boy for the whole management of the baggage. On expressing my surprise and displeasure, which I did in round terms, Lieut. Stephanish replied that he was a very active, hardy lad, and used to horses from his childhood. Even then I was but half satisfied, and wishing to see the boy, rode back to the rear of the column. There I espied him, perched on the pack of the hindmost horse. He instantly saw that I was observing him, but merely sat a little straighter and bore himself like a conscious soldier. You would have laughed to see him. He was not more than fourteen years old, and scarcely as tall as any of you at that age. But though not heavily built, he was supple and active as a lynx. His eyes were jet black and sparkled like stars. He had a high, round head with a single long tuft of crow-black hair hanging from the crown far down his back. His features wore a look of energy which was almost eagerness. There was that about the lad which inspired confidence, and I said no more to Lieut. Stephanish, though I still feared that he had trusted too much to a mere boy, even though he might prove smart for his years.

"All day we rode steadily southward, with the lofty blue peaks of the Altai towering to the east. The air was wonderfully clear. The clouds floated like silvery fleeces at vast heights. To the westward a great steppe was beginning to show green through its dun, dead mantle of the past year. In all the little thickets we could hear the *reptchecks*† calling softly to each other, while here and there a great *gluckaree*‡ sprang up from the larches with mighty flaps of its wings and soared splendidly away. Hares were constantly running before us; and shortly after noon we sighted five wolves a few hundred yards to the right of our course. They stood on the edge of a green birch thicket and eyed us sullenly, neither offering to attack us nor to run away. It was a wild country, and we were bound for still more savage solitudes, where aside from wild beasts, we should have to guard against the

attacks of robber-bands from the hordes of the Kirgis.

"On the second day we entered among the mountains, following the valley of the river Tchurish. The weather, which had been so fine when we left Barnaoul, now changed. Dark and lowery masses of cloud hung over the mountains on both sides of the valley, and several times during the afternoon we heard the heavy rumble of thunder. That night we encamped on the north bank of the river in a wood of larches, surrounded by immense rocks and jagged crags.

"As it portended rain my tent was pitched against the trunks of three great larches growing close together, the foliage of which was so thick overhead that the Cossacks declared no rain would penetrate it. In front a great fire was kindled, about which tea was prepared and drank, and our evening rations eaten before darkness gathered in. Near by, the river roared and foamed over large rocks with a ponderous, plunging sound. The red glare from our fire was reflected on the torrent. It was a sheltered nook; but I saw that the blackening clouds were rolling down in somber masses, and the thunder still muttered hoarsely. The Cossacks had set up their tent near by; and the horses were tethered to the neighboring trees.

"Having written up my journal and placed my arms where they would be secure from the storm, which I felt sure would burst upon us before morning, I spread my *voilocks*§ upon boughs and before long fell asleep.

"A tremendous clap of thunder startled me on a sudden. I sat up and looked around. Lieut. Stephanish was still sleeping. The rain was pouring down. It beat into the tent in a thick mist. Immediately there came a second deafening crash, then others in quick succession. The storm was upon us. I took out my watch, and by a flash of the almost continuous lightning saw that it was nearly one o'clock. Outside, our fire was extinguished. The roar of the river was drowned in the roar of the storm, which was rushing down the valley, wrenching off branches and uprooting mighty trees in its course. The thunder grew still louder and heavier. Every flash seemed nearer. Those who have never witnessed the electric tempests of Siberia can have little idea of them. The clouds came overhead and hung there with one continuous blaze and roar. Stephanish roused up and stared about him. With the flashes we could see the clouds which seemed to rest in a black mass on the tree-tops.

"And now happened a most singular electric phenomenon, such as I have never witnessed in any

* *Vodka*, the Russian whisky.

† *Reptchecks*, tree-partridges.

‡ *Gluckaree*, a kind of large black cock, often weighing thirty pounds.

§ *Voilocks*, blankets; woolen robes.

other country. The very trees seemed on fire. Blue and lambent flames tinged the boughs and played about the trunks. It was a cold, pale light, in which objects were shown in ghastly and unearthly guise. The Cossacks came crowding into my tent, muttering their prayers and devoutly crossing themselves. They shuddered and quaked with their fears. Little Tchumpin came in behind them. Thinking the boy must be greatly terrified, I called him to my side and bade him sit down by me on the voilocks. Judge, then, of my surprise, when in a lull of thunder, he said to me in low, yet resolute tones, 'Never mind it, *barin*.* I've seen it worse than this!'

"I had thought him terrified, and here the little monkey was trying to encourage *me*!

"A moment later one of the horses broke loose, and began to run about, snorting loudly. Before I could prevent him, the boy rushed out and did not return till the horse was again securely haltered.

"For more than three hours the storm continued with its thickly-streaming fires and terrific thunder-peals, beneath which the earth trembled at every crash. Never shall I forget that night of tempest and flame, nor with it the dauntless little fellow who stood cool when strong men shuddered with terror. It was the first glimpse I had of his wonderful spirit and pluck. But I determined not to spoil the lad by making too much of him.

"The next day we went on up the valley of the Tchurish, crossed the dividing ridge which marks its head-springs, and thence descended upon a wide desert steppe, intersected by sterile, rocky ridges, which, like great sea-waves, succeeded each other for more than fifty versts.

"On these bare ridges we began to see serpents. They glided away from before us with angry hisses. They were of several varieties. The first we saw were of a slatey-grey color, two or three feet long, and rather sluggish. I do not think that these were poisonous. The horses did not shy from them as they often do from venomous snakes. We trod many under foot. But on one of the succeeding ridges we fell in with a larger species, jet black in color, more than a yard in length, and very active. These, however, ran swiftly away at our approach.

"Farther on, a different and very beautiful species began to rear their heads and hiss at our approach. They were of a pale green hue, clouded with black and had deep crimson spots on their sides. They were as large as the black variety, but not nearly so active. The horses shied slightly from these. Nevertheless, we made our way without hindrance, till on coming to the foot of an unusually high and stony ridge my horse suddenly stopped short,

snorting violently. In a second I saw the cause of its alarm. On a rock, half-a-dozen yards away, a much larger serpent lay coiled. It had seen us. Slowly it raised its head a foot or more. Its eyes were red, like live coals. Its tongue played and it began to hiss furiously. The Cossacks shouted to warn me that its bite was sure death. They knew it well and dared not go near it. I feared lest it might strike the legs of the horses, and drawing one of my pistols fired at its neck, but missed it. I was about to draw my other pistol, when little Tchumpin, who had slipped down from his horse, stole past my side, whip in hand.

"'I will soon kill it, *barin*,' he said.

"His air was so confident I determined to let him try. His whip was of the fashion in use with Tartar teamsters,—a heavy, ashen stock, to which is fastened a long lash, or thong, of leather. Carefully measuring the distance with his eye, the boy whirled the whip around his head in a circle, then struck out at the hissing reptile. The thong snapped almost as loudly as the pistol shot as the tip of it fell on the snake's crest, causing it to fall at full length off the rock. But it was only stunned. Before it could recover itself, however, Tchumpin took up a stone, and throwing it, made so deft a cast as to nearly sever its head from its body. Two of the Cossacks, who had dismounted, now assisted him to finish the reptile. On stretching out this serpent's body I found it to measure an inch over two yards in length, and its body was rather thick in proportion. It had two venomous fangs. Its color was a deep brown, with red and green spangles on its sides. I have since learned that the celebrated cobra of India is not more fatal in its bite than this parti-colored serpent of the steppes.

"After this adventure, Tchumpin went ahead with his whip for several versts, and killed several serpents of the same species, but none so large as the first.

"On the third day, after crossing this steppe and entering the mountains to the southward, we descended into the valley of another large stream which bears no name on the maps, but which I called 'Tchumpin,' from an exploit performed by our hardy little horse-boy. It is a very rapid river. On the night after reaching it in the afternoon, we encamped beside a roaring *parrock*.† The parrock was not far from two hundred yards in length, with a fall of fifty or sixty feet. Huge boulders and ledges rose here and there in the channel, while the water roared and foamed about the many sunken rocks, casting up white jets, and showing glassy, rushing currents, pouring with arrowy swift-ness, or whirling in fearful whirlpools. Bare, water-worn ledges overhung the torrent. As we

* *Barin*, sir, or your honor.

† *Parrock*, a boiling rapid, or cascade.

stood on the overhanging ledges the roar was almost deafening.

"Early the next morning, while dressing, I heard the Cossacks shouting and laughing, and on going outside my tent, I saw little Tchumpin running along the ledges which overhung the parrock. He had taken off his clothes and the sun glistened on his fresh, naked body. The Cossacks stood together on a ledge watching him. After running up the bank a considerable distance, the boy poised himself for a moment on a projecting rock, then plunged head foremost into the rapid. I could scarcely believe my eyes. It seemed a leap to certain death. A second later his head popped up amid the foam, and he was swept down past me like a cork, but with his head well above water, and steering amid the rocks like a salmon. I expected to see him dashed on the jagged boulders, or drawn into the roaring eddies; but on he went, past them all, darting like an eel on the gleaming, black currents. The Cossacks ran along the ledges, but were soon left far behind. A moment more and he had disappeared far down the parrock. I had no thought that he would get out alive. It seemed impossible to pass through the rapid and live. But in less than a minute I saw him climb up on the rocks below, where he sat for a moment to rest. Then seeing me standing on the ledges he came running up, laughing and brushing the drops from his hair.

"Are you not afraid to risk your life thus?' I said, sternly. 'Do you not know the danger?'

"The bold boy laughed, and his fearless eyes sparkled.

"*Eta nichevo, barin; ya ochin lubit!*"* he replied.

"And before I could interpose to forbid it he darted off and again cast himself into the plunging waters. I saw him rise like a duck half out of the torrent, take a look ahead, and then he was whirled by us faster than any of the Cossacks could run. In less than a minute he had gone the whole length of the parrock, borne on the surface of the mighty flood. Once in the stiller waters below, he swam ashore and again came running up where I stood, laughing in the wild glee with which the adventure had inspired him.

"Truly,' I said, 'his safety is in his very fearlessness.' But the Cossacks exclaimed that he was elf-possessed.

"After crossing the desert steppe where serpents so abounded, and after making our way over another ridge of the Altai, we descended into the grassy plains which border on the great river Irtysh. This was the country of the Kirgis, a pastoral, or nomadic, people of the Tartar race,

like the Kalmucks, but differing considerably in language and in customs. Some of these people are robbers, and live by plundering their more peaceful countrymen who, like the patriarchs of whom the priest read to us from the Bible this morning, have great herds of camels, horses, sheep and goats. These have no fixed place of residence, but wander through the vast plains wherever there is grass for their cattle.

"We had not proceeded more than a dozen versts across this plain before we discovered at a distance, broad, dark patches, which the Cossacks declared to be droves of horses. We were approaching the encampment of some Kirgis chief, or



TCHUMPIN'S PLUNGE INTO THE RAPIDS.

sultan, as he is called. (It is from this same race that the Turks, with their sultans, who now wrongfully rule Constantinople, are descended).

"Whether he would be friendly or hostile to us, we could not tell. Central Asia is a strange, barbarous land. From one chief the kindest hospitality will be received, while his next neighbor may very likely rob and murder you. Our arms were first carefully prepared; we then moved forward at a gallop, and were soon riding through flocks of sheep, tended by wild-looking herdsmen, dressed in gay-colored *kalats*† and caps of fox-skin. They regarded us keenly as we passed. No doubt they feared we were ourselves robbers, come to plunder and drive off their herds.

"A little farther on we came in sight of the encampment itself, located on the shores of a small bush-fringed lake in the midst of the plain. About

* It is nothing, your honor; I love it dearly.

† Kalat, a kind of long frock.

it were hundreds of camels. Herds of dark bay horses neighed shrilly as we rode past them; and as we drew nearer packs of savage dogs came rushing forth, challenging loudly and uttering fierce growls. I feared lest they should even grapple with our horses and pull them down, like the wolves of the steppe, from which they have descended. But the lad, Tchumpin, gave them sounding strokes with his long whip, from which they sprang aside, yelping. One of the Cossacks had spent some years among the Kirgis and could speak their language. This man I now sent on to announce our arrival to the chief, or sultan, who immediately sent a dozen of their Kirgis servants to meet me and conduct me to his presence. These men were richly clad in beautiful silk kalats and broad trousers, and after saluting me with profound respect led the way to a large *yourt*,* near which a long spear with a tuft of black horse-tail was planted in the ground. A tall, fine-featured old man was standing in the door, and as I drew rein he came forward and gave me his hand to assist me to dismount, then touched my breast, first with the fingers of his right hand, then with those of his left, and bade me welcome thrice.

"The Cossack told him that I was the servant of the great Czar of the West, the lord of all Northern Asia, and that I was come to explore the country.

"This sultan's name was Souk. He at once conducted me into the *yourt*. The servants spread a beautiful Bokarian carpet, on which I was invited to be seated. Tea was then brought in small Chinese bowls.

"Sultan Souk was about seventy years of age, stout and squarely built, with broad Tartar features and fine, flowing grey beard. He wore constantly a close-fitting cap of red silk, embroidered with silver. His dress was a long striped robe, or kalat, of crimson and yellow silk, with a white shawl about his waist. His boots were of red leather, with very high heels. His wife was a young and very handsome Kirgis woman, dressed in a black robe of Chinese satin, with a red silk shawl about her waist, and a white muslin turban, or cap. She and her two daughters were seated on voilocks on the farther side of the *yourt*.

"The furniture and household utensils of these *yourts* are very simple. The fire is made on the ground, and in the center of the *yourt*, while the smoke passes through a hole directly overhead. The carpets are spread opposite the door-way. Strong boxes, made of a dark, heavy wood, contain the family riches, which sometimes consist of great numbers of *ambas*, or silver bricks, from the Altai mines. There are rolls of rich carpeting from Bokhara, and silks from China

"On one side is the *koumis* vessel,—a large leathern sack, holding from one to two hogsheads. Into this mares' milk is poured each day in summer, where it soon ferments and turns to koumis, the drink so prized by the Kirgis. A bowl of this drink was offered me by Sultan Souk, and out of courtesy I drank a part of it; but I cannot say that I liked it. The koumis sack is never washed, nor even rinsed out. The Kirgis have a saying that to wash this vessel will not only spoil the koumis, but bring ill-luck to the family.

"I was shown the sultan's horse trappings. His saddle was a very fine one, decorated with silver inlaid on iron. The cushions were of velvet. The bridle was covered with small iron plates, inlaid in the same manner. These trappings cost their owner fifty horses, I was informed.

"The sultan's battle-axe was also a very rich and curious weapon. The handle was nearly five feet long, of heavy, dark wood, bound with silver rings, and the head was double-edged and very sharp. A thong through a ring in the end of the handle fastened it to his wrist when armed for battle.

"That evening three sheep were cooked in a great iron cauldron; and this boiled mutton, together with koumis, tea and sugar-candies, composed our supper. That night Lieut. Stephanish and myself slept on a carpet in the sultan's *yourt*. The Cossacks, with little Tchumpin, passed the night in an adjoining *yourt*; for the sultan's encampment consisted of not less than ten of these large lodges.

"In the morning we parted with friendly feelings.

"Our course was now toward the Irtish, the north banks of which we reached the next day. There are no bridges in these Tartar countries. The rivers must be forded or crossed in boats. At this point the Irtish is fully two hundred yards in width, and runs past in a swift, strong current. Not more than a verst below there was a considerable cataract, the roar of which was plainly audible from where we stood. There were no boats. The country was an uninhabited desert. How we were to cross so broad and so rapid a stream was a serious question with us. We spent the night in a willow copse on the bank.

"Very early the next morning, the lad Tchumpin pulled aside the flap of my tent, and bidding me good morning, told me that half a verst below our camp he had discovered a Kirgis canoe, made of a single log, drawn up on the opposite bank, and if it was my pleasure he would swim the river and paddle it across for our use.

"'But the current is swift,' I said. 'Are you not afraid?'

* *Yourt*, a large lodge or tent of skins. Formerly these *yourts* were mounted on large wheeled platforms or carts.

"'Oh, no!' he exclaimed, laughing; 'it is nothing at all.'

"I gave him leave; and in a moment he had thrown off his red frock and trousers and plunged in like a duck. To swim so rapid a stream and

paddle a clumsy log canoe across it are feats which few men could have accomplished. Yet to this daring lad these feats seemed but as play. In less than twenty minutes he had returned with the canoe, paddling it swiftly against the current.

(Conclusion next month.)

THE WEDDING OF THE GOLD PEN AND THE INKSTAND.

BY ALICE WILLIAMS.

THE Gold Pen wooed the Inkstand.

The Inkstand was of crystal, with a carved silver top. It evidently came of an aristocratic family, and was therefore a fitting match for the Gold Pen, which also was an aristocrat and carried itself haughtily toward the Goose-quill and the Steel Pens, its poor relations.

The wedding was a splendid affair. All the inhabitants of the Table were invited, and the great Unabridged Dictionary—the true autocrat of the Writing-Table—gave away the bride, while the fat Pen-Wiper, in scarlet and black cashmere, sobbed audibly. (Not that there was anything to sob about, but she had heard that it was customary to cry at weddings.)

After the ceremony, "the happy pair received the congratulations of their large and distinguished circle of acquaintances," as the newspaper reporters say.

"Many happy returns," blundered the Goose-quill, claiming his privilege as a relation of kissing the bride. The Goose-quill had got itself a new nib for the occasion, and quite plumed itself on its appearance.

"Wish you joy!" said the Steel Pen, a brisk, business-like sort of fellow, leading forward the Pen-Wiper.

"Joy!" echoed the Pen-Wiper, with a fresh burst of sobs.

"May life's cares rest lightly upon you!" said the Paper-Weight.

"Stick to each other through thick and thin!" said the Mucilage-Bottle.

"May the impress of the beloved image be indelible in each heart!" exclaimed the phial of Marking-Fluid.

"I congratulate you, madame," said the quire of Legal-Cap. "The bridegroom is a distinguished

fellow—'*Stylus potentior quam gladius!*' Pardon the Latin; but we lawyers, you know, —. He! he!" And he retired with a smirk, quite satisfied with his display of erudition.

"Live ever in a Fool's Paradise!" growled the Foolscap, who was a disappointed old bachelor.

"May the Star of Love never set in the heaven of your happiness!" simpered the rose-tinted Note-Paper, who was always fearfully sentimental, and was rumored to be herself in love with the Violet Ink.

"Jove from your heads avert his awful wrath,
And shower blessings on your future path!"

sighed the Violet Ink, who was said to have actually written poetry!

(At this the Note-Paper turned a shade rosier and murmured, "How sweet!")

"Come right up to the mark of duty," said the old Black-walnut Ruler, "and your line of life will never go crooked."

"May love be never erased from your hearts!" said the India-Rubber.

"And may nothing ever divide you!" said the Ivory Paper-Cutter.

"Let all your actions bear the right stamp; and above all, *never tell a lie!*" said the Postage-Stamp (which bore the portrait of George Washington, and must therefore be excused for introducing the latter remark).

"Don't let the little *rubs* of life wear out your mutual kindness, my dears!" said the matronly old Eraser.

"Hech, lad!" cried the little Scotch-plaid Index, which came tumbling out of a volume of Burns, "A lang life an' a happy one to you an' your bonny bride!"

"May you always be wrapped up in each other!"

said the package of Envelopes, who came up in a body.

"Though the Gordian Knot was cut," said the Penknife (a sharp chap), "may this True-Lover's Knot never be severed!"

"I hope you'll make your mark in life," said the blunt old Lead-Pencil.

"Look closely," said a Pocket-Microscope; "but for virtues—not for faults."

"May the remembrance of each unkind word or

deed be quickly blotted out!" exclaimed the Blotting-Pad.

"Bless ye, my children, bless ye! Be happy!" said the Big Dictionary, in the (theatrically) paternal manner.

The Gold Pen and the Inkstand did not make a wedding tour, but went to live immediately in a beautiful bronze stand-dish, in the center of the Writing-Table.

And there they are at this very moment.

A LULLABY.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

ROCKABY, lullaby, bees in the clover!—

Crooning so drowsily, crying so low—

Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!

Down into wonderland—

Down to the under-land—

Go, oh go!

Down into wonderland go!

Rockaby, lullaby, rain on the clover!

Tears on the eyelids that waver and weep;

Rockaby, lullaby—bending it over

Down on the mother-world,

Down on the other world!

Sleep, oh sleep!

Down on the mother-world sleep!

Rockaby, lullaby, dew on the clover!

Dew on the eyes that will sparkle at dawn!

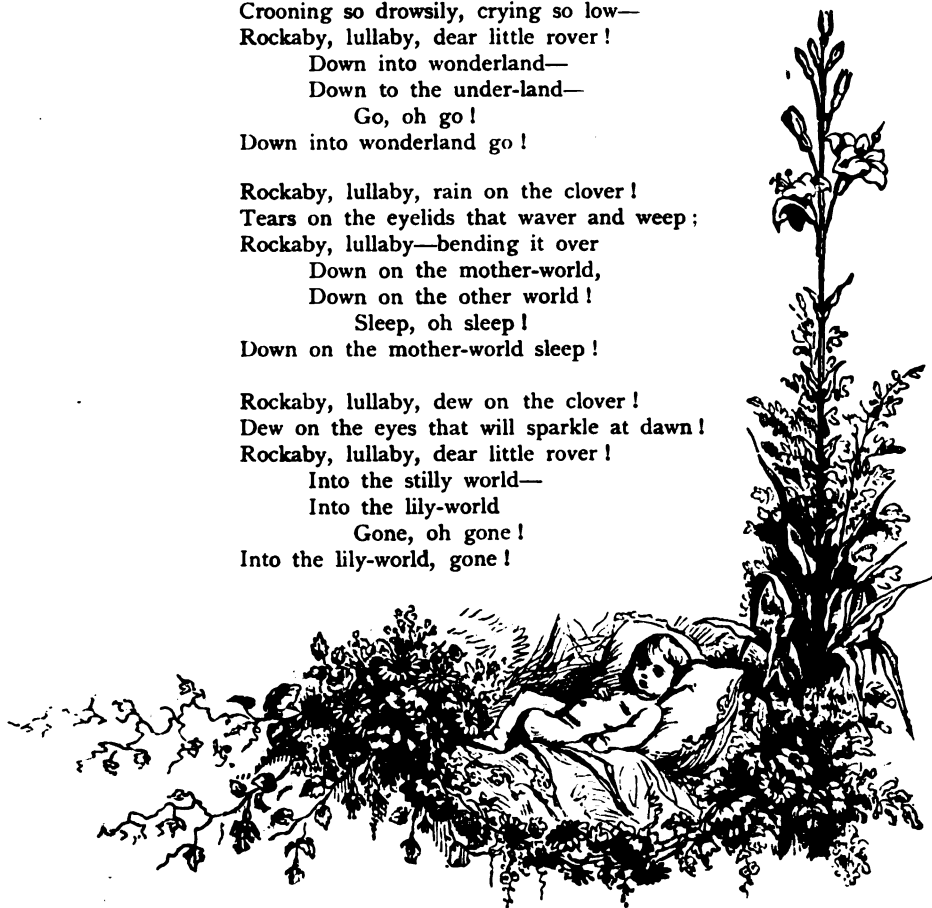
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!

Into the stilly world—

Into the lily-world

Gone, oh gone!

Into the lily-world, gone!



THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

BY PAMELIA T. SMILEY.

VERY much has been said and written during the last two years about the transit of Venus, which is to occur December 8, 1874. The interest which is so generally felt in regard to it has doubtless reached many of the readers of this magazine, and they very naturally begin to ask, "What is a transit of Venus, and why is it of so much importance?" This is what I will try to explain.

You perhaps all know that Venus, the brightest of the planets, is not as far from the sun as the earth, and that it revolves round the sun in an orbit similar to the earth's orbit. In each revolution, therefore, Venus passes between the earth and sun,

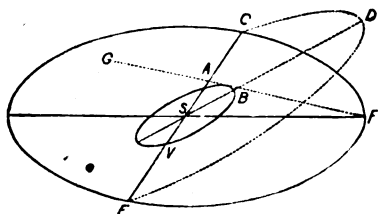


FIGURE 1.

and is then said to be in inferior conjunction. When it is on the opposite side of the sun from the earth it is in superior conjunction. Thus, in fig. 1, suppose E F C represents the orbit of the earth, A B V that of Venus, and S the sun. If Venus is at V when the earth is at E, it is in inferior conjunction. If it is at A when the earth is at E, it is in superior conjunction. But the orbit of Venus, as you see by the figure, is not in the same plane with that of the earth. Now if it were extended until it met the earth's orbit, it would cross the earth's orbit at the points E and C. These points, or the corresponding places A and V, in the real orbit of Venus, are called its nodes. Now, because of this inclination of the two orbits, the sun, Venus and the earth will be in the same line only when Venus is at, or near, one of its nodes at the time of conjunction. For, if Venus is at B when the earth is at F, it would be in inferior conjunction, because it is in that part of its orbit which is most directly between the earth and sun; but we should see it in the direction of G. If, however, it is at its node, V, at the time of conjunction, or when the earth is at E, we see it in the same line as the sun, and it then appears to pass directly across the sun's disc. This is what is called a transit of

Venus. Venus is opaque, like the earth, shining by the reflected light of the sun; therefore the bright side is toward the sun, and at the time of a transit it appears to us like a dark spot upon the sun's bright surface.

The transits of Venus happen only at rare intervals, because it is seldom that the three bodies are thus situated in reference to each other. They occur in pairs, eight years apart, and between the pairs are one hundred and five, or else one hundred and twenty-two years.

The fact that they so rarely happen occasions an interest in the transits; but this is by no means the only reason why they are so carefully watched. Their chief importance lies in this: By observing the path which the planet makes across the sun we obtain data from which the distance of the earth from the sun can be calculated. The *relative* distances of all the planets from the sun is known; therefore, when the earth's distance, expressed in miles, is obtained, we have, as it were, a yard-stick by which the distances of the other planets can be measured. To find the *exact* length of this yard-stick has long been considered the astronomer's grandest problem, and a transit of Venus gives the most accurate means of doing this.

The last two transits were in 1761 and 1769. Previous to these the estimates which had been made of the sun's distance from the earth were very incorrect. The earliest estimate on record made it about one-twentieth of its true distance; and even at the time of these transits it was too small by several million miles. These transits were, however, watched with great interest, the observations made of them carefully compared, and the distance computed to be about ninety-five million miles. Since then astronomers have calculated the sun's distance by several other methods, applying principles which were not then known, and, although these methods are inferior to that furnished by a transit, yet, as the different calculations very nearly agree, it is supposed they are not far from correct. They show the sun's distance to be a little over ninety-one million miles.

The instruments which we now have for measuring small angles, and the means for determining the latitude and longitude of places are much superior to those used a hundred years ago, hence the observations of the coming transit will be much more exact, and will furnish a means of testing the accuracy of previous calculations.

I will now tell you something of how the observations are taken, and of the preparations which have been made for this purpose.

The direct object is to obtain what is called the sun's parallax. The parallax of an object is its apparent displacement as seen from two different stations. In fig. 2, let the circle $A B E$ represent a section of the earth. Two persons, one stationed

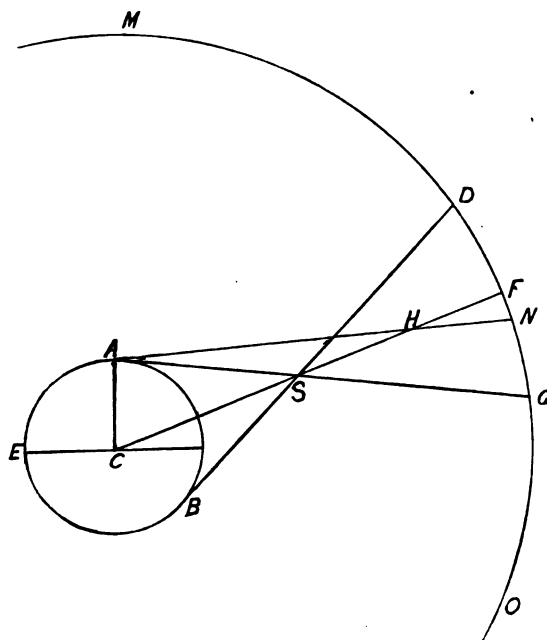


FIGURE 2.

at A, and another at B, are looking at the sun, S. The heavenly bodies, though at different distances from the earth, appear to us as if they were all situated in the same vaulted surface, represented by the curved line MGO . The person at A sees the sun as if it were at G, while the person at B sees it at D. Now, in making tables which shall give the position of the heavenly bodies, it is obvious that their places, as seen from any one station upon the earth, cannot be taken, for this would not be correct for any other station. The place given them, therefore, is that which they would appear to occupy if seen from the center of the earth, for this always remains the same. The true place of the sun, S, then, is at F, and its angular displacement, measured by the angle, BSC , or the arc, FD , is its parallax at the station B; the angle, ASC , or FG , its parallax at the station A.

The distance of a body affects its parallax; for it is plain that if the sun were at the more distant point H, its parallax, FN , as seen from A, is much less than if the sun is at the point S. Hence, when

the sun's true parallax is obtained, it gives an accurate means of calculating the sun's distance.

Now Venus is the planet nearest the earth, hence its parallax is larger than any other, and can be more easily measured. Moreover, Venus is much nearer the earth than the sun, and its parallax, of course, much greater. Because of this difference between the displacement of the two bodies, observers at different stations upon the earth will refer the planet to different points upon the sun's disc. Thus, in fig. 3 (on next page), let E, V and S represent the earth, Venus and the sun at the time of a transit. An observer at A would see the planet cross the sun in the line DC , while an observer on the other side of the earth, at B, would see it cross the sun in the line FG . These two lines are of unequal length, and the transit, to the observers, would be accomplished in unequal periods of time. By noting the exact time and duration of the transit at these two stations and afterward comparing them, the difference between the parallax of the sun and that of Venus can be obtained, and from this the parallax of the sun, and then the sun's distance from the earth. It is, of course, impossible to obtain stations on directly opposite sides of the earth, to watch the transit, yet places are selected as far apart as possible, and the necessary allowance made in the calculations.

It may at first seem a very easy thing to take these observations; but in reality it is very difficult to make them accurate. The instruments may not be exact in every particular, and a small error in measuring an angle at so great a distance as the sun, will make a great difference in the result. Clocks may differ by one or two seconds, and the state of our atmosphere will affect the distinctness with which the planet is seen. Then it is extremely difficult to tell the second when the edges of Venus and the sun meet, for, as they approach, the dark edge of the planet appears drawn out toward the sun before it really touches it; and the difference between the real and apparent contact may occasion a serious error. Hence the great importance that everything be prepared with the utmost care, and that so far as possible there be uniformity in the methods of observing at the different stations.

Another science aids the astronomer in this work by giving him a new method of measuring small angles in the heavens. It is that of photographing the object, and then making the desired measurement on the plate by an instrument called a micrometer. The sun has been photographed for the purpose of studying the solar spots, for many years, and the process has been perfected and used with

great success. It is thought that by this method a much more precise measurement can be obtained than by the simple eye-observations.

For the past two years preparations have been in progress for the coming transit. Our own Government has appropriated for this purpose one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Eight stations are to be occupied,—three northern and five southern. The northern stations are

longitude of the places determined, and every preparation thoroughly made.

Other nations, especially England, Russia and Germany, have made extensive preparations for observing the transit, choosing different stations favorable to the purpose.

Another transit of Venus will take place in 1882, which will be in some respects more favorable than this. It will be visible in the Atlantic States, and

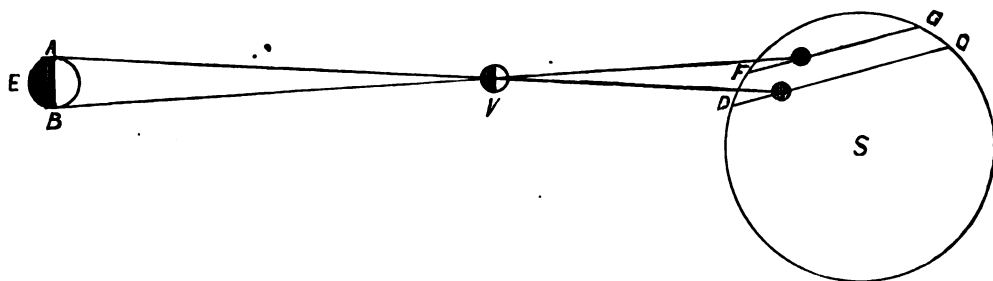


FIGURE 3.

near Peking, Yeddo, and a place in the neighborhood of the Caspian Sea. The southern stations are upon the island of Mauritius; Kerguelan's Land; Hobart Town, southern part of Australia; some point in New Zealand; and Chatham Islands, east of New Zealand.

These stations are occupied several months before the transit, in order that the instruments may be well mounted and tested, and the latitude and

more generally in the inhabited parts of the earth. The various instruments now used will be kept for that transit, and it will be observed with the same interest and thoroughness as the present one. After these the next will be in 2004; so if my Atlantic readers would see a transit of Venus at all, they must travel to a point where it can be seen in 1874, or have their smoked glasses ready for the one that will occur December 6, 1882.



TAKING COMFORT IN ONE'S OWN HOUSE.

HOW TROTTY WENT TO THE GREAT FUNERAL.

(A True Story.)

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

NOT a very great while ago, Trotty was staying in Worcester square.

Everybody may not know that Worcester square is in Boston ; but Trotty knew it. One reason was that he had been there before.

Worcester square is at the south end of Boston ; and Trotty knew that, too. Trotty knew a great deal. He knew that he had a very nice time when he went with his mother to visit at Cousin Ginevra's in Worcester square. Besides that, he knew that somebody was going to be buried to-day in Boston. He had heard them talking about it at the table. He did n't believe there were a great many boys of his size who knew that. He meant to ask those chaps who played out in the square with watchman's rattles. He did n't exactly know who it was ; but that was a minor point, and did n't matter. He might have consulted his mother on it, however ; but they had maple syrup on their buckwheats, and omelette with their muffins, for breakfast, and he forgot it.

He put on his cap and navy-blue coat after breakfast, and told his mother he was going out to play in the square. His mother said, "Very well," and buttoned his coat up in the throat, for it was a little chilly, and he had a slight cold ; and she kissed him good-by, and told him to be in in good season to get washed and brushed before lunch. Trotty said, "Yes, um," and hopped along, down the steps on one foot, into the square.

There were n't any boys in the square just then, and Trotty played "menagerie" by himself for awhile, with the stone lions on the steps. He played "hand-organ," too, with a little cane he had for a birthday present. He beat time on the iron fence, and Cousin Ginevra threw him five cents and hired him—like many another organ-man—to go away.

Pretty soon the boys began to come into the square ; all sorts of boys—pretty little boys from the neighboring houses, in seal-skin caps and nice boots ; queer little boys from over by the hospital, with ragged jackets and no coats ; pleasant little boys, quarrelsome little boys ; clean boys, dirty boys. Trotty had seldom seen so many kinds of boys together. They ran and whooped up and down the square. The boys in the seal-skin caps did n't run much with the other boys. Trotty was n't particular ; he liked them all ; he wished

they had such funny boys at home. There was one little boy with red hair there, who was very friendly with Trotty. He showed him his jack-knife, and the boy said he wished he had one like it. He showed him his cane, too ; the boy with red hair said it was a whacker.

"Oh," said a seal-skin boy, "that's nothing ! I've got a cane twice as good !"

Trotty did n't like the seal-skin boy.

"Say," said he, "did you know there was a big funeral down-town to-day ?" For he thought he would show the seal-skin boy how much he knew.

"Pooh !" said the seal-skin boy. "That's nothing either. I knew that a week ago. My father's gone to see it. It's an awful big funeral. All the women at our house are crying round."

"I don't know but I shall go down myself," said the boy with red hair.

"I don't care much about it," said the seal-skin boy, carelessly. "You get so used to processions and music in Boston."

Procession ! Music ! Trotty's eyes grew very big. How grand it seemed to be a Boston boy in a seal-skin cap and not care about processions and music !

The boys had all begun to cluster around the seal-skin boy and the boy with red hair. Trotty pressed into the middle of the group. Cousin Ginevra, glancing out of the window, saw them all standing in a heap, talking earnestly. Trotty had his cap pushed back, and his cheeks were red ; he was talking too, very fast. Somebody called Cousin Ginevra away then, and she saw no more.

It came a little before lunch-time ; but no Trotty. It came lunch-time itself ; but no Trotty. Lunch was eaten and over, but Trotty had not come. His mother said she would go out and hunt him up ; he was probably in the square, or in Chester park, having a good time somewhere. But he must learn to be punctual ; she would bring him back, and he might go without his orange, for a punishment.

But she did not bring him back. He was not in the square. He was not in Chester park. All over Chester park, all over Worcester square, through Worcester street, over on Harrison avenue, a little way down Washington street, a little way up Washington street, went Trotty's mother. But the only little boy she met was a little boy small

enough to go out with a nurse and to wear a white fur coat. The region seemed to be emptied of little boys. She went back to Cousin Ginevra's, thinking he must have crossed her and gone home.

"No," said Cousin Ginevra, carelessly; "but he'll turn up; boys always do in the city. He must learn to pick his way like the rest; he'll turn up in an hour or so."

But Trotty had not turned up in an hour or so. It came dinner-time, and he had not turned up. It was past dinner-time, and he had not turned up.

"Cousin Ginevra," said Trotty's mother, putting on her bonnet, "I can't stand this any longer. I am going to the police-station to get something done about Trotty. Something must have happened, or he would have been home to dinner. I can't wait another minute!"

"Well," said Cousin Ginevra, trying not to look anxious, "perhaps you'd better. I think I will go out to Jamaica Plains myself, and inquire at Uncle Burden's. The child may have gone out there, for aught you know; he has been often enough to know the way. One or the other of us will have got him safe before long, never fear!"

But Trotty's mother could no more help fearing than she could help hunting for Trotty. Such a little fellow! Such a little, helpless, foolish fellow, to be wandering about that great city—the terrible city that he knew no more about than most little country boys who come in on visits once in awhile! Oh! what would become of him? Where could he be?

"About so high?" said the policeman. "I wish he'd been a little higher or a little lower. There's so many of 'em about so high! Red hair, did you say, ma'am?"

"Chestnut hair! Beautiful, bright ——"

"Blue coat?" interrupted the policeman, carelessly, evidently not regarding the superfluous adjectives of fond mammas as at all to the point in the official processes of identification.

"Yes, a little navy-blue coat, with brass buttons and a velvet collar."

"I'd have preferred some other color," said the policeman, discontentedly; "bottle-green, for instance, ma'am, would be a beautiful color for little boys. It's a grave matter, if parents was only aware of it, this dressing young uns all alike, and turning 'em adrift on a nofficer's penetration. Now, I had six navy-blue coats lost on my beat this last fortnight."

"And blue eyes," said Trotty's mother; "great blue eyes, like ——"

"Yes, yes," said the policeman, "I know, I know. Blue eyes. One pair's like another pair.

Blue eyes. Very well. We'll do our best, ma'am; but you need n't be surprised if it's a matter of two or three days. We have so many blue eyes and blue coats and reddish hair, about so high!"

Two or three days! A matter of two or three days! What a dreadful matter!

Trotty's mother went home again; went out again; went home again; was in and out—could not rest.

It grew dark; no Trotty. Cousin Ginevra came home; no Trotty. He had never been at Jamaica Plains. Uncle Burden had not seen him. Uncle Burden came, too. He, too, went in and out—to the station and back again, up the square, down the square, into the park, over to the hospital, down to the wharves, over to the Small-pox Hospital. Perhaps Trotty had gone over to Pine Island to the Small-pox Hospital!

It grew darker.

Into Springfield street, into Brookline street, down into Union-park street, back to the City Hospital, over by the great Jesuit Orphan Asylum, where all sorts of little boys peeped through the windows and shook their heads, for they had n't seen him; over to the Medical School on the great empty lands, where there was such a chance to play if you felt like it, and where a gentleman student said he had n't seen such a boy, and a lady student said she thought she had, and then said No, she guessed it was an Irish boy, on the whole; back again to the orphan asylum, and this time, as they were going by, a little orphan with a great many freckles hammered on the window at them.

A sister in a white cap came to the window, too, and beckoned. Uncle Burden said they would stop, and they stopped. The sister threw up the sash.

"It is possible," she said, in rather a sweet voice, "that we have news of your child. Patrick, tell the gentlemen what you just told me."

"I seen a chap with a blue coat and brass buttons," said Patrick, hopefully. "I seen him go by with some other chaps. He had a cane."

"That sounds like it," said Uncle Burden. "How big was he?"

"That's well enough," said the policeman, "but when did you see him?"

"I seen him," said Patrick, thoughtfully, "about ——" He paused—reflected—seemed to be anxiously trying to bring his important testimony down close to a matter of minutes or hours, at least. "I seen him—about—t'ree days and a-half ago!"

Down went the window. Away went the vision of the sweet-voiced sister and the freckled boy. On went Uncle Burden and the policeman, mu-

singly ; and down sank the heart of Trotty's mother deeper than ever yet.

Supper-time ; no Trotty. After supper ; but no Trotty. Evening. Night. The dreadful night had come—the dreadful day was gone—but still no Trotty !

It was nine o'clock. Bed-time an hour and a-half ago ! What would Trotty do, with no "bed-

in a very muddy navy-blue coat ; with chestnut hair—matted, heated, splashed ; with blue eyes, heavy and sodden ; without a cap, without a cane ; and with a little face as white as death. He held a bunch of white flowers close to his side.

"O Trot-ty !"

There was a cry and a rush. Trotty stood it pretty well. He trembled, however, for he was



TROTTY'S RETURN.

time," no bed to have a "time" about ? Where would he lay the little, naughty, foolish, chestnut head to-night ?

It was five minutes past nine. The door-bell rung.

"It is the policeman," said Trotty's mother. And she ran to the door herself.

It was not the policeman. It was a little figure

very weak ; they almost knocked him over with the rush and cry.

"I have n't had any lunch," said the little figure, faintly. "Nor any dinner, either," after a pause. "Nor any supper, too !" gasped Trotty. "I have n't eaten a fmg since my buckwheat breakfast !"

He thought he should cry ; but he did n't.

Now, his mother thought: "Trotty has done very wrong, but he shall not be questioned or punished till he has had food."

So they took him down to supper, and nobody said anything. He ate and ate. They gave him milk, bread, crackers, cold turkey, figs, cookeys, a banana, and what was left of the squash pie. He ate them all. It seemed as if he would eat till to-morrow morning. He trembled while he ate, but he did not cry.

By and by, his lips began to quiver. They asked him what was the matter.

"I can't get down vat piece of sponge-cake," moaned Trotty, "and I've got to leave half my Albert biscuit!"

So they concluded that he had eaten enough to preserve life, and took him away upstairs and set him down in their midst, very silently—for because they were glad to see him, they could n't forget that he must have been naughty to run away—and the following dialogue took place:

"Now, Trotty, tell us where you've been."

"I've been to see the man laid down."

"The man?"

"Yes; the man folks are all crying about. The boys asked me to go and see him laid down."

"Laid down?"

"Yes; I went to see the man laid down. I heard his name, but I forget."

"Oh, the child has been to the funeral! Where did you get those flowers, Trotty?"

Trotty held up the flowers—a bouquet of rosebuds, camelias and violets, very large, very rich, sorely faded.

"Aint they pretty? I got 'em in the big buildin'."

"What big building?"

"The big building opposite the common."

"The State-House! Have you been 'way down to the State-House?"

"I went to the big buildin' opposite the common to see the man laid down. I've got a sore froat, besides."

"Who went with you?"

"The boys."

"What boys?"

"The boy with red hair, and some other boys. There was a boy with a fur cap, but he did n't go far. He turned back. Me and the other boy, and the other boys, went alone."

"Was there no big boy or grown person with you?"

"No, only me and the boys, and the boy with red hair."

"Did you ride?"

"No, we walked. We walked to the buildin' and went in. They had music and a procession.

It was bully. We all went in. Me and the red boy went in. I don't know 'bout the rest."

"But that is impossible! You could not have got into the State-House. They would not allow you."

"Yes, I did. I went in. I tagged a p'liceman's coat-tails. I went right in afterward with his coat-tails. I saw the inside. There was flowers all over it. I never saw so many flowers at home. It was bully! They played 'Yankee Doodle,' too."

"'Yankee Doodle?'"

"Yes, they did; I know 'Yankee Doodle.'"

"Where did you get your flowers?"

"I got 'em in the big buildin'. I picked 'em up. I'm going to dry 'em to keep; the other boys said they would. Then we came out."

"What did you do next?"

"I went to see him laid down. Everybody did. I went with the procession. I tried to cry; but I did n't very much."

"But the procession went to Mt. Auburn Cemetery! You've got it wrong, somehow, Trotty. Mt. Auburn is five miles from here. You could not have gone very far."

"Yes, I did. I went as far's anybody did. Me and the other boys went on ahead of the procession. The red boy said he guessed we'd see it out. We went over a bridge. There was a grave-yard, too. They laid the man down in the grave-yard; I mean the great man—him that they cried about."

"Walked to Mt. Auburn! It cannot be, Trotty! And you could n't have got in when you got there. You could n't have seen 'the great man' buried!"

"Yes, I did. I went over the bridge, and in at a gate. There was p'licemen there. I scud in under their arms. I don't think the other boys did. I thought I'd like to see what they did with him. Then I came back. We all came back."

"Walked!"

"Oh, yes; I walked! I got awful tired. I walked to Boudoin square. Then I took a horse-car."

"How did you pay for your ticket?"

"I had five cents from Cousin Ginevra for playing the hand-organ to her with my cane. I lost my cane. I lost my knife, too. But I don't want to tell who took 'em. I should n't wonder if it was vat red boy. I'd have been home before," concluded My Lord Trotty, carelessly, "but we made a mistake once. The procession went another way, and we went another way, and we had to turn back."

"But, Trotty, do you know that you have done a very dangerous thing?"

"Why, no!" said Trotty.

"And a very cruel thing?"

"A cruel fing!" said Trotty.

"And a very, very naughty thing—so naughty that mamma must punish you harder than you've been punished for a long time?"

"No," said Trotty, shaking his head stoutly, though the color came and went fast on his dirty little face. "I did n't know I was naughty, only once. I did n't fink. When vey played 'Yankee Doodle,' I thought I was a little naughty."

"When they played 'Yankee Doodle!'"

"Yes. It made me have a homesick feeling in the back of my neck. I did n't know, but I'd ought to have stayed at home. Then I forgot."

"But, Trotty, we have looked everywhere, and everywhere, and had the police out looking —"

"The police!" said Trotty. He looked quite pleased; he thought the seal-skin boys would think more of him, if the police had been called out on his account.

"And there is one of them now!"

True enough, there was one ringing the door-bell at that moment, and Trotty heard him telling them in the entry that he'd got a boy; he did n't know if it would answer—boys were a good deal alike, and this one'd lost his coat, and vowed he lived up to Hunneman street; it was n't the one, was it? He thought likely. He'd take him 'long to Hunneman, and see if he told a straight story; boys did n't generally.

"No," said Trotty, marching out into the hall, to look at the boy from Hunneman street; "that is n't me! I got home of my own account!"

"I'd rather not see any more Boston boys to-night," said Trotty, feebly, as the door closed on the policeman and the poor little supposed-to-be Trotty. "I'm tired of Boston boys. I'd rather go to sleep."

"But, Trotty," urged his mother, solemnly, "I want you to see what a cruel, naughty boy you've been!"

Cruel! Naughty! These were ugly words. Trotty hung his head.

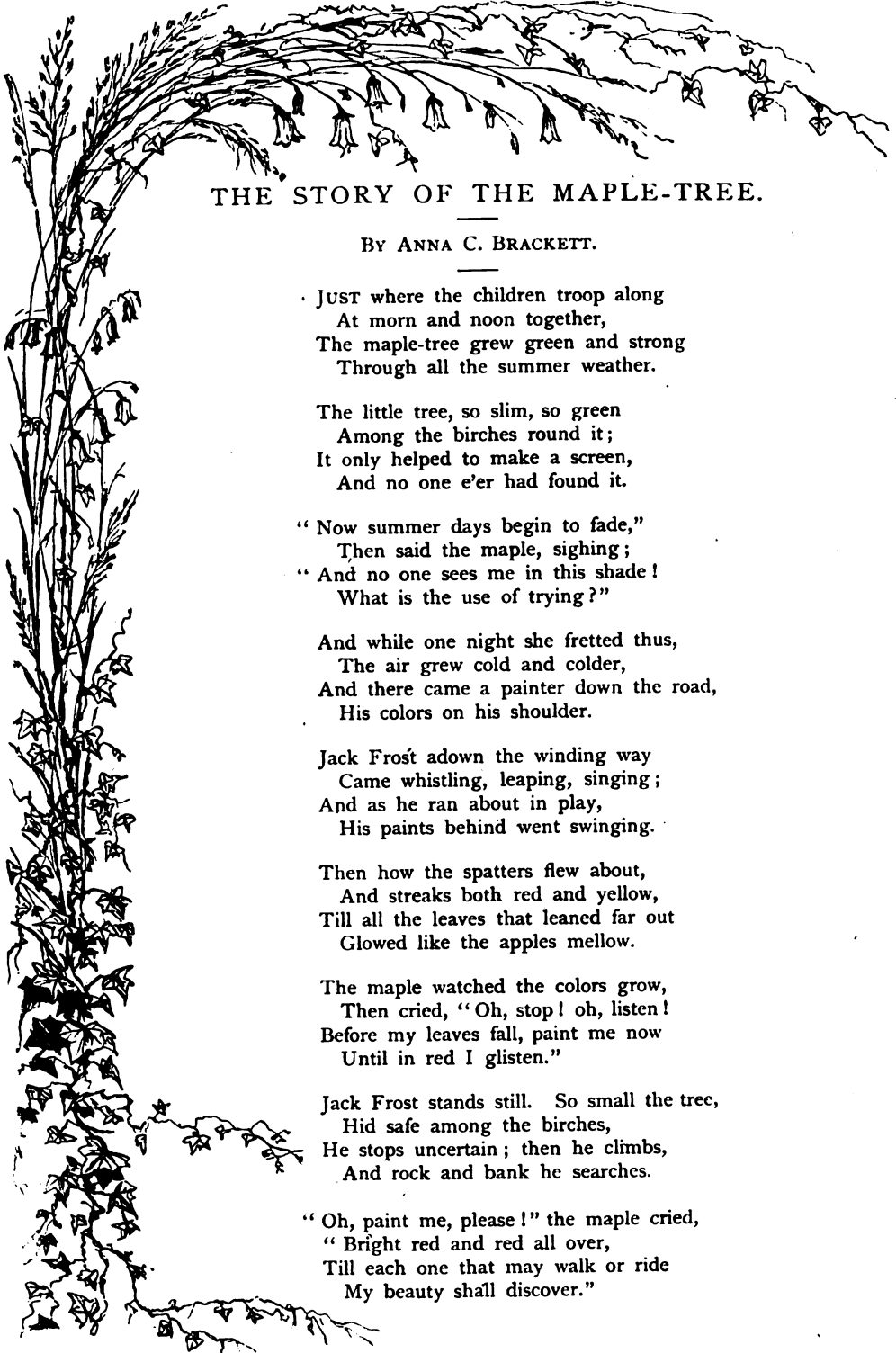
"I thought you were lost," went on mamma. "I mourned, and hunted, and was frightened for my little boy. Why, Trotty, in all this great city, I did n't know where you were!"

"But I knew where I was!" said Trotty, half-perplexed. Still, his head dropped lower and lower. He began to feel very badly. In all that great city, mourning for the loss of "the great man" that sad night, I *hope* nobody felt more sorrow than Trotty felt for a few minutes, while his head hung down. He ought to have felt about as unhappy as anybody could feel. Don't you think so, too?

"Mamma," said Trotty, after he had gone to bed (his mother had said she should not punish him at that time; she would not strike a child worn by great physical exertion and loss of food), "mamma, who was his name? and I'd like to know how he came to have so much bigger funeral than anybody else?"

But before she had half begun to tell him, he was asleep.





THE STORY OF THE MAPLE-TREE.

BY ANNA C. BRACKETT.

· JUST where the children troop along
At morn and noon together,
The maple-tree grew green and strong
Through all the summer weather.

The little tree, so slim, so green
Among the birches round it;
It only helped to make a screen,
And no one e'er had found it.

"Now summer days begin to fade,"
Then said the maple, sighing;
"And no one sees me in this shade!
What is the use of trying?"

And while one night she fretted thus,
The air grew cold and colder,
And there came a painter down the road,
His colors on his shoulder.

Jack Frost adown the winding way
Came whistling, leaping, singing;
And as he ran about in play,
His paints behind went swinging.

Then how the spatters flew about,
And streaks both red and yellow,
Till all the leaves that leaned far out
Glowed like the apples mellow.

The maple watched the colors grow,
Then cried, "Oh, stop! oh, listen!
Before my leaves fall, paint me now
Until in red I glisten."

Jack Frost stands still. So small the tree,
Hid safe among the birches,
He stops uncertain; then he climbs,
And rock and bank he searches.

"Oh, paint me, please!" the maple cried,
"Bright red and red all over,
Till each one that may walk or ride
My beauty shall discover."

No sooner said than done it is ;
The swift brush plies he singing,
Then swings away, upon his back
His brushes lightly slinging.

Adown the road the painter goes ;
In silent joy she watches,
Till the far-off hills betray his path
In red and purple blotches.

How splendid shines the maple-tree,
With green around and under ;
The golden rods in all the place
Bow down in reverent wonder.

And how she scorns the lady birch
That stands so close beside her ;
Her head she tosses, waves her arms,
And shakes her leaves out wider.

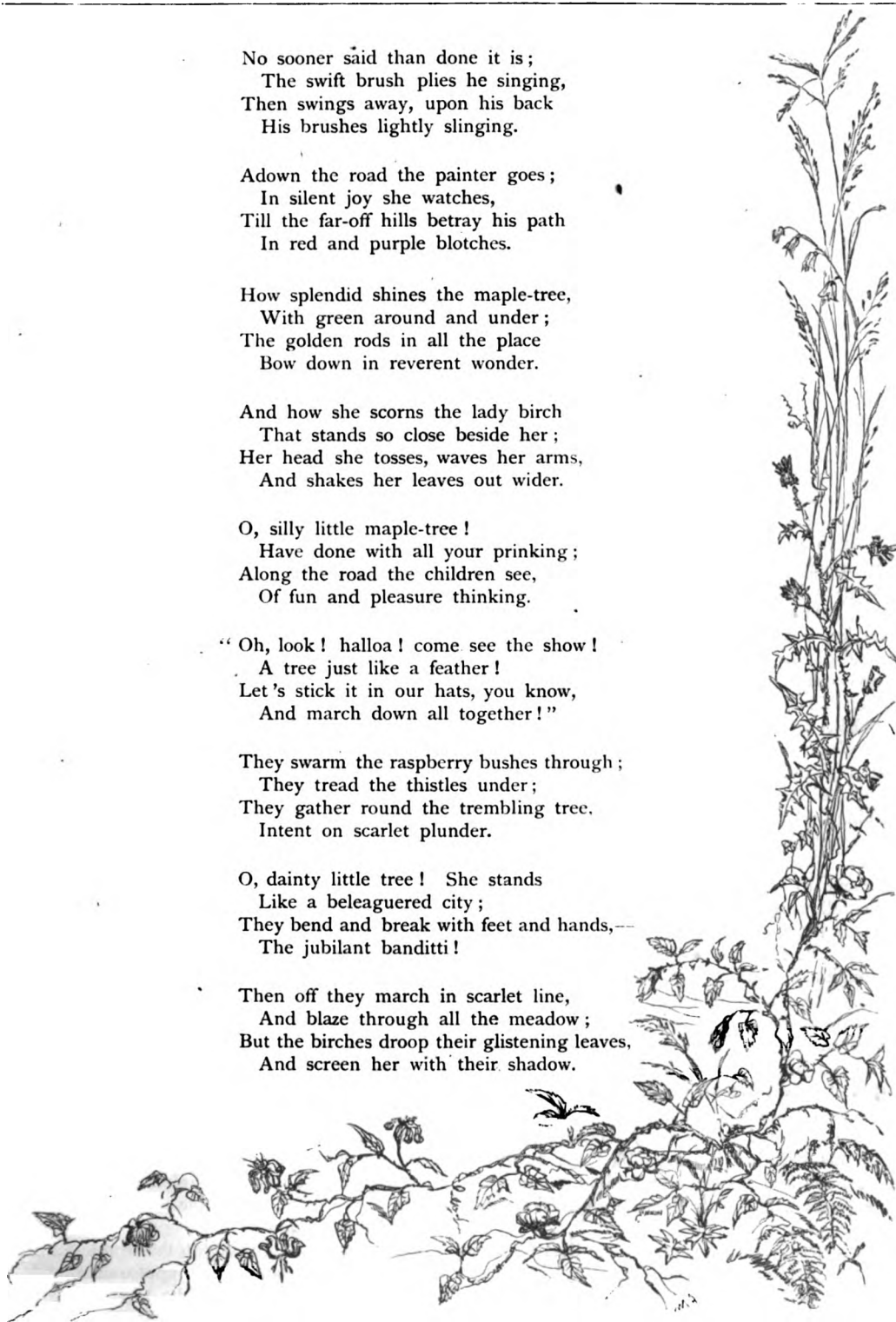
O, silly little maple-tree !
Have done with all your prinking ;
Along the road the children see,
Of fun and pleasure thinking.

“ Oh, look ! halloa ! come see the show !
A tree just like a feather !
Let's stick it in our hats, you know,
And march down all together ! ”

They swarm the raspberry bushes through ;
They tread the thistles under ;
They gather round the trembling tree,
Intent on scarlet plunder.

O, dainty little tree ! She stands
Like a beleaguered city ;
They bend and break with feet and hands,—
The jubilant banditti !

Then off they march in scarlet line,
And blaze through all the meadow ;
But the birches droop their glistening leaves,
And screen her with their shadow.



SI JURA; OR, THE ORIGIN OF RICE.

BY GEORGE LOWELL AUSTIN.



SPRAY OF RICE—FROM NATURE.

ONCE upon a time, and the time dates back many hundreds of years, when mankind had nothing to eat save a few small vegetables, and when earth rejoiced in no wide fields of golden grain, a small party of Dyaks, who were then dwelling in the tangled forests of the island of Borneo, having grown discontented with their sorrowful lot, united their wits, built boats of ample size, and put off to sea.

The cause of so sudden a departure was certainly a reasonable one. Food, hitherto scarce and unrelishable, had become still more so; and the waters which ran in the narrow channels had become stagnant. Sickness had sprung up among the people, and the women and children were perishing by hundreds.

On a certain night, one of these Dyaks had seen a vision. Some strange visitor from an unknown land came to him in sleep, and whispered in his ear the following message:

"Arise! sad son of Bruni, and girt thyself with armor, for the day cometh when thou shouldst assert thy manhood. Arise! and, with no delay, summon thy brothers to thy side. Say to them that I, a messenger from the realms of Blessedness, have come to thee. Get yourselves ready; build boats large enough to transport the warriors; go, and tempt fortune on the fair bosom of the sea."

The man to whom the messenger had appeared arose from his bed in the early morning, and did as he was bidden. He assembled his brothers, his kinsmen and his people; told to them what had happened, and bade them be industrious and prompt.

The next day, the warriors, regardless of their wives and children, whom they were forced to leave behind, sailed away from the shore. Strange thoughts filled their minds as they embarked; but

not one of them dared to pause and question the purpose of so wondrous a venture.

Onward they sailed, and onward. Land faded from sight behind them, and a wide expanse of ocean lay around them. One day, when the water was calm and as clear as crystal, and there was scarcely a flutter of breezes in the air, these valiant warriors were startled by hearing a loud roar in the distance.

They were unable to discern the slightest object, either far or near. Whence, then, the awful noise which had so suddenly fallen upon the stillness? Was it some roaring tornado, a peal of thunder, or the rapid rush of some hostile power descending from the high heavens?

Though greatly amazed by this unexpected terror, the courage of the warriors did not fail them, nor allow them to turn back. They pursued their course; and, after sailing many leagues further, caught sight of a whirlpool of vast size, the roaring of which had caused them so much affright.

But this was not the only wonder which their eyes beheld. Just beyond the whirlpool, they discerned a large fruit-tree, the like of which was unknown. The tree itself was firmly rooted in the sky, its branches hung downward, and its lowest leaves were bathed in the flashing ripples of the sea-current.

Now, the leader of this small and brave band of men was named Si Jura. He was a man of most exemplary conduct, of few words, and gifted with great wisdom and prudence. Hence he was always chosen to represent his people at every large conference of the nation.

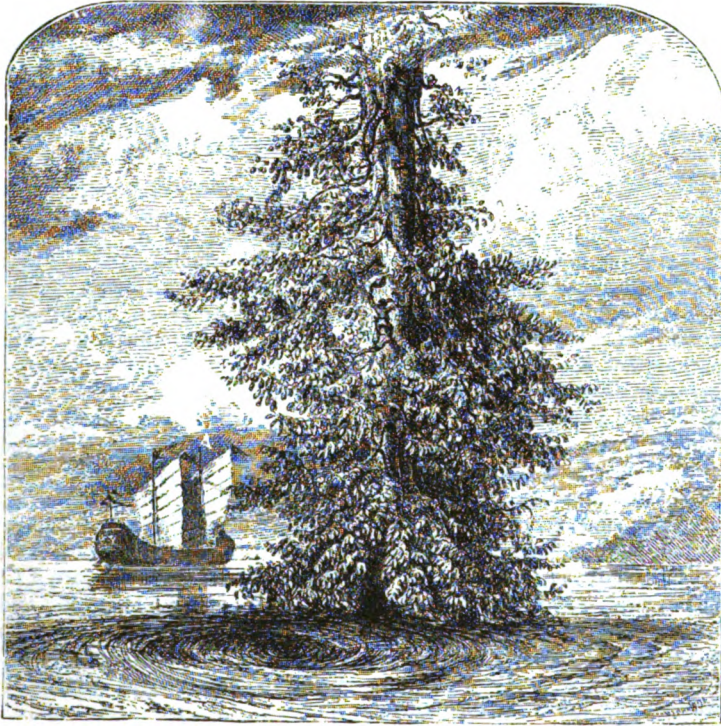
Many fruits were growing on this wonderful tree; and they were so beautiful in appearance, and so delightful in fragrance, that the Dyaks longed to possess them. They entreated Si Jura to climb

up into the tree, in order to secure some of the fruit. He yielded to this request, and straightway began the ascent.

But Si Jura, being of a very inquisitive mind, was not satisfied to merely possess some of the fruit. He wished to explore still farther, and to learn for himself why and how the tree had grown in so singular a manner. Indeed, he climbed so very high that his companions soon lost sight of him; and they, thinking that, perhaps, he had

Whilst he thus stood in silent admiration of the beautiful scenery which lay around him, and was contrasting it, in his own mind, with that of his own far-off land, he was suddenly accosted by a man of great and godlike stature. The name of this personage was Si Kira; and in the most friendly way he addressed Si Jura, and invited him to his house.

When the hour for dinner had come, both host and guest sat down to eat. The food chiefly con-



SI JURA CLIMBS THE TREE.

been ushered into another world, and not caring to await the issue, turned their boats about, laden with fruit, and sailed rapidly away.

Si Jura gazed down upon them from his lofty position, and sadly lamented his imprudent act. But, at last, he fell asleep from exhaustion.

When he awoke, he again looked round about him. He expected never to return home, and, wise man that he was, he believed that the best thing for him to do, under the circumstances, would be to keep on climbing!

Higher and higher he ascended; the sea vanished from his sight, and the roots of the tree were soon reached. Wondrous to relate, these roots were imbedded in a new soil, and Si Jura had come to a new country,—that of the Pleiades!

sisted of a mess of white grains boiled soft, the savor of which was tempting.

"You are my guest, friend," said Si Kira to Si Jura, "and it behooves me to offer to you my choicest food. Eat of this mess, I pray you."

"Horrors!" replied Si Jura. "Not all the powers in this new and strange land could urge me to eat that mess of boiled maggots!"

"They are not maggots," said Si Kira, with much surprise, "but the choicest of boiled rice."

The host then went on to explain the several processes of planting, weeding, reaping, pounding and boiling, which the grain must undergo before being ready to be eaten.

In the middle of the narrative, the wife of Si Kira left the room in order to procure some water.

During her absence, Si Jura leaned over from the table and peeped into a large jar which was standing close by. Lo! to his astonishment, he saw the house in which he used to live, and his aged parents, his wife and his children!

He saw all this, as if it were through a telescope; and the sight brought intense sadness into his heart, for he very much feared that he should never again assemble with them. Si Jura was sorrowful indeed; but he was speedily made glad by the promise of Si Kira to return him once more to earth.

After the dinner was over, Si Kira gave his guest seed of three different kinds; and, having repeated his former instructions, he conducted him quite a long distance from the house.

And then, by means of a long rope, Si Jura was again let down to earth, and very near to his own house. He lost no time before relating his wonderful adventure; taught his countrymen how to raise and gather in the rice; and therefore, to this very day, is Si Jura regarded in the East as the patron of Dyak husbandry.

TATE'S DOLL'S WEDDING.

BY PENN SHIRLEY.

TATE BEDELL was going to have a birthday the next day. That, in itself, was something for a little girl to be proud of, who only had had eight birthdays in her life, and could n't remember half of those. But more than that, she was to give a party in honor of the occasion,—her mother had said she might,—and besides, and beyond, and above all, it was to be a wedding party, and Tate's doll—the open-and-shut-eyed Luella Viola—was to be the bride! And though that small lady could n't, by any manner of means, be married before to-morrow, because her bridegroom was n't expected till the morning train, she was already dressed for the ceremony in white muslin,—with *such* a trail!—and lay on the spare chamber bed, under a pillow-sham, face down, for fear of crushing her long veil and wreath of orange blossoms.

Tate herself was on her knees by the bureau, packing the bridal wardrobe into the japanned cake-box, leaving out the traveling-dress, of course, for Luella Viola to wear on her wedding journey.

Was there ever an outfit like it? Six complete suits; and by changing them about a little—putting the polonaise of one over the under-skirt of another, you know—you could make as many more; six hats, all of the latest styles; a handkerchief, bordered with real lace; besides two entire sets of underclothing that had been sewed by Tate, every stitch of them, without a thimble.

"Got the notes ready, Tate?"

That was Minty Mozier's voice in the hall, and that was Minty's happy little self clumping upstairs after the wedding invitations. She was to carry them around. Tate could n't, of course; for I forgot to say dear little Tate was lame, and not able to walk beyond the garden, even with her pretty

rose-wood crutch. And it was very stupid of me not to mention this before, since but for her lameness, and her sweet, patient way of bearing it, I suppose her mamma would never have taken the pains to plan the doll's wedding of which I'm telling you.

"Dear me! No, Minty!" said Tate, moving along to give Minty kneeling-room by the trunk. "Toney has n't printed 'em yet!"

"I say he's *poison* slow!" grumbled Minty, folding Luella Viola's balmoral into a neat bundle.

"And he's been teasing to take the invitations round himself. Do you care if I let him?"

"Pooh! not the least bit," said Minty.

"'Cause, you see, he thinks I'm real mean not to have boys at my party," said Tate, looking relieved; "and I ought to make it up to him somehow."

"As if you wanted to play with boys!" said Minty, indignantly.

"Oh, of course I don't *want* 'em!" said Tate, decidedly; "but Toney says 't'wont be any kind of a wedding 'thout I have 'em, 'cause at grown-up weddings they always invite men."

"But then, men *behave*!" put in Minty. "Boys are horrid,—all but five or six, you know!"

"Well, I *can't* have 'em, anyway," said Tate, cheerfully. "Mamma says I'm not strong enough. But I can ask nine girls to my birthday, 'cause I shall be nine years old—and going on ten, just think!"

"Yes," said Minty, very meekly.

She was only seven and a-half, and it mortified her dreadfully. But she forgot this affliction before long, in helping Tate pack the trunk and buckle her mamma's shawl-strap about it; and when she

trudged home at noon, she was just as happy as a girl only seven and a-half years old could possibly be; for was n't she going to a wedding-party in her new pink sash and bronze boots? And *was n't* Toney coming that very afternoon to leave her a printed invitation? To be sure he was! She knew that as well as if Tate had said it!

Indeed, as it happened, Toney was rushing into Tate's house at precisely this minute with the notes he had just struck off on his little printing-press. They were the daintiest affairs in the world, printed on pink satin paper, and reading this way:

MISS TATE BEDELL

Requests the pleasure of your presence at the Marriage of her Doll,

LUELLA VIOLA BEDELL,

TO

CLARENCE OSBORNE,

On Thursday, September 4th, 1873, at Three o'Clock.

P. S.—Please bring all your dolls.

Toney had slightly objected to the postscript, but he finally added it to satisfy Tate. She had now only to double these sheets across the centre, and they filled their envelopes exactly: such pretty envelopes, with the monogram "B. O." embossed on them. That stood for Bedell and Osborne, of course.

Toney walked up and down the gravel-path, whistling, while Tate directed the envelopes to her nine little friends; and just before he lost his patience, she brought them out to him, in a neat willow basket, with a white satin bow perched on the top, to give it a bridal air. And then he carried round the notes, delivering a funny speech with each one.

But, alas! for poor Minty! There was none for her! From the back-door step, where she was amusing the bald-headed baby with tin muffin-rings, she saw Toney call at the door opposite and hand Jenny Gilson a note, and then walk straight on—never so much as looking at her house! No wonder Minty nearly cried her eyes out, and went to bed that night thinking this was a dreadful world for a little girl only seven and a-half years old to live in!

Papa Bedell came next day in the early train, right from New York, and brought with him Clarence Osborne, Luella Viola's bridegroom, a handsome young gentleman in a black broadcloth suit, with white gloves and waistcoat, and a watch no bigger than a buttercup. Tate took him up to the front chamber, to wait till it was time to hand Luella Viola down to the parlor; and there he had been standing in a corner, handkerchief in hand, fully five hours, for now it was quarter of three, and, as Tate said, "almost late enough for the wedding to begin."

She had got together all the old dolls she could

find about the house, and had just ranged them on the sofa, to represent Luella Viola's poor relatives come to see her married, when Jenny Gilson rushed in quite out of breath.

"O, Tate!" cried she; "did n't you mean to ask little Minty Mozier? She feels awfully, because you have n't sent her an invitation!"

"Why, Jenny Gilson! I *did* send her one—I *certain did!*" cried Tate, hopping about on her crutch in great excitement. "Toney must have lost it. O dear! what shall I do?"

"I'll carry her one, and tell her about it, sha' n't I?" said Jenny, eagerly. "I 'most knew it was a mistake."

"But they're all gone. Toney only printed nine!" said Tate, fairly crying.

"I'd write her one, right off quick, before the rest come," cried Jenny, who was a born peace-maker.

"But folks don't write wedding cards on just bare paper," sobbed Tate, dragging her writing-desk from beneath the what-not; "and I'm afraid Minty won't like it!"

"There's her invitation, this minute, I do believe!" shouted Jenny, joyfully, as Tate opened the desk. And there, to be sure, it was, half-hidden by a package of envelopes; but so plainly directed to Minty Mozier, that the postmaster himself might have read it.

Jenny darted off with it, and at the gate met the rest of the wedding guests, all dressed in white, who, of course, must know the whole story.

"Let's go with Jenny, and take Tate along!" they cried. And, in a twinkling, the two largest girls had joined hands and made a sedan-chair for Tate, and the entire party was hurrying on after Jenny.

It was amazing how Minty could have dressed herself so quickly! I think her mother must have helped her, for when the sedan-chair arrived at Mr. Mozier's door, she was all ready, even to her coral beads. Jenny and Lottie Prince would make a chair for her too; and the little white procession, on its way back, with Minty and Tate riding at its head, made such a gay appearance, that Bobby Wright got out his drum in great haste, and trotted behind it as fast as his chubby legs would carry him, having a misty notion that the Fourth of July had come again.

But this was small excitement beside the wedding which followed. Jenny Gilson played minister, in a water-proof cloak and white handkerchief necktie; and Tate had to make the responses for the bride and bridegroom, as Luella Viola could only say "papa" and "mamma," which would not have done at all on this occasion, and Clarence Osborne was too much stuffed to speak a word.

After the ceremony, Minty led each doll up in turn to kiss the bride and offer congratulations; and then Tate passed around a little waiter heaped with bride's cake, and slices of wedding-cake folded in white paper.

And all the while the wedding presents were lying in state on the chess-table. There were spoons, and knives and forks, and napkin-rings, and salvers, and card-receivers, and I can't begin to tell you how many other things, cut out of silver paper. The bride herself could n't stay to examine

them. She and her husband were whisked off on their wedding tour in a baby-carriage. Tate threw an old slipper after them for good luck, and then turned to kiss Minty for the sixth time.

"Oh, Minty, my wedding would have been spoilt if you had n't come!"

"I've had the *splendidest* time!" said Minty, swinging Jenny Gilson's hand; "and you made me, Jenny!"

And of them all, I think Jenny was the happiest girl at Tate's doll's wedding.

HOW THE CARS STOPPED.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

I WAS waiting for the train to take me to the city. Very soon the engine appeared, far away up the line, and looking like a black speck in the distance. It grew bigger and bigger and came faster and faster toward us, so that I began to think it was an express train and did n't mean to stop. Just then the engineer began to blow off steam, and with a loud roar the engine swept past and the train came to a sudden stop.

"What lively brakemen they must have on this road!"

"Oh, no! We don't use brakemen. We have the vacuum-brake," said the man to whom I spoke. "There it is under the car."

I looked under one of the cars, and there I saw a round box, made of iron and rubber, and having creases on the sides, just like a bellows when it is shut up. As I looked at it, it seemed to swell out longer and longer, and the creases flattened out smooth, just like the leaves of an accordion when it is stretched out to its full length. There was an iron rod fastened to the end of the rubber box, and as the box spread open, the rod moved backward. This rod, I could see, was fastened to the chain that moved the brakes on the car wheels.

Just then the conductor cried, "All aboard!" and I was obliged to get in and take a seat. I thought no more of the vacuum-brake till we came to the next station, when I heard the roaring sound of the steam blowing off on the engine, and felt the brakes holding the train back. We slid softly into the station, and the cars came to a stop without any jar, and with none of that awkward start and jerk that we feel when the brakemen do not stop all the cars at once. At the next

station the same thing happened again. Certainly, the vacuum-brake was a very fine thing.

Let us see just how this contrivance works. Under each car is a bellows. These are joined together by pipes and rubber hose that stretch from car to car, and, finally, come up through the floor of the engine-cab. When the air is sucked out of the bellows, they shut up tight, and so pull the brake-chains. Most of you boys and girls understand this. You have heard about a vacuum in the philosophy class, and have seen the experiments with the air-pump in school. A rubber ball cut in halves is a capital thing to show what a vacuum is. Press one of the pieces on a board or the table, so as to squeeze all the air out, and see how it will stick to the table. All around us is the air in which we live and move. When it is pushed or sucked out of any place, it presses on the surface of whatever shuts it out, and thus becomes an actual weight upon it. Under our ball we have a vacuum. In the vacuum-brake they use this pressure of the air to pull the brake-chains, and so save the trouble of having a man on each car to turn the brake-wheels every time the train is to stop. In the philosophy class you have seen the teacher use an air-pump to obtain a vacuum; but I did not see how they could have an air-pump here to be worked by the engine. It would take up room and be in the way. Besides, our engine was coming into the station and about to stop, and when it stopped the pump must stop too, and then the brakes would not work.

Perhaps it would be a good idea to go forward and stand on the platform of the first car, where I could look into the engineer's cab. The wind

blew pretty strong, and the cinders flew about in a shower; but I could look right into the engine, and, really, I could n't see anything that looked like an air-pump. Just then a cloud of steam burst out of a small pipe on the top of the cab, and, with a deafening roar, the engine rolled into another station and came to a stop. As the cinders were pretty lively, I went back into the car and looked out through the glass door to see the train start.

Just then the train moved on, and the conductor came round for the tickets. As I gave him mine, I said:

"You use the vacuum-brake?"

"Yes, sir. It's a fine thing. It stops the cars quickly and without any bad jerks or strains."

"How do you obtain the vacuum?"

"Oh! The engineer does that."

"Well, how?"

"Oh! it's some kind of exhaust. Don't you hear the exhaust when she stops?"

"Then, it is not a pump?"

"Oh, no; it's an exhaust,—the exhaust from the engine."

"Not the waste steam from the engine? I thought that went up the smoke-stack."

"Well, no—you see—it's exhaust steam. The engineer—he—the fact is, I have n't looked into it. They get a vacuum with the exhaust,—I heard the engineer say so,—and that's all I know about it."

The next station was the end of the route; so I went forward and climbed up into the engine, where the engineer sat on his high seat reading the morning paper.

Now, railway engineers are generally pleasant people to meet. A trifle greasy and grimy, perhaps, but good-natured and sensible. They know everything about cars and engines, and are always ready to talk about their great machines, for they love their iron horses, and are always glad to show them off and to tell how they work.

As soon as I entered the cab, the engineer laid down his paper and very politely asked me what he could do for me.

"Tell me about the vacuum-brake, sir. Do you use a pump to obtain the vacuum?"

"Oh, no! We get it by a blast of steam from

the boiler. Those two brass pipes on each side of the boiler lead back under the tender and under the cars to the rubber boxes you see under each car. This iron pipe, that is joined to the brass pipe near the top of the boiler, comes from the boiler. When I turn this crank, the steam rushes through it and escapes out of the top of the cab."

"Is that the sound I heard when the train stopped?"

"Yes, sir. It sounds just like an exhaust-pipe, or the safety-valve. Well, as I was saying, it rushes out into the open air, and as it goes it sucks the air out of the brass pipes, and so makes a vacuum. You see it cannot get down the brass pipe, because it is full of air and closed up tight. It can get out through the top, and away it goes, and the air goes with it, and we get a first-rate vacuum in a jiffy. I tell you, sir, it's a neat thing, and works to a charm. I can stop any train they please to put behind my engine with just a turn of my finger."

"Then, when you have stopped the train, how do you let the air in again?"

"I shut off the steam and open this valve, and the air rushes down the pipe where the steam went out, and the boxes under the cars swell up again, just like a pair of bellows when the wind comes in again. Why, sir, it's just like a boy blowing over a key or a little vial. He blows across the mouth of the vial, and the water or dust or the air in it spurts up in his face. His breath rushing past the mouth, sucks the air out of the vial and makes a vacuum in it. If it is full of water, he can see just how it works, for the water will fly up in his face, just as the air flies out of these pipes when the steam blows past the end. Any boy can fill a key with water and see just how it works."

This was so very simple, that I felt almost ashamed to think that I had not guessed just how it was as soon as I heard the roar of the steam whenever the train stopped.

The engineer then explained that the two brass pipes were simply to prevent accident. If one broke down he could use the other. I told the engineer what the conductor had said.

He laughed and said, "Law, sir, some folks would go round the world and never see a thing."

A HALF-DOZEN YOUNG RASCALS.

BY NATHANIEL CHILDS.

IT was n't such a long time ago; and none of the half-dozen young mischief-makers have quite journeyed into the land of soberness or gained their title to respect and reverence by grey beards or bald heads. Every boy or girl who may read this true story, will know something about the scene of it. Why, it used to stare at me from my geography; used to come up to plague me out of my history; the teachers used to talk about it almost every day, and we scholars used to sing about it from our small green-covered singing-books.

The picture which used to stare at me always seemed like a mean sort of family portrait; for I could go to the scene itself, and my young eyes were practiced enough to see how bad the picture was. And yet it looked enough like Bunker Hill Monument to make me feel a little proud when I thought, "I live right side of it; and there are lots of fellows and girls who've never seen it at all." The geography used to read, "Charlestown is situated on a peninsula, immediately north of Boston, and is the seat of the Navy Yard and the celebrated Bunker Hill Monument,"—or something like that, as well as I can remember it; for I have not seen that old geography for over ten years. The history told us about the battle which had been fought near by, and we boys used to go and lie down on the grass behind the breast-works and shoot imaginary red-coats by the million with our bows and arrows, and then hunt for the lost arrows. Often we would sit down on the stone which bore the inscription, "Here fell Warren, &c.," and complacently eat apples, unmindful of the sacredness of the spot.

My story is about Bunker Hill Monument, and a half-dozen boys who went to school near by the tall granite shaft—boys who played ball in the streets which run alongside the green grounds upon which the shaft stands, or played "three holes" with marbles, or trundled hoops about the brown paths. Somehow, at recess one day, it came out that one of the boys had a family ticket which allowed him to climb up as often as he wished to the four windows, which seemed to open a whole world to our youthful minds, as we gazed out to sea, or toward hills and over cities. He was easily king among us then; for all the rest must pay to go up, and even "half-price for children" was a heavy draw upon our pocket-money. Could n't we be all cousins of his and go up on his ticket? He was good-natured in his kingship, and took three or

four of us up one day, and then increased the number on succeeding days, until it became a regular proceeding for some ten of us boys to trot up to the top of the monument each pleasant recess. Sight-seeing grew monotonous, and we must *do* something to hold our interest in going up. One day I dropped my hat out, and it sailed away so gracefully that other hats, almost of their own accord, followed mine and found a quiet rest in the grass below, until we could run down the stone stairs and regain our head-gear. After hats, in a few days, went jackets, and to see them spreading out to the breeze was lovely, we thought. Possibly some one of us would have jumped out at last, if a substitute had not suggested itself to our brilliantly-mischievous minds.

We were one whole week at work, and doubtless the one-armed custodian (I recollect I used to wonder if he had lost his arm in the Revolutionary

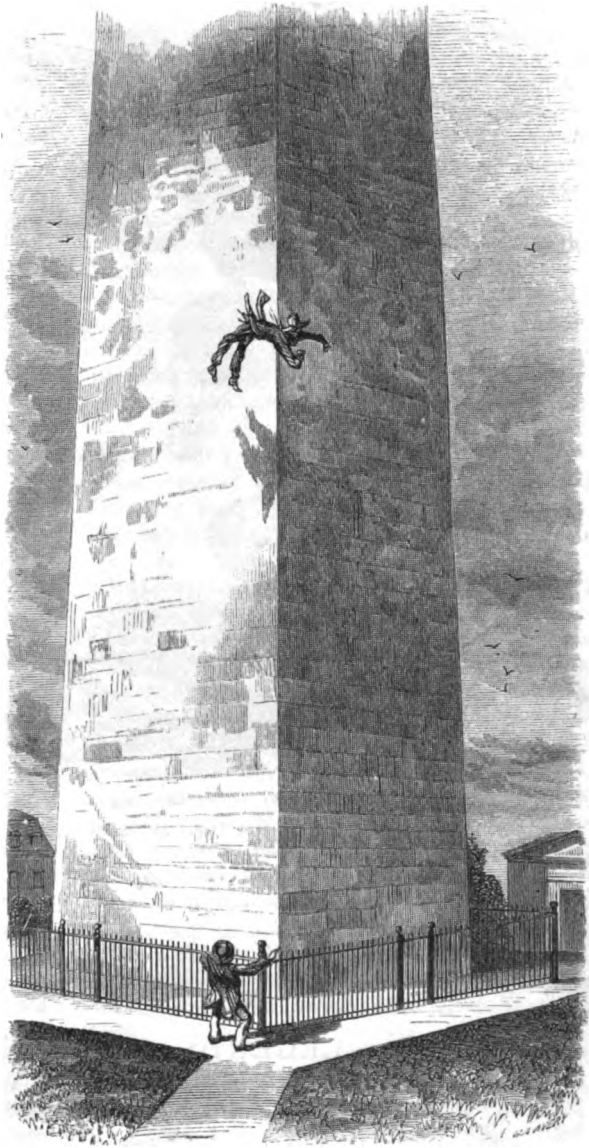


CARRYING UP THE STRAW-MAN.

war; he certainly looked old enough to me to have been a part of those stirring times) missed our regular tramp through his little office and up the stairs. Then it was ready. It was a wonderfully-constructed effigy. Tom had furnished trousers; Joe had supplied an old coat; Bill had brought a

hat; Jack gave the straw to stuff out the creature, and I had promised a pair of square-toed boots and the back-yard in which the man was to be constructed. We were pledged by some fearful pledge, such as boys' manufacture on special occasions, not to reveal any of our proceedings, and I was held answerable for two small sisters who peered wonderingly out from the kitchen windows as we labored. The man was made, and oh! he was a fearful sight to behold. I could n't go to sleep from thinking of him down there in the yard, and almost believed he would come to life and would run and tell the "monument man" what we were going to do.

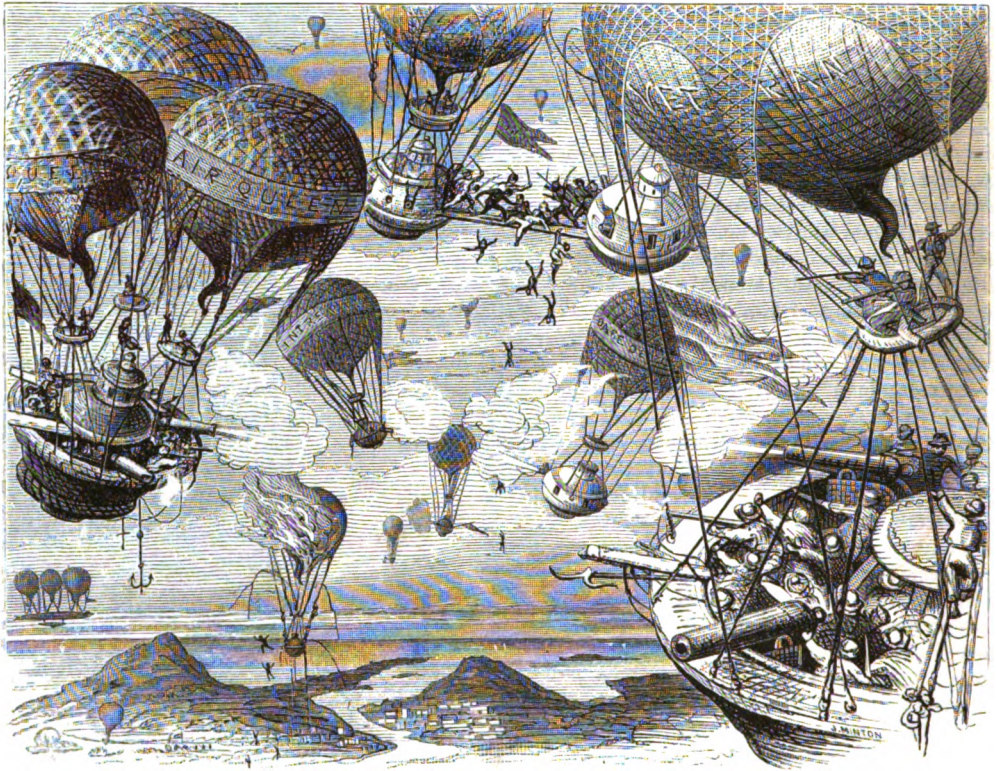
Next day was bright and pleasant. Before school we whispered it about that there would be fun at recess, and few lessons were well learned that day. Ours was a boys' and girls' school, and the girls were given the upper hall, which looked out in the monument grounds, for a play-room at recess. When the bell struck which released us for a half-hour, the girls all ran to the hall windows, and the boys all hurried to the monument grounds. The chief conspirators were soon dragging the effigy up the green slope, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the body was over the wire fence which bounded the monument's base. We did not wait to go through the office this time, but with a rush, were twenty steps up before the one-armed man could halloo to us to come back. We could n't think of coming back just then, and, with shouts and laughter, hastened to carry the effigy to the top of the monument. Each moment we thought we heard the old man calling to us and panting up behind us. There was no time to lose, and in a jiffy after we reached the top, out went a man, as it seemed, from the little square window. Boys shouted and girls shuddered. The boys knew what was sailing through the air; but the girls really thought one of us had fallen out. How grandly our man went down! What a magnificent crash he made as he struck the gravel of a walk below and spread out his finely-shaped limbs in the most life-like or lifeless manner. Then we rushed down again, and gave him a decent burial in a neighboring field. Recess being over, we went into school to receive five black marks each for disorderly con-



"HOW GRANDLY OUR MAN WENT DOWN!"

duct, our claim that we were only experimenting on the law of gravity, though upsetting the master's gravity, not doing much toward alleviating our punishment. One girl had fainted away during the scene. She thought it was Joe, she said, and she liked Joe ever so much.

She married Joe a year or two ago, and I happened to meet him last week, which reminded me of this freak of a half-dozen young rascals.



A BOY'S IDEA OF WARFARE IN 1974.
(Drawn by Master Frederick W. Chapman.)

LEGENDS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

BY N. S. DODGE.

TRADITIONS, legends and superstitions, closely linked as they often are, remain very distinct in themselves and in their influence. A tradition may be true; a legend is not only untrue, but improbable; and a superstition is a foolish belief in the supernatural and impossible. The first two are apt to be full of interest and charm; the last is always a blight, wherever it may settle. The world abounds in wild and marvelous stories that are believed in by the uneducated. For instance, in almost every country there are legends about long-sleepers. According to them, Charlemagne sleeps in Hess, seated on his throne, with crown on head

and sword in hand, waiting till Antichrist shall come; the seven youths of Ephesus, who refused to bow down to the idol of the Emperor Decius, sleep on, their faces fresh as roses, till the resurrection-day; Epimenides slept fifty-seven years; a Christian priest sleeps in St. Sophia till the Turk shall be cast out; three Bohemian miners sleep in the heart of the Kuttensburg; and Rip Van Winkle slept twenty years in Kaatskills. In the great hills of Thuringia still sleep Frederic Barbarossa and his six knights. A shepherd once penetrated into a long winding cave in the heart of the mountain, and there found the seven all asleep, the emperor's

red beard having grown through the marble table. The noise of footsteps awakened him, and he asked :

"Do the ravens still fly over the mountains?"

"Yes," replied the shepherd; "they do."

"Then we must sleep another hundred years," answered the monarch; and turned again to rest.

In Switzerland three William Tells sleep in a cave. A brave boy once crept in.

"What o'clock is it?" asked the third Tell.

"Noon," replied the lad.

"O dear! the time has not yet come," said Tell; and lay down again.

There are many superstitions about the man in the moon, and almost every country in the world has a story about him. In New England the nurses tell the children that this man was found by Moses gathering sticks on a Sabbath, and that, for being so wicked, he was doomed to reside in the moon till the last day.

"If you don't believe it," they say, "look in the Bible. It is all told in the fifteenth chapter of Numbers."

The Germans have the tale this way. Ages ago there went one Sunday morning an old man into the forest to cut wood. When he had made a bundle he slung it on his staff, cast it over his shoulder, and started for home. On his way he met a minister, all in his bands and robes, who asked him:

"Don't you know, my friend, that it is Sunday on earth, when all must rest from their labors?"

"Sunday on earth, or Monday in heaven, it is all one to me!" laughed the woodman.

"Then bear your burden forever," said the priest; "and as you value not Sunday on earth, you shall have Monday in heaven till the great day."

Thereupon the speaker vanished, and the man was caught up, with cane and fagots, into the moon, where you can see him any clear night.

In Norway they think they see both a man and woman, and the story goes, that the former threw brambles at people going to church, and the latter made butter on Sunday. In the clear, cold nights of winter they will point out the man carrying his bundle of thorns, and the woman her butter-tub.

It is so with the Wandering Jew. There is no Christian country that has not this legend, and yet no two are alike. The great artist, Gustave Doré, represents him as standing at the door of his shop refusing to let the Savior rest, and laughing at the words, "WALK TILL I RETURN!" In another picture, he is a very old man, worn with toil, tired of travel, bent under the curse, but still trudging on. In a third, the last trump having sounded and

all the dead awakening, while every one else is shaking with fear, the weary man sits down, casts off his sandals, and rejoices to rest.

About three hundred years ago, Dr. Paul von Eitzen saw an old man, whose hair hung over his shoulders, standing barefoot while the service in church proceeded, and bowing reverently at every mention of the name of Jesus. The doctor sought him out and inquired who he was.

"A native of Jerusalem," he replied, "by name Ahasuerus, and a shoemaker by trade. I SAW CHRIST ON HIS CROSS."

"What!" exclaimed the good doctor, starting back in alarm.

"Yes," continued the Jew, "*I saw Christ on his cross.* As he was led by my door, where I was standing with my little boy, the Lord Jesus wanted to rest, but I would not permit it. 'Go on, King of the Jews,' I said. He gave me one sorrowful look, and said, 'GO YOU ALSO,' and from that hour, fifteen hundred years ago, I have walked the earth."

Dr. Eitzen said that the Jew never received alms, never laughed, appeared penitent, read God's word, spoke all languages, and convinced many of the truth of what he said. No doubt; for in those days people were credulous, and this most thrilling of all myths, believed to be countenanced in the 28th verse of Matthew xvi., took strong hold of the imagination. The man, beyond doubt, was an arrant impostor, and yet he left an impress in Germany that has never been effaced. In the powers of figures he took great pleasure, and many interesting mathematical problems which he propounded are remembered. For instance, the property of the number 9, is said to have been first pointed out by the Wandering Jew; *i. e.*, that when 9 is multiplied by 2, by 3, by 4, &c., *the digits composing the product, when added together, give 9.* Thus:

$$2 \times 9 = 18 \text{ and } 1 + 8 = 9$$

$$3 \times 9 = 27 \text{ " } 2 + 7 = 9$$

$$4 \times 9 = 36 \text{ " } 3 + 6 = 9$$

$$5 \times 9 = 45 \text{ " } 4 + 5 = 9$$

$$6 \times 9 = 54 \text{ " } 5 + 4 = 9$$

$$7 \times 9 = 63 \text{ " } 6 + 3 = 9$$

$$8 \times 9 = 72 \text{ " } 7 + 2 = 9$$

$$9 \times 9 = 81 \text{ " } 8 + 1 = 9$$

$$9 \times 10 = 90 \text{ " } 9 + 0 = 9$$

It will be noticed that $9 \times 11 = 99$, and that the sum of these digits is 18, but the sum of this sum, $1 + 8 = 9$.

$$9 \times 12 = 108 \text{ and } 1 + 0 + 8 = 9$$

$$9 \times 13 = 117 \text{ " } 1 + 1 + 7 = 9$$

$$9 \times 14 = 126 \text{ " } 1 + 2 + 6 = 9$$

and so on to any extent. The following, among

many other magical squares, is attributed to the Wandering Jew :

2	7	6
9	5	1
4	3	8

These nine figures added horizontally, perpendicularly, or diagonally, make 15.

These magical squares were used as amulets. Written on small pieces of parchment, embroidered on fine linen, graven over the entrance to a house, inscribed on the fly-leaf of a book, wrought into clothing, or stamped upon goods offered for sale, these magical squares were held during the middle ages to heal in sickness or to preserve in contagion. Albert Dürer, the great artist of his age, was not free from the superstition. Over the doorway of his house, where, under the bell, he had carved a most perfect figure of Melancholy, was inscribed the following magical square as a preservative against evils and mischief :

16	3	2	13
5	10	11	8
9	6	7	12
4	15	14	1

These numbers, from one to sixteen, if added up and down, or from end to end, or corner-wise,

amount to thirty-four. Very ingenious, surely ; but it is strange how wise and good men could have believed that mere combinations of figures, however curious, would prevent a house from taking fire, or doors from being broken open by robbers, or diseases from entering one's home.

All superstitions are foolish. To fasten a horse-shoe near the door to procure good-luck, or to throw salt over the shoulder to prevent ill ; to be glad to have first seen a new moon over the right ; or sad to be sitting thirteen at table ; to turn twice around before setting out a second time, or to frame a mental wish after speaking simultaneously the same words with another, are practices unworthy of our day, making children of grown people and fools of boys and girls. To believe that the gift of a crooked sixpence betokens good fortune, or of a knife, bad ; that killing a swallow will make cows give bloody milk, or that crossing your stockings before going to bed insures happy dreams ; that beginning a work on Friday is unlucky, or a thrice-repeated dream a prediction, are each and all as silly as to lay food before an idol of wood or to bury bow and arrows with a dead Indian warrior.

Religion is one thing ; superstition another. The two are opposite. The former pays honor to God ; the latter does homage to Ignorance.

A BILLY-GOAT SCHOOL-MASTER.

By J. R.

"C-A-P-R-I-C-I-O-U-S-N-E-S-S ! That's a pretty word to put in a story-book for a little fellow like me ! I wonder what it means, anyhow !"

Tommy always scolds a little when a hard word trips him up. He does n't like hard words. How can he find out what they mean, he says ; and if he skips them, he never knows how much of the story he has missed. Besides, there's no use in skipping them, for they are sure to keep turning up ; and a fellow might as well learn them first as last. Of course, it's a trouble to be asking some one, "What's this?" and "What's that?" every little while, especially when everybody is busy reading or working ; and it is n't easy for a little fellow to be running to the dictionary every time he stumbles over a long word ; still anything is better than skipping.

I can't help watching him with the corner of my

eye, as he stands with his elbows on the window-sill, resting his chubby cheek on his hand.

Presently a smile begins to flicker round Tommy's mouth ; his eyes dance a little, and the ghost of a laugh ripples over his face, without making a bit of noise. He would n't laugh that way if we were in the woods !

"What is it?" I ask.

"Little Billy."

"What's happened to Billy?"

"Nothing, only he's trying to jump outside of himself, while his mother eats the posters off the wall, in spite of that boy with a stick. He's such a funny rascal ! Do all goats act that way?"

"What way, Tommy?"

"Why, as Billy does. He's so comical ! He'll be trotting along as sober as an old sheep and whisk ! he'll go off at one side, rearing and bunt-

ing and flinging out his heels as though he'd swallowed a fire-cracker. You never can tell when he's going to cut up his monkey shines."

"That's a characteristic of goats, I believe."

"Just look at him now! Did you ever see anything so funny? It always makes me laugh to see him frisk about and flirt that ridiculous stump

"Certainly. Even the dictionary-makers have to admit it."

"Dictionary-makers! Do dictionaries tell anything about where our words come from?"

"Certainly; and capital stories you can make of them, too. Fetch me that big one there, on the lower shelf. Can you lift it?"

"Humph! Pity if I can't lift a book as big as that!"

"Here we are! Thank you. Now, let's look at *caper*. Here it is:

"*CAPER*. — (*L. Caper, a goat.*)"

"That '*L*' stands for *Latin*, the language the Romans used to talk. You'll hear enough about that before you are done going to school!

"The meaning of *caper*, you see, is, 'a skipping, leaping or jumping in frolicsome mood, *after the manner of a goat*,' and *To Caper*, means, 'to dance, skip or leap in a frolicsome manner.'"

"Dolly says, '*Quit your capering!*' sometimes when I'm

having a little fun, and make too much noise."

"And I've heard you say the same to Billy, when you wanted to lead him and he wanted to play. You know what it means.

"Here's another word of the same sort, which we likewise owe to Master Billy:

"*CAPRICE*.—A sudden start of the mind; a whim; a freak; a fancy."

"You've seen such actions, I dare say, in some of your playmates. You never can depend on them. One moment they want to play ball; before you can begin to play, they have changed their minds, and want to play horse, or tag, or something else. One moment they are very friendly, and the next they're off in a huff, without any reason for it. Such people are called *capricious*. Here's the word, a little further along."

"Why, that's the very word I could n't understand in my book!"

"Was it? Look."

"Oh, no! It's *capriciousness*. I know what that means now. But who'd have thought it had anything to do with a Billy-goat?"

"That's a wonderful book, that dictionary. It'll pay you to study it."



"WHILE HIS MOTHER EATS THE POSTERS OFF THE WALLS."

of a tail he has. It looks just as though it had been broken off and stuck on again the wrong way. There's a *caper* for you! Just look at him."

"Did you ever hear of the Romans, Tommy?"

"Romulus and Remus and Julius Cæsar, and all those old fellows that lived a long time ago? Of course I have."

"Don't you know that if Julius Cæsar had said, 'There's a *caper*,' he'd have meant simply, 'There's a goat?'"

"Would he? Why? *Caper* does n't mean *goat*, does it?"

"Not now, but it used to."

"And is that the reason why we call funny things that a fellow does when he feels good and does n't know what to do, *capers*?"

"Precisely. To *caper*, is to do odd things without any particular purpose, just as goats do."

"I never knew that words came about in that way."

"They do, very often. Don't you know how we call a greedy boy a *pig*, or one that goes bawling around for nothing a little *calf*?"

"Oh yes! And we call a fellow that is always bossing around, a *bully*?"

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

AT a fort in Florida, during the Seminole war, a man named Richard Blount lay wounded and dying. A keen observer might have discerned in the emaciated features, well covered by an iron-grey, untrimmed beard, traces of refinement—almost effaced, it is true, by the unmistakable marks of a turbulent, and perhaps criminal, career.

The surgeon in charge of the stockade seemed a man of warm heart and tender sympathies, which had not been blunted by familiarity with suffering. He carefully tended the dying soldier, doing all in his power, by words and actions, to soothe his last hours. This kindness was not without results. Impressed by attentions to which he had long been unaccustomed, Richard Blount—taciturn and reserved by habit, if not by nature—grew more communicative, and, at the last, made certain revelations concerning transactions of which no other living man had any knowledge.

One afternoon, as the sun was setting red and broad in a burning haze behind the motionless palmettoes, and the mocking-bird was pouring forth his wealth of music by the still bayous where the alligator basked unmolested, Richard, who was feeling stronger than usual, after a period of silence and mental struggle with himself, said :

"Doctor, you've been mighty good to me. You are the first person who has spoken a kind word to me for many years. I've led a hard life of it, and very likely don't deserve any better than I've received, yet I can't forget that I was once a better man and used to kind words from those who loved me. And now, although I am both poor and forsaken, yet believe me when I say that it is in my power to make you as wealthy as your wildest fancies could desire. I was born in England; I have not a single relation now living, and to you it can be of no consequence what were the circumstances of my early life. It is enough to say that I was the younger son of a good family, and was destined to the church, for which I was totally unfitted. I was sent to Oxford, but an insatiable thirst for adventure caused me to run away. After various fortunes in many parts of the world, in which the cards were generally against me, it was at last my luck to find myself shipped with the crew of a pirate schooner, and a motley set we were—Spaniards, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Yankees, Greeks—men of all races. Two or three years I sailed in her, boarding and burning vessels in the Spanish main. At length a rumor

reached the nest of pirates to which I belonged that the English Government was about to take vigorous measures to capture our vessels and destroy our rendezvous. As we had for a long time been very successful, without any serious molestation, there was all the more reason to believe the report. A council of war was called, in which words ran high. But it was decided that, as our rendezvous was well known and would most likely be attacked first and we should be unable to defend ourselves successfully against such forces as could be sent against us, we ought at once to remove our possessions and conceal them for awhile in some unknown hiding-place. With us to decide was to act, and without further delay the treasure, which was enormous, being the accumulated spoil of many hard fights and scuttled ships, was stowed in the holds of our vessels. (A little water, surgeon, if you'll be so good.)

"So immense," continued Richard, after a moment, "was the stock of dollars and doubloons and jewelry that no other ballast was needed for the schooners. When everything was on board we set fire to the cabins on shore, and by the glare of the burning houses dropped down the lagoon and made an offing. We headed for the coast of Florida, and, the moon being at the full, shoved the schooners into an inlet, whose whereabouts was known to one of our captains, a native of Florida, born at Key West, son of a wrecker, I think. It was a very quiet part of the country, without so many people as there are about it now; and they are n't over thick even now. We had sent some men ashore in a boat in the morning to find the exact entrance, and after dark they lit a fire on the beach; so we knew just where to put the schooners. At daylight we sailed a long way up the bayou, winding about from bend to bend, with sweeps or tacking along the shore, and blazing the trees as we went along, until we came to a clearing in the woods, where the trees seemed to have been felled by a hurricane. It was gloomy and silent enough—a solitude which we disturbed perhaps for the first time. Here we made the vessels fast to the trees, and all hands went ashore. We made tents of old sails, and in a few hours, to see the smoke streaming up among the trees, and see the boys capering after squirrels and climbing after birds' nests, or flinging sticks at the alligators, you would have thought it was an old settlement."

After a brief interval of rest, Richard went on :

"When the provisions and everything else had been taken out of the schooners we hove out the ballast (you remember, it was dollars), and carried it into the middle of the clearing. Each man put his share into an earthen pot; his name, written on a bit of parchment, was placed inside, and his initials were scratched on the outside, and it was then sealed up carefully. The pots of gold and silver were then buried in a circle in holes dug tolerably deep in the ground, and every man planted a small tree over his treasure. Our common stock of treasures we next sealed up in a large jar, and buried this in the center of the circle and planted a good-sized tree over this also.

"After we had secured our valuables, as considerable time had been lost in doing all this, it was decided that the schooners should go off on another expedition at once, and they put to sea, leaving a few men under my charge to look after the camp and the treasure. Several weeks went by, and no news came from the absent schooners. Our stock of provisions began to run low, and it was impossible to get anything in that desolate maze of a morass, overgrown with tangled forests and cut up by muddy streams and bayous, especially as we had planted nothing in the clearing, and had not cleared any more of the land, as we expected that, of course, the schooners would soon return with a fresh stock. We had always been so lucky that not a soul of us dreamed of any trouble. Anyhow, the schooners never came back, nor did I ever afterward get any clue to their fate. They were probably captured and burned, or more likely foundered in a hurricane.

"The rainy season was coming on, and before long several of our number had fallen off with starvation and disease. My comrades and I talked over the situation, and finally concluded to look out for number one, and leave the treasure to take care of itself.

"Well, we had a ship's boat with us, and one day, after putting a few mouldy biscuits in our pockets, we took to our boat and followed the bayou until we came to the sea. Then we skirted the coast until we reached a settlement, and after that separated in different directions, for there was no tie of friendship to bind us, and we each had a sort of dread that the others might some way betray him. For years after I wandered about the country,—sometimes on the frontier,—until I enlisted in the army, not caring much what became of me, but half hoping that perhaps I should be sent to Florida, as turned out to be the case, to fight these Seminoles, and so perhaps catch a chance to look up the treasure we had buried in the forest. I never had had the ready money, nor, I'm not ashamed to say, the courage to go back alone to

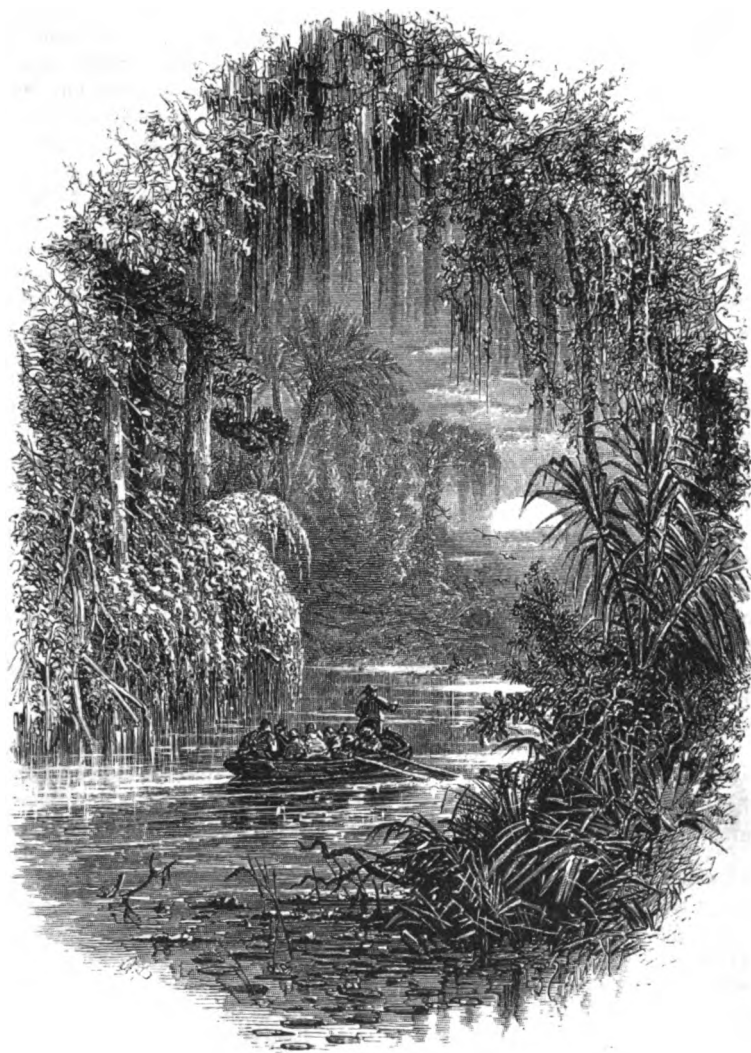
that spot; but I got this shot in the leg, and here I am, and much good that treasure has done me! But it don't seem quite the thing, you see, that all that money and treasure should be buried there and be of no kind of use to anybody, and as you are the first and the last person that's been kind to me these many years, I'll trust to you to see that I have decent burial, and will tell you just how to go to find the treasure. It's all truth I've been telling you, and you need n't be afraid I'm spinning you a forecastle yarn, but just do as I direct you to do, and it'll make you the richest man in the country; and I don't know who deserves it better."

Richard Blount, after this, gave the surgeon very minute directions as to how to go in quest of the treasure. On the next day the pirate died. As soon after this as the surgeon could get leave of absence, he made arrangements with a friend to go after the supposed mine of wealth concealed in the forests of Southern Florida. He could not quite believe the story, but the circumstances under which it had been disclosed and the fact that money had often been concealed by the freebooters of the sea, made it sufficiently probable to warrant chartering a small, light-draught schooner and engaging a crew of blacks able to work the vessel and willing to dig in the mud after gold. It was only by a very close and tedious observation of the coast that the mouth of the bayou was found. On entering it from the sea, the line of trees which had been blazed was also discovered with some difficulty and traced from bend to bend in the dusky light of the primeval forest.

Guided by this clue, often but faintly distinguishable, the treasure-seekers, after slowly sailing along the devious mazes of the silent waters of the wilderness until they almost despaired of reaching the end in view, at last burst suddenly upon a sort of clearing in the dense mass of vegetation, overgrown with trees of younger growth, arising from which a circle of larger trees could be distinctly traced, with a central shaft lifting its feathery tuft of foliage far up into the blue sky. Tent-stakes and other relics of extinct life were also visible amid the rank grass which overgrew the soil. Everything, thus far, had proved exactly as described by Richard Blount, and it was reasonable to suppose that, as the story had been found to tally in the minutest details with facts, it would continue consistent throughout. It was, therefore, with renewed zest and with the burning impatience which tortures the soul when one is confident of the result and sees the desired object almost in his grasp, that the doctor seized a pick-axe, and ordering his men to follow suit, broke ground in the last stage of the quest after a treasure which his fevered

fancy pictured as more and more colossal as the rapturous moment approached when it would be opened to view. Such was his impatience that he was the first to make a discovery. The point of the pick, after turning up the soft soil almost noiselessly for some anxious minutes, at last struck

jar, but on trying to raise it they found it was cracked in several pieces, and that the bottom had fallen out. What was more important, the jar was empty! Here was a disappointment, to be sure: but they would not yet give up heart; there were still many jars, and perhaps this one was only a



IN THE BAYOU.

something hard with a most decided click. The next stroke the sound was repeated and at the same time a bit of red pottery was thrown up. The doctor, perspiring with excitement, flung aside the pick-axe and, falling on his knees, began to draw out the earth with his hands, while everyone stopped his work and looked on with breathless expectation. It took but a minute to bring to light an earthen

“blind.” But jar after jar was turned up and all were found more or less broken, and not a dollar did one of them contain. Last of all, the searchers cut down the central tree and unearthed the large jar over which it stood. This also, crowning disappointment of all, was in the same condition and contained only earth-worms. Baffled, but not quite disheartened, the treasure-seekers, as a last resort,

dug several feet below where the central jar had been. They did not find the treasure they sought, but they ascertained where it had gone.

They came to water, and thus discovered the solution of the mystery, and what had robbed them of the gold. They stood on a mere alluvial crust of oozy soil, under which the water percolated at some depth below. The moisture of the earth had softened the jars, and the weight of the treasure had carried away the bottoms and caused it gradually to sink lower and lower, as in a quicksand, until it had dropped into the water and, of course, out of sight.

There was nothing more to be done but to abandon further operations for the time, as such a result

had not been foreseen and the means for raising the money were not at hand. But the following year the doctor returned to the bayou with a pumping machine and ample apparatus for his purpose, and after much labor was partially rewarded for his trouble.

Doubloons and guineas, vases and caskets of precious metals elaborately chased, the handiwork of skilled artisans of various races and ages, and gems of price, which had long lain concealed in the slime of the forest, again flashed in the sunbeams. But all the lost treasure was not regained; some of it eluded the closest scrutiny of avarice or enterprise, and still lies buried forever under the waters and the sod of Florida.

THE ANTS' MONDAY DINNER.

By H. H.

How did I know what the ants had for dinner last Monday? Ha, it is odd that I should have known, but I'll tell you how it happened.

I was sitting under a big pine-tree, high up on a high hill-side. The hill-side was more than seven thousand feet above the sea, and that is higher than many mountains which people travel hundreds of miles to look at. But this hill-side was in Colorado, so there was nothing wonderful in being so high up. I had been watching the great mountains with snow on them, and the great forests of pine-trees,—miles and miles of them,—so close together that it looks as if you could lie down on their tops and not fall through; and my eyes were tired with looking at such great, grand things, so many miles off; so I looked down on the ground where I was sitting, and watched the ants which were running about everywhere, as busy and restless as if they had the whole world on their shoulders.

Suddenly I saw, under a tuft of grass, a tiny yellow caterpillar, which seemed to be bounding along in a very strange way. In a second more, I saw an ant seize hold of him and begin to drag him off. The caterpillar was three times as long as the ant, and his body was more than twice as large round as the biggest part of the ant's body.

"Ho! ho! Mr. Ant," said I, "you need n't think you're going to be strong enough to drag that fellow very far."

Why, it was about the same thing as if you or I should drag off a heifer, kicking and struggling

for dear life all the time; only that the heifer has n't half so many legs to catch hold of things with as the caterpillar had. Poor caterpillar! how he did try to get away! But the ant never gave him a second's time to take a good grip of anything; and he was cunning enough, too, to drag him on his side, so that he could n't use his legs very well. Up and down, and under and over stones and sticks; in and out of tufts of grass; up to the very top of the tallest blades, and then down again; over gravel and sand, and across bridges of pine-needles from stone to stone; backward all the way,—but, for all I could see, just as swiftly as if he were going head-foremost,—ran that ant, dragging the caterpillar after him. I watched him very closely, thinking, of course, he must be making for his house. Presently, he darted up the trunk of the pine-tree.

"Dear me!" said I, "ants don't live in trees! What does this mean?"

The bark of the tree was all broken and jagged, and full of seams twenty times as deep as the height of the ant's body. But he did n't mind; down one side and up the other he went. They must have been awful chasms to him; and to the poor caterpillar too, for their sharp edges caught and tore his skin, and doubled him up a dozen ways in a minute. And yet the ant never once stopped or went a bit slower. I had to watch very closely, not to lose sight of him altogether. I began to think that he was merely trying to kill the

caterpillar; that, perhaps, he did n't mean to eat him, after all. Perhaps he was merely a gentlemanly sportsman ant, out on a frolic. How did I know but some ants might hunt caterpillars, just as some men hunt deer, for fun, and not at all because they need food? If I had been sure of this, I would have spoiled Mr. Ant's sport for him very soon, you may be sure, and set the poor caterpillar free. But I never heard of an ant's being cruel; and if it were really for dinner for his family that he was working so hard, I thought he ought to be helped and not hindered. Just then my attention was diverted from him by a sharp cry overhead. I looked up, and there was an enormous hawk, sailing round in circles, with two small birds flying after him, pouncing down on his head, and then darting away, and all the time making shrill cries of fright and hatred. I knew very well what that meant. Mr. Hawk also was out trying to do some marketing for his dinner; and he had had his eye on some little birds in their nest; and there were the father and mother birds driving him away. You would n't have believed two such little birds could have driven off such a big creature as the hawk, but they did. They seemed to fairly buzz round his head as flies do round a horse's head, and at last he just gave up and flew off so far that he vanished in the blue sky, and the little birds came skimming home again into the wood.

"Well, well," said I, "the little people are stronger than the big ones, after all! Where has my ant gone?"

Sure enough! It had n't been two minutes that I had been watching the hawk and the birds, but in that two minutes the ant and the caterpillar had disappeared. At last I found them—where do you think? In a fold of my water-proof cloak, on which I was sitting! The ant had let go of the caterpillar, and was running round and round him, perfectly bewildered; and the caterpillar was too near dead to stir. I shook the fold out, and as soon as the cloth lay straight and smooth, the ant fastened his nippers in the caterpillar again, and started off as fast as ever. I suppose if I could have seen his face, and had understood the language of ants' features, I should have seen plainly written there, "Dear me, what sort of a country was that I tumbled into, so frightfully black and smooth?" By this time the caterpillar had had the breath pretty well knocked out of his body, and was so limp and helpless that the ant was not afraid of his getting away from him. So he stopped a second now and

then to rest. Sometimes he would spring on the caterpillar's back, and stretch himself out there; sometimes he would stand still on one side and look at him sharply, keeping one nipper on his head. All the time, though, he was working steadily in one direction; he was headed for home now, I felt very certain. It astonished me very much at first, that none of the ants he met took any notice of him; they all went on their own way, and never took so much as a sniff at the caterpillar. But pretty soon I said to myself:

"You stupid woman, not to suppose that ants can be as well behaved as people! When you passed Mr. Jones yesterday, you did n't peep into his market-basket, nor touch the big cabbage he had under his arm."

Presently, the ant dropped the caterpillar, and ran on a few steps—I mean inches—to meet another ant who was coming toward him. They put their heads close together for a second. I could not hear what they said, but I could easily imagine, for they both ran quickly back to the caterpillar, and one took him by the head and the other by the tail, and then they lugged him along finely. It was only a few steps, however, to the ant's house; that was the reason he happened to meet this friend just coming out. The door was a round hole in the ground, about as big as my little finger. Several ants were standing in the door-way, watching these two come up with the caterpillar. They all took hold as soon as the caterpillar was on the door-step, and almost before I knew he was fairly there, they had tumbled him down, heels over head, into the ground, and that was the last I saw of him.

The oddest thing was, how the ants came running home from all directions. I don't believe there was any dinner-bell rung, though there might have been one too fine for my ears to hear; but in less than a minute, I had counted thirty-three ants running down that hole. I fancied they looked as hungry as wolves.

I had a great mind to dig down into the hole with a stick, and see what had become of the caterpillar. But I thought it was n't quite fair to take the roof off a man's house to find out how he cooks his beef for dinner; so I sat still awhile, and wondered whether they would lay him out straight on the floor, and all stand in rows each side of him and nibble across, and whether they would leave any for Tuesday; and then I went home to my own dinner.



THE LARK'S NEST.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

ONCE was a meadow, where in the June weather
Daisies and buttercups blossomed together.
There came a field-lark and built her a nest,—
Five speckled eggs she hid under her breast;
Sitting alone, while afar and above her
Rang the sweet song of her mate and true lover;
While the brown bees all about her were humming,
And the gay butterflies going and coming,
Dear little mother-lark never grew weary,
Never once found herself lonesome or dreary.
Five baby-larks to be had for the hatching!
That, she thought, paid for her waiting and watching.

When, by and by, came a creeping and cheeping,
That told the young things from the egg-shells were peeping,—
“Oh!” cried the mother-bird, chirping, caressing,
“What have I done to deserve such a blessing
Perfect in form, and delightful in features,
Who could have dreamed of such exquisite creatures?”
Day after day, in a rapture of pleasure,
She fluttered and fidgeted over her treasure;
Cuddled them, sang to them, morning and noon,
Told all the sweet things that happen in June—
How the red roses, and larkspur, and clover,
Dressed in their jewels would sparkle all over;
How, by and by,—and the lark gave a sigh,—
All those poor blossoms would wither and die.
But before snow came, or wintry wild weather,
They would spread wing and fly south all together.

Once, with a tale on the tip of her tongue,
Poor little mother-lark left it unsung;
Over her frightened head, gleaming and ringing,
Came a long scythe, through the meadow-grass swinging.
Dear little lark, all a-tremble for breath,
Covered her babies, and waited for death.
But it flashed over her; then to the crisis
Bravely she rose, with her ready devices;
Wasted no time in complaint or repining,
But plucked the dry grasses, and twisting and twining,
Wove her a roof to arch over her nest,
Nor stopped for a moment to idle or rest.
Weaving it, one of the mowing-men found her,
While the scythes glistened and whistled around her.
Then he declared that on her and her brood.
Danger nor terror again should intrude.
So all the day, through the coming and going,
Mother-lark sat undisturbed by the mowing;
And long before winter, or stormy wild weather,
All the young larks had gone flying together.



LILLY KNOWS IT'S TOM—BUT THEN IT'S "SO DREADFULLY, AWFULLY HORRIBLE!"

THE COON'S MISTAKE.

BY ELLEN FRANCES TERRY.

NOW I always said the coon was n't to blame, and I say so still. What do you think? There was nothing like a looking-glass to be had in that great, green parade-ground; not even a bit of still pool where one might trim whiskers or smooth rough locks. Could he imagine himself ugly enough to give the children fits?

He was a queer fellow, for all the world like a small round muff of stiff grey fur, into which had crept a tiny animal. From one opening of the muff peeped a sharp nose, while from the opposite end hung a round fuzzy tail, like a pussy-cat's. Now suppose he had known all this he might n't even then have thought himself a fright.

He may be in the fashion at some New South Wales of the animal kingdom.

This is all about it. The coon was out for a walk, the evening being fine. First he smelled about the back-yard, where there was a charming fragrance of chicken from day-before-yesterday's feathers.

Then he crossed the parade and inspected Post No. 2, where the sentinel was walking up and down on the dry spots of the pavement. Three steps to the right brought him in front of the Colonel's quarters—an old-fashioned brick house, full of win-

dows. It was just beginning to open one bright eye after another, as lamps were lit here and there.

Master Coon halted in front of the door, and just then Sylvia, the children's nurse, came out with a white pitcher in her hand to go for water to the street pump.

After Sylvia, poured a broad ribbon of red light into the grey twilight, and then came a puff of warm air, blown up the kitchen stairway, through the hall and out at the open door. That was a pleasant, coaxing little breeze! It wrapped about you gently, like a warm shawl, and brought such agreeable news from the kitchen, where Mamma Frances was getting tea! Each little gale came rushing out, brimful of its own secret; and the coon heard them all.

"Tea!" whispered one.

"Toast!" cried another.

And the third was bursting with "Stewed oysters!"

Oh, Sylvia! why did you stay so long at the pump? And why could n't you let the Hobson's Joe go home quietly with the family rolls? But then, to be sure, I should have had nothing to say.

Oh! it was dreadful to turn a virtuous nose and a deaf ear to the pleadings of those unprincipled

gusts of perfumed air who laughed together as they ran up stairs, and sang, over and over again, the same words, "Tea!" "Toast!" "Stewed oysters!"

At last! at last that chilly, shivery animal could bear it no longer. Sylvia came up the steps with the water-pitcher balanced on her head, and presto! Master Coon slipped into the hall before her and waited in a corner for further orders from his nose.

But alas! in the meantime somebody shut the door,—the kitchen door,—and though he could hear the wind moan and whine on the other side, there was that solid oak-plank between the sweet oyster fragrance and that long, sharp nose which could never creep into its muff.

Sylvia was in a terrible hurry, as usual; so, shutting the hall door and opening the door of the dining-room, she fell in with a sort of plunge, which was her custom. What a pleasant sight! Fire-lights, and little fair-haired children playing in the red and yellow glow. Master Coon crept timidly forward, but the burning logs shot a spiteful little arrow, and by its light the odd intruder was revealed to Harry, of all people.

He was tilted back in his chair, his hands clasped behind his head, lazily enjoying the agreeable dispatches that the kitchen was sending in by way of the dumb-waiter. But, half asleep as he seemed, no sooner did the coon appear than he sprang up with a bound and gave chase to the poor beast. Hurrah! Tally-ho! Crash went the chair; away flew Harry, and before him fled the terrified coon. Oh, where? Here! There! Everywhere! Upstairs—downstairs—down the passage—back again—now a cross-cut behind the wood-box—to the head of the stairs again—

Oh, cruel boy! Oh, innocent coon!

Harry had long legs; but the darkness was the coon's friend. At last both made a halt. Harry stopped half-way upstairs, listening in the dark for any soft, rustling noises, and, only two steps off, crouched the coon in a corner of the stairs, panting, trembling, in an agony of fear.

"I say, Sylvia! bring a light here!" shouted Harry.

Sylvia, forgetting tea, children,—everything,—fell upstairs with the kerosene lamp, which she hastily caught from the table. Here was a dreadful new enemy, with rows of white, shining teeth and heavy boots, which struck terror to the heart of the fugitive. Downstairs he flew, three steps at a time, while Sylvia was looking in all sorts of impossible places and Harry was moving out the wood-box to search behind it.

Meanwhile, as I said, the coon, passing them all unnoticed, flew down the stairs and sprang off the last three steps into the very face of little Julie!

Aunt Fanny was dressing in her room; mamma in the kitchen was consulting Aunt Frances about breakfast. Suddenly a piercing shriek rang through the house, then another in a different key.

"Ow-ow-ow-ow-ow-w-w!"

"Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-h-h!"

Then came a duet.

"Ohow-owoh-owoh!"

Aunt Fanny threw her towel over her shoulders, unbolted the door and flew to the rescue. She had ears only for the "Ow-ow!" notes, which she knew to be the wail of her blue-eyed darling, Julie. Mamma, at the same moment, arrived breathless from the kitchen stairs, and above all the deafening din she heard only the screams of Goldilocks—Nell.

Can't you see the tableau on the winding staircase? Harry, greatly excited, but quite useless, because wedged in behind the wood-box; Sylvia on the landing holding the kerosene lamp as if it were a pistol, and showing all her great teeth like a healthy young cannibal; Aunt Fanny flying down with hair streaming, towel flapping and shawl dragging; mamma, at the foot of the stairs, angry, breathless, distressed; on the third step from the bottom Nelly, trembling with fright and screaming in concert with Julie on the fifth stair.

What it all meant nobody knew, least of all the agonized coon, who had taken refuge in the corner on the door-mat. One thing seemed clear—the babies were left to their fate in the lower hall alone, and the anger of mamma and aunty broke forth.

"Oh, Harry! how could you leave —"

"To think of these poor —"

"Any one with the least man —"

"The most cruel —"

"The darlings; I would n't!"

"Ow-ow!" "Oh-oh!"

"Owoh! ohoh!"

The din was fearful, and the amazed Harry vainly tried to make himself heard.

"But, mamma, I did n't —"

"My darling Julie, I never —"

"Nelly, pet, did they leave —"

"I should think any boy —"

"The darlings! They shall never —"

But Harry, floundering in this sea of words determined to be heard, and putting together his closed fists, like a speaking-trumpet, roared, as a captain might call to his crew in a north-easter:

"But—I—did n't—do—anything—but—chase—the—coo-on!"

Just at this moment papa opened the front-door and Master Coon ran through as if twenty boys were after him, to say nothing of cannibals with great, white teeth. He ran fast and faster, till he slipped into a hole under the wood-pile, and there

in the darkness he listened and trembled for a long, dismal hour. I need not tell you that he never visited the Colonel's quarters again ; and if he saw Sylvia with the pitcher on her head, going to the pump, or heard Harry's whistle, he scudded away to that safe little hole, where he hid himself and his fears.

Nelly and Julie sobbed and cried, and were kissed and petted to their hearts' content. They were also consoled by cakes from the cupboard and gum-

drops from Aunt Fanny's pocket, and were wise enough not to be comforted so long as these good things lasted.

Of course everything was explained. Everybody proved to have been right and nobody in the wrong.

But it was a relief to find, after all, that one person could be scolded, and that was Sylvia, who certainly ought not to have left the door open. Now that is my moral.



AT THE WINDOW.

In and out, in and out,
Through the clouds heaped about,
Wanders the bright moon.

What she seeks, I do not know ;
Where it is, I cannot show.

I am but a little child,
And the night is strange and wild.

In and out, in and out,
Wanders the bright moon.
In and out, in and out,
She will find it soon.

There she comes ! as clear as day,—
Now the clouds are going away.
She is smiling, I can see,
And she's looking straight at me.

Pretty moon, so bright and round,
Wont you tell me what you found ?

OLD PEANUTS' THANKSGIVING.

BY MARY HAINES GILBERT.

"HEY! old Peanuts! How much a pint?"

"Twelve cents," answered the old man who presided at the stand.

"But look here," said the ragged little questioner, "could n't you let 'em go for ten cents, seein' as I want to keep Thanksgivin' and have n't any more than this."

He held up a torn ten-cent stamp.

"That's no good," said the old man. "The Gover'ment don't take torn ones."

"There is quite a piece off it," said the boy, looking wistfully at the piles of peanuts, "but you could pass it. It was passed on me."

The old man shook his head. "Torn ones don't go," he answered.

"Gosh! That's so," said the boy. "I've tried it in three places. Can't keep Thanksgivin', I s'pose. Wish I war you."

"Do you?" asked the old man, smiling faintly. "But I am not keeping Thanksgiving either."

"I would, if I war you," said the boy. "I'd eat a whole quart."

"You would n't, if you had no teeth to eat 'em with," answered the old peanut seller, "and did n't like 'em. Once I cared for peanuts; but that's long ago."

"What do you keer for now?" asked the boy. "How do you like to keep Thanksgiving?"

"I should n't care to keep it at all," said the old man. "I used to keep it; but one day is like another now, and that is best for me. I have nothing to be particularly thankful for now-a-days, and I don't want to think of the old times."

"How were the old times?" asked the other leaning against the lamp-post close by.

"What'd be the use of telling you," grumbled the old man. "You could n't help me,—nobody could that I know of."

Yet he went on as if it relieved him to tell his troubles even to the small ragged boy beside him.

"My boy John went out West, and was scalped by the Injuns. I knew how it'd be. I wanted him to stay on the old farm with me; it was in Pennsylvania; but it was a small place, and half stones, and mortgaged for nearly all it was worth at that; so he would go to make his fortune, as he said. His wife that he left behind him till he cleared his claim fit for her to live on,—why, in less'n a year after he was dead, she married again, and they

took John's boy with 'em to New York. That's the last I heard of little Johnny."

"But did n't you come to New York to look after him?" asked the boy.

"Yes," answered the old man, "of course I did, or I would n't be on this Chatham street corner selling peanuts to-day. She promised to write, but she never did, so at last I could n't stand it any longer and I sold the old place and came to New York. I got partial track of 'em two or three times, but at last I had to give it up. Then my money was about gone, and I set up this stand and have sold peanuts ever since—that's five year. No, there's no Thanksgiving for me unless I find Johnny; and I never shall."

"Mebbe you will," said the boy. "Things tarn up sometimes when you aint a-lookin' fer 'em, like this ten-cent stamp. I did n't set any hopes on keepin' Thanksgivin'; but a man says to me, as I was a-standin' in Fulton market, 'Would you carry this turkey as far as the Third avenue cars?' So I did. But as sure as my name is Johnny Mooney I was cheated after all, unless you take it."

"Is your name Johnny?" asked the old man. "Well, then, you shall keep Thanksgiving for me, for your name."

He poured a pint of peanuts in Johnny's hat. The boy held out the torn stamp.

"No, no," said the old man, "throw it in the gutter. I might pass it on somebody that'd go hungry on account of it. I don't want to be wicked, if I can't be thankful."

"Then here she goes," said Johnny, tossing the stamp into the gutter, "and thank you, Old Peanuts. But what makes the boys all call you 'Old Peanuts?'" he added, cracking a nut between his teeth; "or mebbe it's your name?"

"It's as good a name as any other," said the old man. "I have n't seemed to myself to be John Dorfling since that happened. So I'd rather be called Old Peanuts."

Johnny went down Chatham street crunching his peanuts and hopping in glee, and Old Peanuts leaned his wrinkled cheeks in his hands and sighed.

"May be worse things'll come upon me by my unthankfulness," he said to himself; "but I can't be thankful. But worse could not come. If I had only died long ago!"

Presently another small boy stopped in front of him,—ragged, shoeless and hatless, but with a clean, jolly-looking face.

"Five cents' worth of peanuts," he said, briskly.

Old Peanuts poured the peanuts into the boy's pocket, which he held open to receive them.

"And here's a ten," said the boy.

"A torn one again!" said the old man. "It looks like the very same one offered me just now. Where'd you get it?"

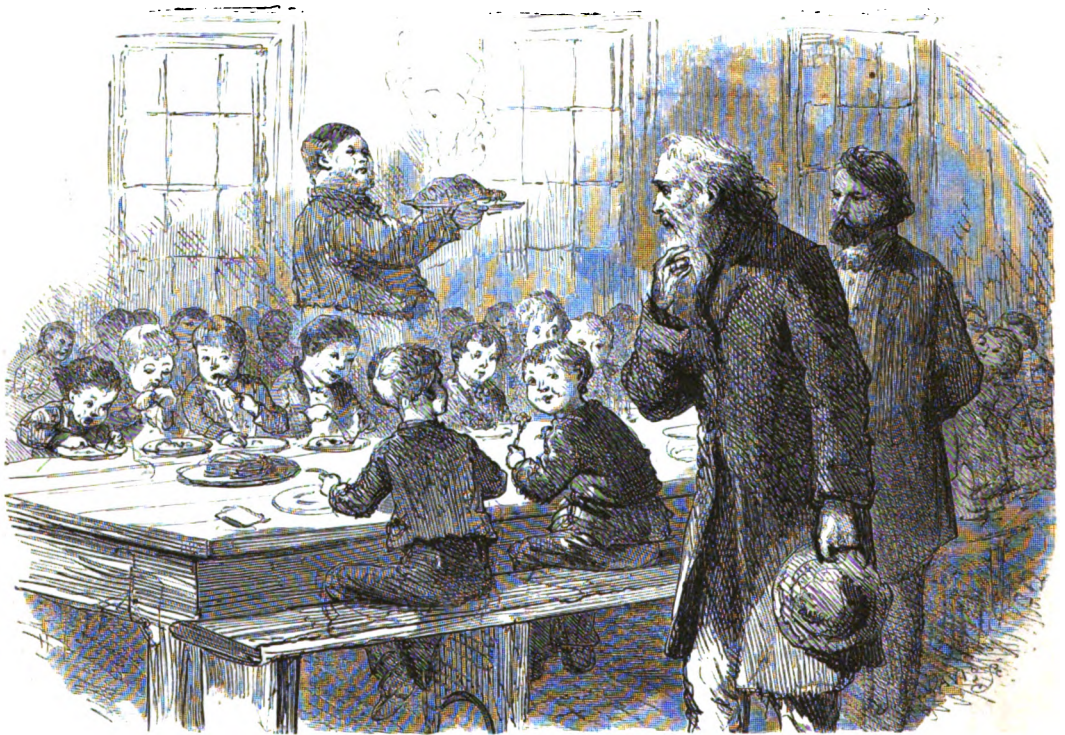
wont let me in," he said, laughing and trying to disentangle the mass of brown hair on his head.

"Who wont let you in?" asked Old Peanuts.

"Why, the Mission," answered the boy. "And it's most time to be there."

"The stamp is n't good," said Old Peanuts, handing it back to the boy.

"Why, yes, it is," said the boy. "It's only dirty."



OLD PEANUTS INQUIRES AT THE MISSION-HOUSE.

"Out of the gutter down the street," said the boy.

"It must have gone floating down," said Old Peanuts. "Well, they say a bad penny always turns up again."

"Give me the five, quick," said the boy. "I want to buy some taffy with the rest."

"Going to keep Thanksgiving, too, I s'pose," said the old man, "though I'd like to know what you can have to be thankful for."

"Lots," said the boy. "Fustly, for this luck. I don't pick up ten-cent stamps every day."

"Well, and what else?" asked Old Peanuts.

"'Cause I'm going to get a splendid dinner. But I must give my hair a-pullin' out, or they

"But it's torn," said Old Peanuts. "I told a boy just now to fling it into the gutter."

"He must be a funny boy to fling stamps away," said the boy, laughing.

"No," said Old Peanuts; "not so funny as you think; he only went in for being fair. But I gave him a pint of peanuts because his name was Johnny."

"Then you ought to give me a pint," said the boy, laughing again, "for my name's Johnny, too."

"Don't stand there laughing at me and telling lies!" said the old man, impatiently.

"T aint lies," answered the boy. "My name is Johnny. There! I can prove it." He drew a

small thin card out of his jacket pocket and held it up. "Read that," he said, triumphantly.

It was a card of admission to the Mission-House dinner. The old man snatched it and read "John Dorfling."

"You!" he said. His hands shook so that the card slipped out of them. Just then there came a gust of wind and away went the card and the boy after it. The old man tried to call him back, but he was too much agitated to speak. He shook in every limb, but he started after the boy, running as fast as he could. But the boy ran twice as fast, and he disappeared around a corner. Then the old man raised a feeble cry, "Johnny! Johnny! Stop, Johnny!" He turned the corner, breathless, but the boy was no longer in sight. On went the old man, looking right and left, peering in the open door-ways and gazing wildly down the cross-streets. But suddenly he thought, "How silly I am! He has found his ticket and gone to the Mission dinner." So, with renewed hope, he turned his steps toward the Mission.

He explained his errand to the door-keeper, and was ushered into a large room where two hundred or more boys and girls sat at long tables laughing and talking merrily and devouring good things. Up and down the passages Old Peanuts walked, gazing at every brown-haired boy; but he did not see Johnny.

Then the children were appealed to. Silence was called for and the question asked, "Is John Dorfling here, or does any one here know him?" But all the children shook their heads. The superintendent then searched the books and found the name "John Dorfling," he said, "but no address. He probably did not know it. Many of the children cannot tell where they live."

"But I suppose he will come in again next Sunday," said Old Peanuts.

The superintendent shook his head.

"It is doubtful," he said. "You see a great many come in a week or two before Thanksgiving, because we give them all a good dinner. But only those who have been with us three months have tickets to the Christmas festival. Yet he may come next Sunday again. Drop in and see," he added, unwilling to send the old man away without any hope.

"Ah! if I had only staid at my stand," Old Peanuts thought, as he hurried along to the Chatham street corner. "He has the ten cents and the peanuts too, but if he is like his father he will come back." So he went to his stand, vaguely expecting to find his grandson there. But the other Johnny stood beside the stand instead.

"You ought not to leave your stand 'thout anybody to look after it," he said. "A lot of fellers

war agoin' to make off with your peanuts, but I happened up and hollered 'Perlice!' and they thought I owned the concern and took to their heels. The perlice did n't come, but I kept guard and sold five pints too. And there war a boy here as said he owed you five cents, and ——"

"Where is he?" cried the old man.

"Why, he left the five and he went away," said the boy. "I don't know which way; I war n't looking."

"It was Johnny," said the old man, wringing his hands. "Now I shall never see him again." In a choked voice he told the story.

"Don't take on," said the boy. "Ef I'd a-knewed it I'd held onter him. Next time I will. I'll know him again."

"Ah!" said Old Peanuts, tears rolling down his cheeks, "I thought I could n't have more trouble; but to find him only to lose him again, it is more than I can bear. But he is a good, honest boy,—I knew he was."

"I'll look for him," said the boy. "I was agoing to the Central Park to see the animals; but never mind; and it's an awful ways to walk, so I don't keer much. And here's for the five pints."

"No; keep it for taking care of my stand," said Old Peanuts.

"No," said the boy. "The peanuts you gave me paid for that. I aint mean. Good-by. Don't fret. Mebbe I'll fetch him along afore you know it."

The old man sat down by his stand, but he could not rest.

"I'll look for him too," he said. "Ah! if I could only find him I would keep Thanksgiving. If God would only help me; but I have been so unthankful to Him I have no right to expect it."

He locked up his stand and went down toward the City Hall, then up Broadway and across Canal street, then down to Chatham street again, and through the dirty cross-streets and lanes,—up and down—up and down, until his feet were so tired that they slipped under him. At last when night came he went back to his stand, unlocked it and sat down on his stool. But he was worn out; and as he leaned his head against the pine-boards his eyes closed. Soon he was in dreamland. He was keeping Thanksgiving with his wife and his son and little Johnny. They were all at the village church, singing hymns, and then again at the old farm-house, eating their Thanksgiving dinner. Little Johnny climbed on his knee and kissed him, and then pulled his hair in fun.

"Don't pull so hard, Johnny," he said. And then he opened his eyes.

"Yes, I must pull, if you don't wake up," said a voice. "We tried ticklin' and everything. You sleep so sound."

Old Peanuts opened his eyes widely and rubbed them, but still he was afraid that he was asleep, for the two Johnnies stood beside him.

"Went to Central Park after all," said the first Johnny, "and found him looking at the animals. Thought mebbe I would."

"Are you my grandpop?" asked Johnny number two. "If you are, I'm glad, though you made me lose my dinner."

The old man drew the boy to him and held him closely in his arms as if he were afraid he would lose him again.

"And your mother?" he asked. "Will she let me have you?"

"She died," answered the boy; "died long ago—him too; and I take care of myself helping a junk man."

"And hereafter Grandpap will take care of you," the old man said. "Thank God, I have found you, and now we will eat our Thanksgiving dinner."

So, hand in hand, the three walked up the Bowery, and down a side street, to Old Peanuts' lodgings. He bought a cooked turkey and other good things on his way there, and at the door he stopped to ask a neighbor or two to "come up and help them be merry."

What a happy, blessed day they had, after all! How they talked and laughed, and how Old Peanuts leaned back in his chair and almost cried with

joy when Johnny sang a pretty song for them that he had learned at ragged-school!

For the first time in years, John Dorfling, when he sat down to the table, bowed his head in penitence and grateful prayer. But his thanksgiving did not end with that day, nor for many a day.



In fact, he is hale and hearty yet. This very year he and Johnny hope to keep "Thanksgiving" with the other Johnny; and after dinner they all are going to ride in the horse-cars to the Park to see the animals.

Yusuf

BY SARA KEABLES HUNT.

SOME time since there appeared in the columns of ST. NICHOLAS, an account of a Chinese boy named Joseph, or, as it is called in Chinese, Yasek, and it so reminded me of a little Arab boy in Egypt of the same name that I decided to tell you his story and show you the difference of the names in Chinese and Arabic.

In Egypt Joseph is pronounced Yusuf, and written as you see at the beginning of this sketch. You must commence at the right hand and read toward the left, which is the peculiarity of Arabic literature.

Little Yusuf was born on the shore of the Medi-

terranean sea, a few miles from the city of Alexandria. His home was a most cheerless place to civilized eyes; for it was a tent; not like the white, gaily-trimmed tents that dot the sea-shores of our summer resorts, but an old brown weather-beaten affair, patched all over and looking as if a strong gale of wind could easily blow it to pieces.

But here Yusuf spent his childhood; here he built his miniature houses in the sand, waded into the blue waves that curled on the shore, and sang away the long sunny days as happy a little fellow as ever lived.

That was a queer family to which he belonged.

The father was generally absent, for he was a camel-driver, and spent much time on his "ship of the desert," but the mother was always there; a brown-faced woman, her chin and forehead tattooed, and her hair, poor as she was, braided in long, broad plaits and ornamented with gold coins.

There was a sister two years older than Yusuf, but, like the Chinese, the Arabs care little for the girls of a family, and only rejoice when a boy is born; so Yusuf's sister was sadly neglected, as if a very insignificant specimen of humanity.

Then there were the goats (a most important part of the family), whose milk the mother sold. They were perfectly at home in the little tent, and ate and slept there without any hesitation or bashfulness. Many a time little Yusuf would fall asleep with the goats beside him.

The first money that Yusuf ever earned was by running out of the tent and begging every passer-by for "backshush" (a present). I think he really did earn those few pennies which were thrown to him, for he would stand out in the hot sun and shout "Baksees" till he was hoarse; and such a laughable appearance did he make in his one loose garment and fat little figure that many an amused traveler threw him a piastre (about $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents) out of pure good-nature.

As Yusuf grew older, however, he began to realize that he could not spend his whole life begging from a tent-door, and the thought suddenly flashed across his mind, "What shall I do?"

At last he said, slowly, "I should like to be a donkey-boy." But to be a donkey-boy he must own a donkey, and how to buy one was the question.

Poor little Yusuf sat down in the sand and counted, for the fiftieth time, his tiny store of silver, and with a deep sigh finally put it away again, saying, with true Egyptian philosophy:

"Well, if the Lord wants me to have a donkey, he will give me one." And having arrived at this conclusion he went home with his usual contented countenance.

Leaving Yusuf for awhile, waiting like the immortal Mr. Micawber, for "something to turn up," let us see what class of boys is this which our little hero wishes to join.

The donkey is the great institution of Egypt. The long-eared creatures crowd the narrow streets of those far-off cities, ambling along sometimes with a fat Turk balancing himself with difficulty on the ungainly saddle. Again one paces along carrying an amused traveler intent on sight-seeing. And often, on the banks of the wondrous Nile, under the shadow of the palm-trees, beneath the golden light of the Egyptian skies, you may see one bearing a woman with a child clasped in her

arms, so like to that old familiar picture that you have looked upon many times, of Mary and the infant Jesus in their flight into Egypt! It is a more beautiful and touching sight than any other in that Eastern land.

I had almost compared the donkey-boys of Egypt to the news-boys of New York; and, indeed, I do believe them to possess many traits in common. Their rough, independent life, their intercourse with every class of humanity, their shrewd cunning, all may be found on this side the Atlantic in the streets of our own city.

They are quick to catch foreign phrases, and many of them can speak, though imperfectly, three or four languages.

When his passenger is mounted, the owner of the donkey—that is, the donkey-boy—always runs behind his property, urging him forward with a stick which he carries and with one magic word, well comprehended by the donkey, sounding like "Haa!" The boy will often run a long distance, apparently without fatigue, now and then breaking out into a wild kind of singing. They are the happiest race of boys in the world. What wonder Yusuf wished to join them!

And it was this class of boys that Yusuf was desirous of joining.

At present there was quite a band of them at every station in Ramlé,—the name of the settlement where he lived,—and when the train was due you could see them standing in waiting, with their keen eyes wide open, and all their energies awake, ready to spring upon the traveler like a cat upon a mouse.

"El barboor egy!" (the train comes) is their cry, as the iron horse comes snorting in at the depot. Then they all rush upon the first unfortunate man who alights, shouting:

"Tek dis donkey, howaga; he good donkey."

Another—"Coom here, mister; dat no good; mine de best."

A third—"Tally yu sitt, ente owes el harmai?" ("Come, lady; do you want a donkey?")

At last it is settled, and the riders go galloping across the plains. They pay the boys a few piastres for a short distance, and though they should surprise them with a double amount, the little ungrateful fellows will be sure to ask for more.

It was after watching these boys, and now and then rendering them some assistance, that Yusuf decided upon his vocation in life.

But time passed on in this strange monotonous land where the cold snows and frosts never come and the sun is ever shining. Still Yusuf seemed as far away from his desired hopes as when they first occurred to him.

One bright afternoon he was lying in the tent-

door half-asleep; the old mother sat busily making the coarse brown bread, which was to serve as their evening meal. The goats crouched in the sand in the shadow of the tent with their noses pointed to the sea, as if to sniff the fresh breeze that swept softly inland, shaking the loose sides of the tent till it sounded like the sails of a boat flapping in the wind.

The little girl had gone down to the water in an old woolen skirt that served as a bathing dress, and was far out in the waves, jumping up and down and plashing the crystal spray in every direction.

Suddenly there came a swift galloping from over the plains approaching every second nearer. Yu-

and may the good Allah grant thee success and favor."

So saying, he lifted the astonished boy into the saddle, and at a word the donkey was off with his delighted owner.

On, on, away over by the ruins of Cæsar's Camp; away on by the unfinished Palace of the Khedive, that building which superstition says will always remain uncompleted; for they say that the mother of His Highness dreamed once that when it should be finished her son would die. The workmen seem always busy, but the palace grows slowly; and now and then one part is torn down to be builded differently.

Yusuf began now to notice that the sun was very



YUSUF AND HIS DONKEY.

suf sprang up, and shading his eyes from the sun with his brown hand he looked in the direction of the sound. The mother paused in her efforts at bread-making, and put her tattooed face and torn dress outside the tent. The water grew very quiet around the little bather, yonder; she, too, was shading her eyes and looking eagerly; even the goats got up and came out of the shadow to see what was the matter.

"It is thy father, Yusuf," said the mother; "but he cometh sitting upon an ass."

As she thus spoke the father—for it was indeed he—alighted among them from a beautiful grey donkey, and throwing the bridle to Yusuf, he said:

"Take this gift, my son. I bestow it upon thee that thou mayest go out and seek thy fortune;

low; and, as the twilights are short in Egypt, he turned his face homeward that he might reach there before dark.

Ah! that was a happy night for Yusuf!

What visions of wealth flitted before his mind as he and his companion lay down to sleep after a good supper.

Yusuf dreamed that the donkey spoke to him, and that with every word pearls fell from his mouth.

But just as he was stooping to gather them up he was awakened by the loud braying of his new treasure, and springing up, he said:

"How now, my friend? Dost thou call me to arise? Good morning to thee—good morning."

So Yusuf has at last gained his desire, and now he is in the city of Cairo, among the donkey-boys

of that oriental place, fast learning their "tricks and their manners." But let us leave him on those far-off banks of the Nile as Moses' mother left her

babe in the bulrushes of the same mysterious river, hoping that some good hand will lift him up and save him from the dangers around.



DICK HARDIN AT THE SEA-SHORE.

BY LUCY J. RIDER.

Ocean Grove, N. J., July 29, 1874.

DEAR MOTHER: I got here last night. Uncle Ben's folks live in a tent. We have lots of blackberries.

Willie has got a shovel to dig. He digs sand, and it feels nice to your feet. He goes barefoot, and I am going barefoot. All the boys go barefoot.

Please send me fifty cents, all together, and I will write the other letters pretty soon. I want it to buy a shovel, so I can dig too. Willie says he would not write a letter for the best ten cents that ever was born; but I told him 'a bargain 's a bargain; and Uncle Ben said, "Stick to that, Mister Gritty."

I was 'most starving on the cars, and had to get some candy, and the boy said may be there was a gold watch or a gold ring in the candy; but there was n't; so please send me the fifty cents. Aunt Martha sleeps in a lounge that has a bed inside of it, and Willie and I sleep on the floor, on a bed.

In the morning, hers shuts right up and makes a lounge, and ours is put away, I think, for it is n't there; only the floor.

I guess I don't make much trouble yet. I got some candy on my shirt, and some sand, but I wiped it off with my handkerchief. We came in a stage from Long Branch. I saw the President's house and the ocean. It has some pine-trees before it. And I saw a man with a tall white hat on him and a real cigar, and it was the President.

I sat with the driver, and the horses stepped in the mud. It came on my face, and my handkerchief stuck, so the driver let me take his. It was the shirt that made it stick so.

There 's lots of carriages here; and the driver is a black man, with white gloves and white pants and a tall white hat and tall shiney boots, and he sits up very straight; and a black coat, with two rows of gold buttons on the front side and tails.

The women look funny here. They have great big men's hats and blue glasses, and big umbrellas when it don't rain; and they walk round.

Willie goes in bathing 'most every day, and I am going this afternoon.—Your boy,

DICK HARDIN.

P. S.—How is the baby? Please don't forget to send the fifty cents. D. H.

August 10, 1874.

DEAR MOTHER: I got the fifty cents and your letter. I got a shovel. This letter makes twenty cents. There's a nawful big tent, and they are going to have a camp-meeting. They preach right outdoors on Sunday, only there's a little house with a bill on it where the preacher is.

They have Sunday-school in the big tent, and it's jolly. I go bathing every day. The men wear trousers, and the women wear trousers too, with little skirts and men's hats. Uncle Ben takes me

in, and when the breakers come he lifts me 'way up. The breakers are when the water is high up and foamy.

He made me float. You just lie down on your back, and he puts his hand under you.

I floated till I got some in my mouth. It's salt. It made me feel like castor oil.

You 'd ought to see Uncle Ben float! He don't swallow any. The water comes right over his head and then it runs out of his nose and ears, and he don't care a bit. He can swim.

A woman's hat came off and she squealed, and he swam after it.

He says I can learn to swim. You just lie right down on your face and kick and paw, and don't get scared.

It makes your legs and arms look white in the water, and it looks like a big frog when you kick so hard. I wear one of Willie's suits, and it makes my arms long. A man called me "Hello, legs!" once. I think it is because the trousers are a little too short. They take out their teeth to go in bathing.

Something ails my shirts, they get dirty so fast. I tore a hole in my grey trousers; but 'most all the boys tear holes in their trousers; and Aunt Martha sewed it up.

Uncle Ben says there's big crabs in the sea, and once a crab caught his toes; but he kicked, and it let go. It did not hurt much. I aint afraid.

How is the baby?

D. HARDIN.

August 20, 1874.

DEAR MOTHER: I have lots of fun. When I get cold in the water I come out and sit on the hot sand. Sometimes I lie down in the sand, but then the sand sticks to my clothes and scratches.

There are little crabs in the sand. You can turn them up with your toes. They kick awfully, and dig right down in the sand again till you can't but just see their backs. They have little shells, and you can't tell which end is the head, because they have so many legs.

There's lots of other folks down on the beach; and a man goes round and sells newspapers. There was a big fat woman and she had a little boy. The boy was scared and screamed very loud, but she pulled him right in and churned him up and down in the water.

'Most all the babies cry when their mothers take them in, and the women and girls squeal and say "Oh!" and breathe hard; but the men don't do anything, but just walk right in. I don't do anything, but just walk right in. When a big wave comes, that is n't a breaker, you must jump up, and the wave carries you a little ways back and sets you on your feet, if it don't tip you over. I used to

breathe when my head got under water, but it did not feel good, so now I don't.

I stepped on a smooth thing that wiggled, and I got off. Uncle Ben said it was a lobster, and he said it was worse scared than I was.

I know how to row on the lake. Willie has a boat. I have earned six cents rowing.

I broke Willie's oar, and he cried, and I gave him my knife and a fish-hook. It had one blade gone. We go fishing sometimes, and have worms and grasshoppers for bait. Aunt Martha says worms and cookies ought not to go in a boy's pocket.

I got my shoe wet, and dried it in the oven. It puckered up some, and I can't pull it on. I guess it burned a little, for it smelled pretty bad. I like to go barefoot.

The arm-hole of my coat 'most came out, but Aunt M. fixed it in. M. stands for Martha; and the place she sewed in my trousers came open, so now I wear my black ones. This is thirty cents. How is the baby? Your boy,

D. HARDIN.

P. S.—It was on the knee. I don't know what made it come open.



WHAT SHALL I WRITE NEXT?

September 1, 1874.

DEAR MOTHER: This is four letters, which is forty cents. I think I'll row and earn the other ten, for Uncle Ben is going away soon. I almost cried when the letter came. I don't want to go home in the day-time; but sometimes Willie kicks, and the sea makes a awful noise in the night. He had the toothache last night, and cried, and kept us all awake. Aunt M. (for Martha) put on some pepper and salt, but it ached worse. Then she gave him some dysentery medicine, and so he went to sleep.

When a big breaker comes, sometimes it knocks folks over. I saw two girls; one had on a blue dress and a blue ribbon on her hat; the other had on a brindle dress and a shoe-string. The shoe-string was on her hat, to tie it down.

They walked right in, but a breaker knocked them over, and all the folks laughed. The brindle one rolled over and over like a log, but the blue

one went endways and turned three somersaults—I counted. The men ran and picked them up, and they coughed and sneezed. The blue one looked hoppin' mad, because the folks laughed; but the brindle one laughed too.

Uncle Ben got me a new pair of shoes. I have got a crab in a bottle of vinegar for the baby.

Your son, DICKENSON H.

VENUS OF MILO.

BY M. D. RUFF.

THE most beautiful lady I ever saw was born about two thousand years ago. In all that long time she has not once turned her head nor ever moved her lips to answer, though men and women everywhere have been her lovers; though artists have worshiped and poets have sung to her; though wise men have written learned treatises and searched mouldy records to discover her story.

She has no color in her face, nor in her eyes or hair. One cannot say that she is blonde or brunette. She stands quiet and majestic in a great room, with a soft, unchanging, lazy smile upon her face, reigning like a queen over many subjects, as cold and silent and colorless as she, but far less lovely. People who love beauty travel from all parts of the world, far and near, to look upon her; but from out this crowd of gazers no fairy-favored prince has ever stepped to give her that magic kiss which would start the blushes into the pale face and set the fair limbs free from the sleep which has bound them through the coming and going of ages.

But I can beguile you no longer with this semblance of an old fairy tale. My "Sleeping Beauty" will never stir; she is imprisoned in a block of defaced and discolored marble; my beautiful woman is only an antique statue, miraculously preserved for us from the days when the Greeks were masters of the world, and of all arts and knowledge as well.

This statue has been named "Venus of Milo." "Venus," because it is supposed to represent the Greek goddess Venus, and "of Milo," because it was found in a garden on the island of Melos, one of the many islands in the Grecian Archipelago.

The garden was probably part of the pleasure-grounds of a wealthy Greek. In the midst, on a little hill, he built his house of marble, and from the wide open porticoes around it on every side, he looked abroad upon terraces, fountains, marble

pavements and statues; upon green waving fields, long avenues of orange and lemon-trees laden with blossoms and fruit, filling the air with sweet odor, vines clustering on the sunny slopes, and the red grapes. In the distance he saw the purple sea forever curving and swelling around countless islands set like jewels in its bosom; he watched the ships dipping and rising before the light wind, stopping at this port, then at that; here unloading, there taking on their cargoes of sweet nuts, figs and wine. Farther beyond still was Athens itself, and the Acropolis shining white and sharp through the clear, luminous atmosphere, against the blue sky.

But these rare sights passed away; invasion and war left only a few broken shafts and columns; the beautiful vineyards ran to waste, the fountains were choked up, the statues crumbled or were carried off by the Turks in their many incursions into Greece and its islands. The garden lay thus despoiled and neglected for many years, till, in 1825, the owner of a bit of it began to clear a hillside for the planting of a vineyard. At the foot of the hill he chanced to strike his shovel against this statue of a woman. It was imbedded in the earth, and had been entirely covered up by the crumbling and washing down of the soil above, and so had lain concealed for hundreds of years.

It was no uncommon thing at that time for workmen and peasants to turn up from the dark earth vases, trinkets, bits of sculpture, and many fragmentary relics of those ancient Greeks who, centuries before, lived and wrought so nobly here. To the present race these tokens had no value that could outweigh the price they would bring in the market; they were too poor to gratify expensive tastes, even if they had had them. Besides, they had grown out of the old faith, and they gave no divinity to the arms and legs and mutilated bodies of the gods and demigods with which their fathers

crowded the earth and air and sea. Yet I am sure the traditions of his pagan fathers must have stirred in the soul of the man who brought back to the light of day this matchless figure.

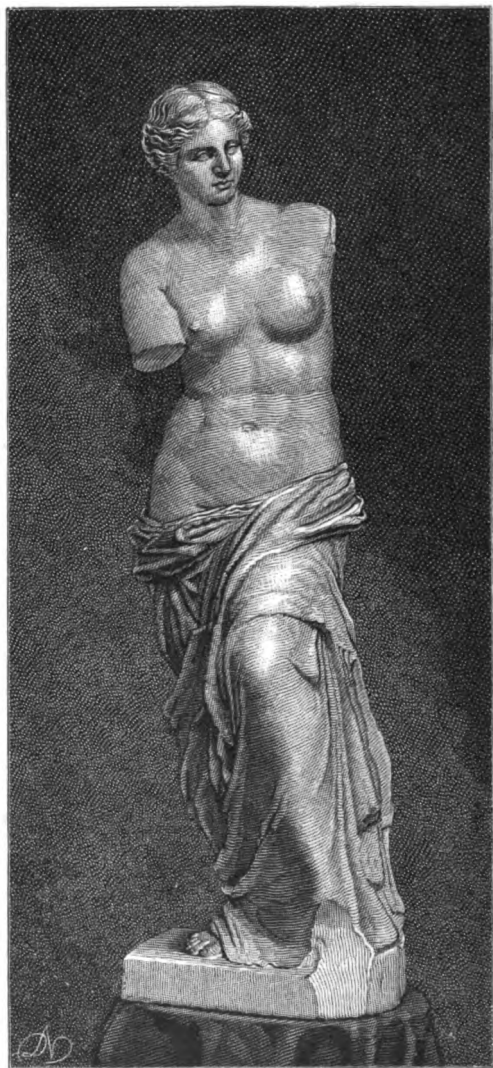
If he had such emotions at all, however, they were happily so slight that he was willing to sell the statue to Monsieur Brest, the French Consul, who, recognizing the value of the prize, bought it for five hundred dollars, and sent immediately for a vessel on which it could be shipped to France. Before this vessel arrived, the Turkish Government heard of the unearthing of the statue and hastily dispatched a vessel to bring it away, offering the owner five times more than the French price.

It was not in human nature to resist this. The Turks were given possession of the statue, and were embarking it on their vessel when the French ship arrived on the scene. A dispute and struggle arose, and later accounts say that the arms of the Venus, which had been detached for safer transportation, were seized by the Turks and are still in their possession. The first account was that the arms were gone when the figure was taken from the ground, also one foot broken off and several deep scratches about the shoulders and drapery. However this may be, the arms are still missing, and to this day the noble figure stands as you see in the picture.

It was placed in the Louvre, a magnificent art gallery in Paris, and at once called forth the profoundest admiration from artists and students and savans. Each one had some theory regarding the action of the figure, which the loss of the arms makes it impossible to determine. Some thought it was a Venus taking the apple designed "for the most beautiful;" others, that it was Venus embracing Mars; others, that it was a Venus coming from the bath with hair unbound and gathering her drapery around her, or Venus using a polished shield for a mirror; while others argued that it was no Venus, but the protecting nymph of the island of Melos, or the figure of a Victory resting a buckler upon her bended knee and inscribing upon it the name of a hero.

Of the genius who created this figure nothing certain is known, in spite of the research and skill of students. From the manner of workmanship it is concluded that he came after the time of Phidias,—whom you will hear named as the father of Greek sculpture,—and belonged to the later school of Lysippus, he who, pointing to the passers-by, said to his pupils, "There are your teachers." But when the Greeks themselves had such questions of doubtful authorship to settle they said that the statue fell from heaven; and we may be content to decide this question in the same way. The man who lived and died two thousand years ago is not likely to contradict us to-day.

But the adventures and perils of our fair lady are not yet over. During the late war between France and Germany, when Paris was besieged, and the shells were whizzing and flying over the walls, when women gathered their babies in their arms and ran



VENUS OF MILO.

shivering through the streets seeking safety, when strong men filled the air with shrieks and groans of death, then this lifeless, defaced statue was remembered and protected. It was put into an oaken chest, padded and cushioned, and at night a body of tried and faithful men bore it to a secret place in an underground cellar, known only to themselves. I have read furthermore that it was placed in a

niche in an inner wall and built closely around with plaster and cement, so as to be not only safe from German shells, but hidden from German eyes and hands; for they would not have lost much time in bearing away the lovely figure to enrich their own capital of Berlin.

I like to think of these brave Frenchmen, so devoted and true to art. I believe they would have laid down their lives in this cause, knowing that France had many other brave men to fill their places, but that in all the world there could never again be such a work as this lovely "Lady of Milo."

She lay in the dark and damp, through all the rack and ruin of those fearful summer days; she escaped the bursting shells and the communists' fires, and when the danger was past and men's thoughts turned again toward beauty and grace she was replaced in the Louvre, and stands there now as serene and gracious as ever, the most perfect type of that pure Greek art which all the world studies, but cannot reproduce.

Do you wonder why? It would make a very long story to give you all the reasons. But one great reason is that our artists and sculptors despair of finding any living models, either of men or women, so noble and natural and simple as those which the Greeks saw around them everywhere. For they made it the business of their lives to grow sleek and blooming; from beautiful children to beautiful men and women, and so on to a happy, vigorous old age.

In that olden time "a child was taught to read, write and cipher; to play the lyre and chant the national odes, celebrating brave deeds and great victories; to wrestle and to perform all other bodily exercises." Youths and maidens went daily to the gymnasium, and there were practiced in running, leaping, throwing the lance and discus, and in every other exercise which could make them strong, healthy and agile. Then the wise were strong

and the learned beautiful. There were no narrow chests and stooped shoulders; no pale faces and blinking eyes from desk and study and school-room; no warped muscles from work-bench and loom. Artisans, philosophers, poets, rich and poor, went alike through a daily course of training, ate sparingly, and lived through all seasons in the open air. "For there is no winter in this land. Evergreen oaks, the olive, the lemon, the orange and cypress form in the valleys and on the hillsides an eternal summer landscape; they even extend down to the margin of the sea, and in February, at certain places, oranges drop from their stems and fall into the water." In this mild and balmy atmosphere they required scant clothing and light diet. They had neither cold nor heat to guard against; the kindly fruits of the earth were all they needed to keep them in health and courage.

Now look carefully at the picture of the Venus, always remembering that it is a copy from a plaster cast, a copy of a copy, and therefore imperfect. It will serve only to introduce you to the statue; then if you are in New York, Philadelphia or Boston, go to the Academy of Fine Arts and see the life-size cast. You will hardly like it at first, but look more than once; study it; insist upon liking it; for by your admiration of this you may measure your power to appreciate any other work of true art. Venus stands, you see, simply and easily, without affectation or weariness. If she could come out of that marble stillness and walk across the room you would know what is meant by the "poetry of motion." I saw it the other day in an Indian woman. She was wrapped close in a dingy, dirty red blanket, and her face showed nothing but brutal, low instincts, but she walked through the staring crowds on the streets with such dignity and directness, such an erect and pliant figure, such a full and perfect play of muscles that I said to myself, "So the Venus of Milo would walk if she were wakened from her long sleep in the marble."



THE AARD-VARK.

BY JAS. C. BEARD.

OF the tribe of animals to which the strange creature represented in the accompanying illustrations belongs, none have traveled so far or seen so much of the great world as this particular one, rabbit and the pig. It has a long, irregular head; short limbs, ending in large flat feet; a tail, in which the whole bulk of the animal tapers gradually to a point; and enormous claws.



THE AARD-VARK AT CENTRAL PARK.

whose portrait was taken for ST. NICHOLAS while it was on a temporary visit to Central Park.

Even the great Zoological Garden in London, which forms the largest collection of living animals in the world, does not contain a specimen. In fact, it is very difficult to capture this animal alive, as it is extremely timid and wary, and with its great claws can burrow out of sight in a few minutes. Its home is in Africa, and its name Aard-vark, which means earth-pig. At first sight, its singular form seems a sort of compromise between that of the

Along the wide stretches of sand in Africa are to be seen great mounds, very similar in shape and appearance to the huts of the black men, but much more strongly built, consisting of mud which has hardened almost into stone in the heat of the sun.

These buildings, which are far superior to the houses constructed by the human beings who people the country, are erected by small insects called termites, or white ants, and are, in proportion to their builders, larger than any edifice ever constructed by man.

In this region, as evening advances, numerous stealthy creatures, never seen by day, creep forth from their hiding-places in the jungle in search of food, and among them are the Aard-varks; their long snouts projected in every direction, their brilliant black eyes wide open and their great ears thrown forward on the alert.

If the coast is clear, an animal of this kind—perhaps a mamma, followed by a couple of the queerest little babies imaginable—makes her way up to the nearest ant-hill, and, sitting upon her haunches, tears it to pieces without loss of time, breaking up the stony walls with perfect ease, and bringing dismay and death to the inmates, to whom, instead of the timid creature she appears to us, she is a terrible, devouring monster. So rapidly does she sweep the insects into her mouth by the swift movement of her long tongue, which is covered with a thick, sticky substance to which the ants adhere, that soon, of all the bewildered multitude which filled that great mound, not one is left to behold and mourn over the destruction of its little world.

There are animals closely related to the Aard-vark, which are covered with large horny scales instead of hair; and which, besides indulging in other strange habits, generally

sleep rolled up in the shape of a ball. But the Aard-vark, in endeavoring to follow so laudable a custom, only succeeds in standing on the top of its head, in which position it seems to sleep very com-



THE AARD-VARK ASLEEP.

fortably—so comfortably, indeed, that it afforded, as you see, a capital chance for a second portrait.

THE GHOST THAT LUCY SAW.

BY MARIA W. JONES.

ALL at once, right in the middle of the night, Martha wakened wide up. And no wonder, for the bed-clothes were drawn up over her face so that she could hardly breathe. She threw her arm over on Lucy's pillow, but instead of the curly head there was only a big round ball, made by that same curly head having the covering all tightly pulled up over and drawn down under it. The instant Martha's hand touched the big round ball, it shrieked out, "O! O!" as if somebody had taken it for a foot-ball and given it a kick.

Then Martha sat up and commenced vigorously pulling the sheet and counterpane away from the

little clinging hands that were holding them down so tightly, exclaiming as she tugged and pulled:

"Why, Lucy, what *is* the matter? What *have* you got your head all rolled up this way for? You almost smothered us!"

"O Martha!" piped the little girl's trembling voice, as she cuddled closer to her sister, "I am so glad you're awake. But don't speak so loud; there's something in the room!" And down went the little head under the covers again, and the little hands, by this time clinging around Martha's neck, pulled her head under too, while Lucy continued in an awful whisper:

"I thought, when I felt your hand, that *it* had flopped right down on my head, and I did n't know but that I was going to die right straight off, without ever bidding anybody good-by, and, oh! I had such dreadful thoughts, all in a flash."

"Why, Lucy, child," said Martha (Martha was eleven years old, and Lucy was ten), "you have been having bad dreams. Why did n't you call me?"

"I was afraid *it* would hear," she whispered back. "Please, Martha, don't speak so loud. Indeed there *is* something in the room."

"Of course," said Martha, sitting up in bed again and speaking louder than ever, "of course, we are here."

"Oh, don't, Martha; do lie down," entreated poor Lucy, almost beside herself with terror. "I've been watching it ever so long, and it gets bigger and bigger. It's just down there in the corner of the room, near the foot of the bed."

"Where?" said Martha, anxiously, opening her eyes wide and straining them hard to see in the faint moonlight.

"Down there; I dare n't look again. Last time it seemed like it nodded to me and got nearer this way."

"Lucy Brown, I don't see one single solitary thing that I have n't seen a hundred times before," said Martha, in loud emphatic tones. And her voice was so hearty, and her manner so fearless, that Lucy herself began to feel differently and less afraid of the terrible *something*, which she somehow still thought must be there, and which it seemed very strange to her that Martha could not see.

Once more she whispered, half interrogatively:

"Something tall and dark, with a white head," and then, in a sudden burst of confidence, "O Martha, I think—I thought—I did n't know, but may be it was a ghost."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Martha, loud enough and merrily enough to have made a ghost itself laugh, if there ever could possibly be such a thing, but as there was not, nor could not be, the laugh did some good, anyway, as every honest and merry laugh always does.

It put to rout Lucy's shadowy fears, and brought her sitting bolt upright in bed, but not by the side of Martha, for that merry little girl was flitting around the room, touching first one object and then another, shouting out, "Am I hot or cold?" in a vain attempt to find the ghost.

Lucy actually laughed aloud at this new way and time for playing "hot butter-beans please to come to supper," and it was not long after that that she grew so bold as to herself run up to the ghost and take off its white head, which, after all, was nothing but her own little white sailor-waist hanging upon the high back of an arm-chair. So that put an end to the ghost. But a new fear rose—Martha would tell "the boys," and she'd "never hear the last of it."

But Martha promised she would do no such dreadful thing; so Lucy in turn was very ready to promise that she would never be so foolish again, and to declare she knew that there were no such things as ghosts, and that if there were, they could n't possibly want anything from her, and that the very next time and every time she was frightened she would not wait a minute, nor half of a minute, but march right up and see what it was. And she always has kept her promise. To this day she has never found a ghost,—for a very good reason, which I am sure you will think of,—nor has she ever found a trouble of any kind that did not either disappear altogether or grow considerably smaller when she "marched right up to it" and saw what it really was.

EAST INDIAN TOYS.

BY ALICE DONLEVY.

THE DOLL.

THE favorite playthings among East Indian girls are their dolls, which, although very different from any dolls made or sold in our country, are very precious to their owners. The East Indian dolls are made of light wood, painted in various colors, and they all look like our picture, varying only in size; the smallest is six inches, the largest two or three feet high. They are not jointed, and their little

Indian mothers cannot dress and undress them, or have the fun of making their clothes. The only thing that will "come off" is the head, which is secured by a peg fitting into a hole in the body. The feet are firmly fastened to a wooden stand and to the solid body of the doll.

Perhaps some of you children may like to make these East Indian dollies as curious Christmas gifts for your young friends. It will not be difficult to

get some one, with this picture at hand for a model, to cut the form for you out of soft wood, if you cannot do it yourselves; and for the rest you have only to paint the forms with bright colors (as I shall describe) and to gum on a bit of gilt paper carefully here and there, according to directions.



THE DOLL.

The baby, or smallest doll, has a yellow dress, spotted with black, trimmed with a blue belt with white spots, and bands of red spotted with white around the neck and sleeves. The border of the baby's skirt consists of a narrow blue band spotted with white, and edged with yellow-grey, marked by a few black lines.

The big doll has heeled shoes striped with black, blue anklets spotted with white, and wears a solid, beautiful crimson skirt, ornamented by golden stripes and short bars. The curving line and leaf-pattern in front is also gold. On each side of this are two stripes of dark blue spotted with white; the border of the skirt is the same—blue with white spots; the bodice and part of the sleeves are of a dull yellow-grey—the same color as the baby's skirt-border and the doll's shoes and legs. The upper part of the dress is dark blue, ornamented with yellow dots, arranged like stars, and trimmed with bands of white spots on red. Her bracelets (for, like the women of India, she wears many) are crimson and gold. The tall head-dress is painted yellow with black stripes, or blue with white dots, and red. Her front hair is ornamented with a gold band, also trimmed with white spots. The long black hair hangs from the back of her head in one long, tapering braid. This is painted on and extends below the waist, which is dotted with white spots arranged differently in groups in the center and in a line at each side of the braid. The face is very peculiar, as you see. The ears are crimson and

gold; the eyes, eyebrows, eyelashes and the ornament at the side of her nose is black; not only are her lips red, but the tip of her nose and one of the spots between the eyebrows; the other spot is green. One more green spot on her pointed chin completes her toilet.

THE COW.

The favorite plaything among the boys is the elephant, made of all sizes, and looking very much like the animals that stand on our toy-shop shelves. The boys play feeding their elephants with rice, etc., and giving them pails of water, just as regularly as some girls sing their dolls to sleep and put them to bed. The cow is a very funny toy, and comes next to the elephant in popularity.



THE COW.

All the real cows in India are white; but the toy cows are usually crimson and gold, and dotted with yellow—with blue stripes, dotted with white. The feet and tail are dashed with black, like the eyes and nose. The ears can be taken off, for they have little pegs that fit in a hole in the cow's head. In both these toys the colors are so arranged that the whole effect is pleasing. You can learn from these playthings, almost as well as from a thousand-dollar shawl, the Oriental rule for color, which is: Always separate different colors by lines of white, or black, or gold.

WHETHER fair, whether foul,
Be it wet or dry,
Cloudy-time or shiny-time,
The sun's in the sky.

Gloomy night, sparkle night,
Be it glad or dread,
Cloudy-time or shiny-time,
Stars are overhead.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

HERE we are again, dear young folks, and this time on the very threshold of a new volume. Good! We shall be old friends soon. Meantime, it's the same old Jack who speaks to you, though the editors say they've a better picture of me this time than they had before. Well, well—whether it's the born, living image of me or not, I'll say this: I'm your own faithful, loving, Jack-in-the-Pulpit,—in rain or shine, yours to command, and may we honor and help one another to the end!

What shall we begin with to-day? Ah! I know:

TROWBRIDGE AND THE DROWNING BOY.

DID you ever hear about it, my children? The little bird who told me said he was sure Mr. Trowbridge would n't be willing to have it mentioned, but I can't help that. He had no business to do it, then. Besides, the boys and girls will forgive him, if he is so very much ashamed of it.

You see, the boy had broken through the ice, where the river (the Mystic River, in Connecticut) was sixty feet deep and the current fearfully strong. Men and boys stood at a safe distance looking on; but what could they do? The ice would n't hold, and there were no boats at hand. Trowbridge—"Jack Hazard" Trowbridge—heard the boy's terrified screams, and ran to the spot. He saw the little head bob under, saw it come up again, heard one shriek from the poor boy, and that was enough. With a couple of light boards torn from an old fence, he went out after him. But the ice was so thin that it sank beneath him, boards and all. The crowd shouted to him to come back; and he did.

But he brought the boy with him, safe and sound, and then went home and put on dry clothes.

The Massachusetts Humane Society awarded Mr. Trowbridge a large silver medal for this brave act; but, though he no doubt appreciated their motives

in doing him this honor, I'll warrant you the sight of that rosy little chap, running about alive and well, was worth more to him than all the medals in the world.

THE TORRICELLIAN TUBE.

THE pretty schoolmistress, in talking to the deacon the other day in our meadow, looked up at the cloudy sky and quoted a verse of poetry—something about something

"—from scale to scale,
Mounting amidst the Torricellian tube."

Now, what *did* she mean, my children? What is a Torricellian tube, and how did any tube ever get such a name as that?

THE WHISTLING-TREE.

DID ever you hear of such a tree? I have, for the birds tell me everything.

The whistling-tree is found in Africa. It is a strange-looking object, with branches white as chalk. It has long thorns, the inside of which is the favorite home of some tiny insect. When this creature crawls out to see the world, he of course leaves the door open behind him—that is to say, a small hole, through which he crawled. Now, the wind blowing through the tree when the leaves are off, makes a musical noise in these hollow thorns, so that it sometimes sounds like thousands of flutes playing at once. The natives call it the whistling-tree.

We've a whistling-tree in our meadow, but it is n't of the African kind. It bears boys, with cheeks as red as peaches. I've heard half-a-dozen of them whistling in it at a time. And they come down out of it with their hats full of wild cherries.

GOURDS AND PUMPKINS.

TO-NIGHT I counted five sorts of gourds that I've heard about. Mock-oranges, bottle-gourds (a sort that is turned to many useful purposes, and that you country children like to use for play-things), summer and winter squashes, and pumpkins. Did you ever think when you were tasting a nice baked squash or delicious pumpkin pie, that squashes and pumpkins were a sort of gourd?

AN IRON-CLAD RAT'S NEST.

THE pretty schoolmistress stopped by the stump and read a very wonderful thing, one fine day in July, to the children who were going with her to look for cresses at the brook—so wonderful that I'm going to ask the editors to get the same magazine and copy the story out for you. The story was told by Professor Silliman, and it came to him in a private letter from a friend. This friend was part owner of some property on the Oregon coast containing a saw-mill which had never been set fairly at work. Close by was a dwelling-house for the hands, and when they cleared out for lack of work, a quantity of things were stored there—tools, packing for the engine, six or seven kegs of large spikes, besides, knives, forks, spoons, etc., in the

closets, and a great stove in one of the rooms. (Now the editors will please add the rest of the story; and you, my dears, will please bear in mind that the writer is talking about the California wood-rat):

"This house," he says, "was left uninhabited for two years, and being at some distance from the little settlement, it was frequently broken into by tramps who sought a shelter for the night. When I entered this house I was astonished to see an immense rat's nest on the empty stove. On examining this nest, which was about five feet in height, and occupied the whole top of the stove (a large range), I found the outside to be composed entirely of *spikes*, all laid with symmetry so as to present the points of the nails outward. In the center of this mass was the nest, composed of finely-divided fibers of the hemp packing. Interlaced with the spikes, we found the following: About three dozen knives, forks and spoons; all the butcher-knives, three in number: a large carving-knife, fork and steel; several large plugs of tobacco; the outside casing of a silver watch, disposed of in one part of the pile, the glass of the same watch in another, and the works in still another; an old purse containing some silver, matches and tobacco; nearly all the small tools from the tool-closets, among them several large augers. Altogether, it was a very curious mixture of different articles, all of which must have been transported some distance, as they were originally stored in different parts of the house.

"The ingenuity and skill displayed in the construction of this nest, and the curious taste for articles of iron, many of them heavy, for component parts, struck me with surprise. The articles of value were, I think, stolen from the men who had broken into the house for temporary lodging. I have preserved a sketch of this *iron-clad* nest, which I think unique in natural history."

TURNING A DESERT INTO AN OCEAN.

WHAT'S this the bees are buzzing about? It can't be true, and yet if my senses did n't deceive me, I heard one of them telling it to the clover this very morning. It was quite lost on the clover. He ought to have told it to the Ethiopian Calla in the garden. She would have appreciated it. The fact is, there's a rumor that the great African desert of Sahara is about to be turned into an ocean—that is, not right away, but as soon as matters can be settled in regard to it. I don't know exactly *why* they want to do this, but there's some good reason for it, you may depend. The French engineers have been holding counsel on the matter, and they say the thing can be done.

Just look into this business, my dears. Ask your fathers and mothers about it. Such things don't happen every day.

COULD IT OR NOT?

"It could n't do it, I tell you," said the man.

He and his companion had been walking briskly across my meadow; now they paused directly in front of me.

"But, my dear fellow," said the other, raising his voice, "I ought to know, for it sprang at me—don't you understand?"

"Yes, yes," answered the "dear fellow," "and so I should hardly blame you, my boy, if you thought the creature leaped sixty feet in the air and came down like a rocket-stick; but, you see, the thing's impossible; a rattlesnake never springs further than the length of its own body—you may bet your life on it. The end of the tail acts as a sort of pivot. They lie curled up like a spring, with head raised from the center. When the head shoots forward to strike, it goes exactly as far as the snake's length—no further. I've seen 'em dozens of times, and poked at 'em with a pole from

a safe distance. When they're not disturbed, they lie in the sun, limp and amiable as you please; but just touch them, and presto! comes the rattle, the warning and the spring, before you can say Jack Rob——"

"Ned," said the other, shaking his head as they passed on, "that's all true enough, but I tell you the fellow sprang more than twice his own length when he made for me."

"All right," laughed Ned, silenced but not convinced, "and I'll warrant you sprang six times your own length."

Now, setting good manners aside, which of these two was right?

BEWARE OF THE JINNEE!

A TRAVELED bird has told me about the Jinnee of Eastern mythology. It is a sort of genius, or demon, or sprite, among the Mohammedans, and it is said to have a transparent body, and to possess the power of assuming various forms.

Not a very pleasant individual to have around, I should say; and yet, now I think of it, it seems to me that we have something very like the Jinnee in this country. It gets into boys and girls sometimes, and puts on all sorts of shapes. It has various names, I understand, such as Affectation, Humbug, Hypocrisy, etc., and people *always can see through it*. Dear me! I don't like to think of this Mohammedan myth being so near home. Let's get rid of it! Let's scatter its thin body to the four winds! Let's all draw a good, honest breath, and blow it higher than a kite!

SOMETHING FOR THE BIG FOLKS.

THE other day, the minister came through the meadow. Of course his wife was with him, for they take a walk together every day. Nearly always, as I have already told the children, they sit down to rest on the big stump at the left, and then he generally reads her something. This time he took out a little scrap of printed paper, and after putting on his glasses, said:

"Here's an extract from a letter, Sarah, that I thought would please you. It was written by Dr. Channing in his old age to a dear friend in England—and, do you know, it quite reconciles me to growing old?"

"Read it, dear," said Mrs. Sarah.

And he read:

I rejoice with you in your improved health and spirits. Both of us, I suppose, are doomed to find the body more or less a burden to the end of our journey. But I repine not at the doom. What remains to me of strength becomes more precious for what is lost. I have lost one ear, but was never so alive to sweet sounds as now. My sight is so far impaired that the brightness in which nature was revealed to me in my youth is dimmed, but I never looked on nature with such pure joy as now. My limbs soon tire, but I never felt it such a privilege to move about in the open air, under the sky, in sight of the infinity of creation, as at this moment. I almost think that my simple food, eaten by rule, was never relished so well. I am grateful, then, for my earthly tabernacle, though it does creak and shake not a little. * * * * The habit which I have of looking at what is interesting and great in human nature has no small influence in brightening my life.

The sun was setting as the minister put up the paper; so, nodding cheerily to his wife, he proposed that they should "move on."

MISS MALONY ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

(Arranged for parlor representation by G. B. BARTLETT.)

Four *tableaux vivants* and two pantomimic scenes accompany the reading of the piece by a concealed person.

CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, ETC.

THE MISTRESS, in neat and tasteful home-dress.

KITTY, calico skirt, rather short; loose, short sacque; sleeves rolled up to elbow; very large, heavy shoes; apron.

FING WING, short full trousers, white stockings, black short frock, very long cue, face stained with ochre, long pointed pasteboard toes sewed on to slippers. His finger-nails can be lengthened by means of tinted tissue paper pasted on.

GROCCER'S BOY, straw hat, trousers rolled up slightly, vest and shirt-sleeves.

Table, three chairs, clothes in basket, table-cloth, ironing blanket, irons-holder, market-basket, three paper packages, brown paper, box, pan, mop, dish of apples, knife, two trays, and a quantity of cracked and broken china for the "crash" in scene ii.

(R stands for right side; L for left side.)

MISS MALONY ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.*

Och! don't be talkin'. Is it howld on, ye say? An' did n't I howld on till the heart of me was clane broke entirely, and me wastin' that thin you could clutch me wid yer two hands. To think o' me toilin' like a nager for the six year I've been in Ameriky—bad luck to the



day I iver left the owld country! to be bate by the likes o' them! (faix an' I'll sit down when I'm ready, so I will, Ann Ryan, an' ye'd better be listenin' than drawin' your remarks) an' is it mysel', with five good characters from respectable places, would be herdin' wid the haythens? The saints forgive me, but I'd be buried alive sooner'n put up wid it a day longer. Sure an' I was the granehorn not to be lavin' at onct when the missus kim into me kitchen wid her perlover about the new waiter man which was brought out from Californy. "He'll be here the night," says she, "and Kitty, it's meself looks to you to be kind and patient wid him, for he's a furriner," says she, a kind o' lookin' off. "Sure an' it's little I'll hinder nor interfare wid him nor any

other, mum," says I, a kind o' stiff, for I minded me how these French waiters, wid their paper collars and brass rings on their fingers, is n't company for no gurril brought up dacint and honest. Och! sorra bit I knew what was comin' till the missus walked into me kitchen smilin', and says, kind o' shcared, "Here's Fing Wing, Kitty, an' you'll have too much sinse to mind his bein' a little strange." Wid that she shoots the doore, and I, mistrustin' if I was tidied up sufficient for me fine buy wid his paper collar, looks up and—Howly fathers! may I niver brathe another breath, but there stud a rale haythen Chineser a-grinnin' like he'd just come off a tay-box. If you'll belave me, the crayture was that yellor it 'ud sicken you to see him; and sorra stitch was on him but a black night-gown over his trousers and the front of his head shaved claner nor a copper biler, and a black tail a-hanging down from it behind, wid his two feet stook into the heathenestest shoes you ever set eyes on. Och! but I was upstairs afore you could turn about, a-givin' the missus warnin', an' only stopt wid her by her raisin' me wages two dollars, and playdin' wid me how it was a Christian's duty to bear wid haythens and taich 'em all in our power—the saints save us! Well, the ways and trials I had wid that Chineser. Ann Ryan, I could n't be tellin'. Not a blissed thing cud I do but he'd be lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up-ard like two poomp-handles, an' he widdout a speck or smitch o' whiskers on him, an' his finger-nails full a yard long. But it's dyin' you'd be to see the missus a-larnin' him, an' he grinnin' an' waggin' his pig-tail (which was pieced out long wid some black stooft, the haythen chate!) and gettin' into her ways wonderful quick, I don't deny, imitat' that sharp, you'd be shurprised, and ketchin' an' copyin' things the best of us will do a-hurried wid work, yet don't want comin' to the knowledge of the family—bad luck to him!

Is it ate wid him? Arrah, an' would I be sittin' wid a haythen an' he a-atin' wid drum-sticks—yes, an' atin' dogs an' cats unknownst to me, I warrant you, which it is the custom of them Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I cud die. An' did n't the crayture proffer to help me a wake ago come Toosday, an' me a-foldin' down me clane clothes for the ironin', an' fill his haythen mouth wid water, an' afore I could hinder squirit it through his teeth stret over the best linen table-cloth, and fold it up tight as innercent now as a baby, the dirty baste! But the worst of all was the copyin' he'd be doin' till ye'd be disctracted. It's yersel' knows the tinder feet that 's on me since ever I've bin in this country. Well, owin' to that, I fell into a way o' slip-pin' my shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the praities or the likes o' that, and, do ye mind! that haythin would do the same thing after me whinivir the missus set him to parin' apples or tomaterses. The saints in heaven could n't have made him belave he cud kape the shoes on him when he'd be paylin' anything.

Did I lave fur that? Faix an' I did n't. Did n't he get me into trouble wid my missus, the haythin? You're aware yersel' how the boondles comin' in from the grocery often contains more'n 'll go into anything dacently. So, for that matter I'd now and then take out a sup o' sugar, or flour, or tay, an' wrap it in paper and put it in me bit of a box tucked under the ironin' blankit the how it cudent be bodderin' any one. Well, what shud it be, but this blessed Sathurday morn the missus was a-spakin' pleasant and respec'ful wid me in me kitchen when the grocer boy comes in an' stands

* Originally published in "Etchings" in *Scribner's Monthly* for January, 1871.

forneest her wid his boondles, an' she motions like to Fing Wing (which I never would call him by that name ner any other but just haythin), she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles an' empty out the sugar an' what not where they belongs. If you'll belave me, Ann Ryan, what did that blatherin' Chineser do but take out a sup o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chaze right afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper, an' I spacheless wid shurprise, an' he the next minute up wid the ironin' blanket and pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein' sly to put them in. Och, the Lord forgive me, but I clutched it, and the missus sayin', "O Kitty!" in a way that 'ud cruddle your blood. "He's a haythin nager," says I. "I've found you out," says she. "I'll arrist him," says I. "It's you ought to be arristed," says she. "You wont," says I. "I will," says she—and so it went till she gave me such sass as I cud-dent take from no lady—an' I give her warnin' an' left that instant, an' she a-pointin' to the doore.

As the concealed person who reads the above, aloud, goes on without interruption, each scene must be arranged in time to allow the curtain to rise and fall at the words designated. Of course, these scenes may be varied according to the wit and discretion of the actors as far as the allowed time will permit; but the following directions, after having been practically tested, are offered as a guide.

SCENE I. (*tableau vivant*) opens at "Here's Fing Wing, Kitty." Mistress stands at center pointing out Fing Wing (R) to Kitty, who is washing dishes at table (L). She holds up her hands in horror. Closes at "Set eyes on."

SCENE II. opens at "Imitating that sharp." Kitty enters at L with a trayful of crockery, Fing Wing following at a short distance behind, laden in the same manner. He imitates her gait as nearly as he can, and when she stumbles and drops her china, he does the same immediately. Closes at "Bad luck to him."

SCENE III. opens at "And did n't the crayture offer to help." Fing Wing at the ironing-table (R), folding down the table-cloths "as innocent as a baby." Kitty (L) is watching him with intense disgust.

SCENE IV. opens at "Tinder feet." Fing Wing sits on table center peeling apples, his feet, from which he has taken off his shoes, are in a chair in front of him. Closes at "Payin' anything."

SCENE V. opens at "Saturday mornin'." The mistress stands at center, Kitty at L, with broom; and the action must be in unison with the reading. Enter Grocer's Boy with basket (R). Fing Wing enters (L). At a motion from the mistress he takes basket from the boy, carries it to table (L of center), and, taking a little very cautiously from each paper, wraps up the groceries, which he slyly conceals under the blanket after filling "the bit of a box" with them. Kitty seizes the box; a struggle ensues, which the mistress interrupts; both gesticulate according to the text. Then the mistress points to the door, through which Kitty, after hurriedly and angrily making up her bundles, and seizing her bonnet from a peg and putting it on, marches out with great dignity. Fing Wing stands (L) in attitude of triumph, with his arms and hands outspread, as the curtain falls.

THE LETTER-BOX.

DR. HOLLAND's beautiful lullaby, in this number of ST. NICHOLAS, is printed with the author's permission from the advance sheets of his new book, "The Mistress of the Manse," soon to be published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., of New York.

"ORIOLE."—You and all other young folks are welcome to write to the Letter-Box, whether subscribing to ST. NICHOLAS or not. We look upon every boy and girl who can read English, or look at a picture, as belonging in some way to ST. NICHOLAS. Yes, you may join the army of Bird-defenders, too, provided you are resolved to keep the requisite pledge, even though you never expect to buy a copy of the magazine.

As for printing your letters, that is another thing. One entire number of the magazine scarcely would hold half the letters that come to us every month. We therefore must, as far as practicable, select those of the most general interest; but we make no distinction between the writers who "subscribe" and those who do not.

M. C. P.—Your "Return of Spring" might be worse, and it might be very much better, without making it specially conspicuous as a poetical production. "The Heir at Law" was written by Coleman. The "History of England" is Macaulay's only large historical work.

New York, August 18, 1874.

TO THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: Over the signature of "Aldebaran," in the September ST. NICHOLAS, I find a very clear and complete description of diamond puzzles. But "Aldebaran" errs a little in crediting. His second example was not invented by "Ernestus," but is after the manner of "diamonds" that were in use long before "Ernestus" even thought of that career in which he subsequently won so many admiring disciples. The puzzle in question was sent to a contemporary publication, more as a protest against the then prevalent (but incorrect, and what "Aldebaran" calls the simple) way of making "diamonds" than as any new or original idea.

"Aldebaran's" third way is original with an equally well-known puzzler, "Rusticus," a friend of "Ernestus."

The fourth and best style, the "double-reversible" ("Aldebaran's" own), is certainly very unique and ingenious.

May I ask the pleasure of his acquaintance. And also may I make your handsome and interesting magazine the medium of re-linking the broken chain of past friendships with all my old puzzle-friends? Please say yes.

With many cordial wishes for ST. NICHOLAS's welfare,—I remain, yours sincerely,
"COLLEGE."

LEO C. B.—The novels of which you speak are popular; but in reply to your inquiry whether or not they are good for a boy of fourteen to read, we answer, they are not. Their humor is not refined, and their atmosphere throughout is feverish. You will be glad to find a story by C. A. Stephens, running through this and the December number of ST. NICHOLAS.

N. P., who may or may not be bribed by an association of doctors and dentists, sends the following recipe for making sugar-candy. His excuse is that the result of trying it will be a candy far better, purer, cheaper and healthier than that which is often purchased in the stores. Our excuse is that it may afford the boys and girls a candy-making frolic or two on winter evenings, and enable them practically to *taste* the satisfaction of doing something for themselves.

SUGAR-CANDY.—One and a-half cups granulated sugar, one cup of water, tea-spoonful of vinegar. Boil gently over a steady fire, without stirring, removing the scum which rises. Try it in a cup of cold water to see if it becomes brittle as it cools. When this occurs remove it from the fire, add the juice of lemon, or any essence to flavor it, and pour into buttered pans to cool. Stick into the candy while cooling English walnuts, neatly taken from their shell. Roasted raisins, or the meat of any kind of nut may be used instead of the English walnuts.

The candy can be pulled if desired. If stirred while boiling it will harden into sugar, like the frosting of cake.

LULU CONRAD and others, who ask questions concerning Mr. Trowbridge, and "want to know just how he looks," will be glad to learn that *Scribner's Monthly* for November contains a portrait of their favorite, and a brief account of his life up to the present day.

To-day, as you all know, Mr. Trowbridge is writing a grand new serial for you, to begin in the January number, while Miss Alcott is as busily writing a beautiful serial story, which will also begin with the new year.

FOOLSCAP PAPER.

HARRY D.——"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" Here are various replies to your query in our September Letter-Box:

DEAR EDITOR: In answer to Harry D.—'s question, I send the following, which I have copied from a book of Anecdotes, compiled by Henry Hupfield:

"Foolscap."—The origin of this term, as applied to a certain size of

writing-paper, came about in this way: When Oliver Cromwell became Protector he caused the stamp of the 'Cap of Liberty' to be placed upon the paper used by the Government. Soon after the restoration of Charles II., he—the king—had occasion to write certain dispatches, and some of the Government paper was brought to him. On looking at it and discovering the stamp, he said, 'Take it away: I'll have nothing to do with a fool's cap.'

I have often observed on a certain kind of foolscap a head crowned with a "liberty cap," and I think that probably it is much like the one mentioned here.

H. C.

Cambridge, September 5, 1874.

DEAR EDITOR OF THE ST. NICHOLAS: Harry D. wanted to know the meaning and origin of the term "Foolscap Paper." I think I can tell him.

In Queen Anne's reign, certain duties were imposed on all imported paper. Among the various kinds was mentioned the Genoa "foolscap." The word is a corruption of the Italian *foglio capo*, meaning a full-sized sheet of paper. *Foglio* (leaf) is from the Latin *folium*. It appears in the French as *feuille*. My information is taken from Graham's "Book about Words."

ALICE M. W.

LURA FREEMAN, MINNIE WATKINS and CARRY MELVIN send substantially the same answer to Harry.

EDITOR ST. NICHOLAS: In a very useful book called "Fireside Philosophy" may be found the following:

"It is said that the term 'Foolscap' is derived from the fact that Charles I. granted to certain parties a monopoly of the manufacture of paper, and every sheet bore in water-mark the royal arms. But the Parliament under Cromwell made jests of this in every conceivable manner, and ordered the royal arms to be removed from the paper and the fool's cap and bells substituted. Of course these were removed after the Restoration; but paper of the size of the Parliament journals always retained the name of 'foolscap.'"—Yours,

Toledo, O., August 25, 1874.

HENRY SHERRING.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD, LIZZIE LANING, GRACE WINANS, LYDIA W. C., JOHN W. P., WALTER C. PIERCE and "LITTLE PIP" agree with Henry Sherring; and LOUISE F. OLMSTEAD explains that "the water-mark in paper is produced by wires bent into the shape of the required letter or device, and secured to the surface of the mould."

Now who can tell why it is called a *water mark*?

"NIMFO."—Yes, the publishers of ST. NICHOLAS will put your name on their Roll of Honor, if you send them subscribers. They consider every boy and girl who helps ST. NICHOLAS now, in the early part of its existence, as one of the "Founders of the Magazine."

HIGH-SCHOOL GIRLS: Bertie L. and Louise L. S., M. A. F. and others who ask for a "good piece to speak in school."—How will this true story by J. Bellamy answer your purpose? We find it in Sheldon's Fourth Reader:

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

A man once built a light-house,
And he built it on a rock,
And he boasted it should bear unscathed
The storm's severest shock;
"Of engineers I'll be," quoth he,
"The proudest and the first;
There stands my work, and it shall stand—
The waves may do their worst."

And stand it did, amid the sea,
Amid the shifting sand;
A fairer work to look upon
Ne'er came from mortal hand.
Forth went the word! the winds arose,
The waves came thundering on,
At sundown it was standing—
The day broke—it was gone!

Another engineer then came,
A wiser, humbler man,
One who revered his Maker's word,
And loved His works to scan;
He stood before a forest oak,
And marked its structure well;
He saw its slowly tapering height,
Its bold descending swell.

He gave it thought, he gathered hope,
And, like a brave man there,
Felt it no shame to bow his heart
In thankfulness and prayer.
To work he went, and this he graved
Upon the first-laid stone,
"Man may build up: the strength to stand
Must come from God alone."

Slow rose the work, but safely slow,
Firm as the rooted oak;
Day after day, storm after storm
Above that light-house broke:
At last came one, and seamen said,
While yet they saw it loom,
"If it stands this, why, it will stand
Until the day of doom."

The storm passed on, long years are gone,
The engineer sleeps well,
And still around that light-house tower,
The eddying billows swell;
And many a tar, from many a land,
Through many a stormy night,
Still breathes a prayer for him that reared
That heaven-protected light.

Nebraska City, August 2, 1874.

DEAR BOY WHO WANTED TO KNOW HOW TO MAKE ONE: I am now prepared to answer your question, "How to Make a Man-Kite?" I will describe it as given some time ago by our friend Mr. Haskins in the *Heart and Home*. I also send a careful copy of his picture. To make a kite four feet high it takes three sticks,—one four feet long, set upright to reach from the bottom of the jacket to the top of the hat, and two crossed so as to go from each shoulder to the corners below the vest pockets. You then put your string around the whole by securing it to the ends of these sticks, and the frame is made. Now cover with thin cloth,—or paper-muslin is the best,—and almost any body will paint an old man's head and body for you, if you're a little boy. Next make the legs and arms of bunting. Bunting, you know, is the loosely-woven material that flags are made of, and is very light and open. These legs and arms are open at the place where the hoops on which they are made join the kite, and when up will be filled out with air. His legs should be fastened to the bottom of the kite, and his arms at each side.

Now I guess the boys can make one for themselves with the help of this picture.

CARLOS E. SWEET.



THE answer to Henry Steuss's puzzle was crowded out of the October Letter-Box. It is: The two trains will meet exactly at noon half-way between the two stations. Leonard M. Daggett, Irving W. James, Edward W. Robinson, E. W. D., F. O. Marsh, R. B. C., D. P. L. Postell and G. Edmund Waring have answered the puzzle correctly.

TO CLEAN SHELLS.

EDWIN S. BELKNAP's query, as to how he should polish his shells, is answered by many readers. Minnie Russell advises him to rub them with diluted muriatic acid. "Subscriber" says, "Soak them in nitric acid and then rub them with a cloth dipped in the same substance" (but he warns Edwin that the strong acid is poisonous, and is liable to take the skin off of one's fingers). Wilford L. W. gives the following simple suggestions:

First boil them in a pot of weak ley, say five minutes. Rinse them in cold water; then rub them well with a dry cloth; afterward polish them with a woollen cloth and emery till they present a glossy appearance.

AND MILLY R. writes:

ST. NICHOLAS: I read in your September number that Edwin Belknap would like to know how to clean shells. I send you this that I have copied from an old book:

"To Polish Shells.—Many species of marine and fresh-water shells are composed of mother-of-pearl, covered with a strong epider-

mis. When it is wished to exhibit the internal structure of the shells, this epidermis is removed and the outer testaceous coatings polished down until the pearly structure becomes visible. It has been a common practice to remove the thick epidermis of shells by means of strong acids, but this is a very hazardous and tedious mode of operation. The best plan is to put the shells into a pan of cold water, with a quantity of quick-lime, and boil them from two to four hours, according to the thickness of the epidermis. The shells should be afterward gradually cooled, and then some diluted muriatic acid applied carefully to the epidermis, which it will dislodge so that it may be easily peeled off. Two hours are quite sufficient for such shells as the common mussel to boil. After this they must be polished with rotten stone and oil, put on a piece of chamois leather, and then rubbed with a flannel or nail-brush. After the operation of polishing and washing with acids, a little Florence oil should be rubbed over to bring out the colors and destroy the influence of the acid, should any remain on the shell; it also tends to preserve the shell from decay. The muriatic acid should be applied to the epidermis by means of a feather, and it should not be suffered to remain on the outside of the shell for more than a minute or two, and the greatest care should be used to keep the acid from touching, and consequently destroying, the enameled surface of the inside; indeed, some persons coat the parts of the shell which they wish to preserve from the effects of the acid with bees'-wax. Some conchologists prefer laying white of egg on the shell with a small camels'-hair brush to rubbing them with Florence oil.

MILLY R.

THE following names were crowded out of the list of translators of "Le Singe Favori," given in the October number: May Stirling, Margaret Christina Ward, Sally Gantt, Agnes Lyman Pollard, C. H. Anderson, Harry Neill, Minnie Pope, M. H. McElroy, Susie Elliott and George W. S. Howson.

"GENEVIEVE" would like to know how the game of Jack-stones originated.

MARY E. BALDWIN, GEORGE H. FULLER, LESLIE RICHARDSON, ROBERT W., HENRY C. S., "HIGH-SCHOOL BOY" and many others. —If it were possible either to print or to answer everything that is sent to the Letter-Box, you should find special notes for each of you in these pages; but, as it is, the editor can only thank you for your kind, cheering words, and assure you that your various requests shall be complied with as far as may be right and practicable. Not a word in your kind letters passes unheeded. We wish ST. NICHOLAS could double its number of pages; but, even then, we fear we could hardly do full justice to our eager, hearty crowd of girls and boys.

THE BIRD-DEFENDERS.

Hundreds and hundreds of young folks have already joined the ST. NICHOLAS army of Bird-defenders, and every day fresh names come

pouring in. New readers and old, boys and girls all over the land, whether subscribers to ST. NICHOLAS or not, are earnestly invited to join the ranks. As we do not wish any to pledge themselves to this cause without fully understanding it, we refer all who wish further information to Mr. Haskins' plea for the birds on p. 72 of ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1873, and to all back numbers of the Letter-Box. Meantime, we heartily welcome the following recruits:

Trenton, N. J., August 14, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please put my name and that of my little brother on your roll of Bird-defenders. We love the birds, and have a pet pigeon who had his wing cut off, but is now able again to fly. There are many robins and sparrows around our house, and we love to watch them and to hear them chirp and sing even if they do wake us very early in the morning. My brother's name is Elliott Verne Richardson, and mine is—Your friend, KLYDA RICHARDSON.

Lynchburg, Va., July 31, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I approve of Mr. Haskins' pledge about the wild birds being defended. I have two little sisters, who say they will join this army. Fanny and Rosa Marrell are their names.—Your friend, GEO. R. MARRELL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please add these names to the Bird-Defenders. Long may they wave!

BOYS.—William H. Terry, George E. Carpenter, Lines Groo, Jock Swezy, James Newkirk, Willie L. Cox, David C. Winfield, Harry C. Loveland, Eddie Jessup, Eddie Boyd, William H. Bell, Charles Winfield, H. Wiggins, Richard Abbot, Robert F. Brown, Harry Ogden, Edward Dekay, Lewis Stivers, John Stivers, John Cowin, William Mullock, Squire Woodward, Ashabel Prent, Willie Henry, Willie Stevenson, George Bull.

GIRLS.—Fannie P. Cowin, Laura Adams, Jennie Gaudener, Jennie Duryea, Ella Quick, Fannie Graves, Fannie Ryea, Allie Wickham, Mary Rogers, Eva Brett, Pruie Marrell, Flora Palmer, Katie Bell, Sadie Banker, Etta Sweet, Emma Miller, Millie Miller, Jennie Lord, Mimi Wickham, Jessie Harney, Birdie Harney, and all the girls in Middletown.

These names were gathered in two hours by me. My name is not in this list, but I am a Defender.—Affectionately yours, JAMES B. COX.

AND here are more names:

Jake and May Bockee, Clifton B. Dare, Arthur L. Raymond, Isabel D. Raymond, Helen W. Raymond, Win. F. Raymond, Fred G. Raymond, Bertie S. Raymond, Alma G. Raymond, Ethel F. Austin, Harry N. Austin, Louie E. Austin, Allie G. Raymond, C. Finley Hersman, Emma Wetmore, William H. Wetmore, Hallie H. Boardman, Mary Louise Webster, Mary Ella Ritter, C. V. Bunner, and Lizzie Laning.

A great many more new names are in type, but are crowded out this month.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-one letters. My 26, 20, 27, 9, 11, 2, 16, 19 are marks or badges; my 11, 6, 18, 14 is a metal; my 4, 28, 12, 20, 24 is often thrown away, and yet it may cost thousands of dollars; my 15, 13, 1, 5, 23 is a bone; my 22, 29, 25, 8 was a politician of old; my 31, 29, 30, 17 is a toy; my 7, 21, 19, 2 is a color; my 23, 1, 7, 10, 3 is an animal. My whole is a proverb.

A. S.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

A CHILD at play, himself —

A youthful dreamer, idly —

All his powers in labor —

The life of man I — H. B. F.

REVERSIBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A number. 3. Measures of distance. 4. An abyss. 5. A consonant.
Reversed: 1. A consonant. 2. A snare. 3. A name. 4. The point of anything small. 5. A consonant.

CURTAILMENTS.

1. Curtail a twist, and leave one of two of the same age. 2. Curtail to turn aside, and leave to affirm. 3. Curtail a confusion, and leave an infant. 4. Curtail one exclamation, and leave another. 5. Curtail unsubstantial, and leave to ventilate. 6. Curtail custody, and leave to contend. 7. Curtail necessity, and leave pale. 8. Curtail to hazard, and leave a wit. W. H. G.

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 1.



A CONUNDRUM PICTURE.



To each of the first three girls or boys who send the Riddle-Box the right answers to these sixty-three conundrums, before November 15th, we will present a bound volume of ST. NICHOLAS. If none answer ALL correctly, we will send a book to each of the three who send the best three sets of answers—a bound volume of ST. NICHOLAS to the one of these three who sends the best set. Please write on one side of the paper only. Number your answers, and give your full address. Send your answers to "Riddle-Box," ST. NICHOLAS, Scribner & Co., New York.

All of the following may be found in the above scene:

1. Two domestic animals, neither dogs nor sheep.
2. Something used for the safety of vessels.
3. Two-thirds of a measure in common use.
4. What Columbus decided to do when he discovered America.
5. Very short breathings.
6. What a doctor should do.
7. Something that Robin Hood carried.
8. What a photographer should do to his sitter when he spoils his picture by moving.
9. A flat fish.
10. A money-raising establishment.
11. Something that is often the best part of an oration.
12. Something between hitting the mark and missing.
13. A slang word for boldness.
14. Something that magpies often do.
15. A number of small swift-footed animals.
16. A prominent part of Shakespeare's "Richard III."
17. Something too often found in children's books.
18. What I would be if I were in your place.
19. Something lately abolished in the British navy.
20. Name of a popular modern novel.
21. An important part of the proceedings of Congress.
22. Something always present at a military parade.
23. A verb involving the idea of plunder.
24. An island off the coast of Scotland.
25. Something that every carpenter uses.
26. Nickname of a famous French general.
27. The last name of a great jumper.
28. Parts of cutting implements.
29. A president of Harvard University.
30. Where you come on your return.
31. What the man did who dined on mutton.
32. An implement used by shipbuilders.
33. A lender made famous by a modern English poet.
34. Something often used as a sleigh-robe

35. Parts of a tree.
36. A kind of butter.
37. Weapons.
38. Part of a railway.
39. An edible mollusk.
40. A delicious fruit.
41. Parts of a ship.
42. Sacred buildings.
43. A ghost.
44. A part of every river.
45. A symbol of royalty.
46. Part of a clock.
47. Gamblers.
48. A number of fish.
49. Something for dinner.
50. Scholars and flowers.
51. A favorite essayist.
52. A term used in music.
53. A collection of stories.
54. A noted American general.

55. A common garden flower.
56. Part of a carpenter's tool.
57. A projecting tract of land.
58. Parts of an American cereal.
59. A celebrated metaphysical writer.
60. An instrument used in shooting.
61. Something often found in a paper of needles.
62. All flesh.
63. Annanias and Saphira.

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 2.



DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

THE diagonals of the square form respectively, a kind of sea-fish and a constellation.

1. A book of the Bible.
2. A mechanical contrivance.
3. To steal.
4. Love.
5. To recompense.
6. An arithmetical term.
7. An aperture.

TYPO.

HISTORICAL CHARADE.

I CONTAIN only two syllables. Of these, my first implies plurality; my second sound health; and my whole is the name of a profligate earl, who was the third consort of a queen noted alike for her beauty and her misfortunes. He died insane, and in exile; and the beautiful queen, after being queen-consort of one country, and reigning sovereign of another, spent nineteen years in captivity, and was finally beheaded on the 8th of February, 1587. What was the earl's name, and of what queen was he the husband?

F. R. F.

A RIDDLE.

IN the days of the immortal George,
At Lexington and Valley Forge,
I hung behind.
But now, in modern feats of arms,
The swiftest ball brings no alarms;
And though my stroke no brother harms,
I victory find.
In fact, the game is up without me
(That's one thing curious about me);
But then, dear reader, it is true
I venture nowhere without you.

J. S. STACY.

SUBSTITUTIONS.

THE second (and third) omitted word in each sentence is formed from the first by changing the middle letter.

1. As — came running toward me, I shot him through the —.
2. In a — every — of emotion disappeared.
3. As he stepped out of the — a bullet — his —.
4. Let us not — with our — temptations.
5. — in the sale of fruit is dangerous, as — soon renders it worthless.
6. Do not — so at the — windows.
7. — down your hand and — the — dog.
8. The selections from "Lohengrin," at the —, did almost — me to Wagner's theory of music.
9. I gave — some of the — for breakfast.

CHARL.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

RIDDLE.—Thief.

ENIGMA.—Chrysanthemum.

ANAGRAMMATICAL BLANKS.—Glade, edge, gale, lagged, glad, dale, led, dell, all.

REBUS No. 1.—One ought always with zeal to undertake to improve, and to form or acquire just and excellent habits.

CLASSICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Charon—anchor. 2. Zeus—Suez. 3. Typhon—Python. 4. Diana—naiad. 5. Pan—nap. 6. Mars—arms. 7. Shade—Hades.

DECAPITATED RHYMES.—Pirate, irate, rate, ate.

SYNCOPIATIONS.—1. They—thy. 2. Rule—rue. 3. Spite—site. 4. Shaved—saved. 5. Glory—gory.

REBUS No. 2.—The vacant stare bespeaks a mind unhinged.

CROSS-WORD.—Stormy petrel.

PUZZLE.—Ham, Shem, Seth, Heth.

MUSICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Genius—Seguin. 2. Drive—Verdi. 3. Parepa—appear. 4. Brignoli—broiling. 5. Braham—Brahma. 6. Haydn—bandy.

PICTURE PUZZLE.—



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER have been received previous to September 18 from Minnie Thomas, Lydia W. Conklin, "Typo," A. P. Folwell, C. W. R., Mary S. Morrill, Marshall F. Wyman, Mamie L. Leithead, Willie L. Tiernan, Gerie Bradley, "Guilham," A. M. K., Thomas P. Sanborn, Valeria F. Penrose, Jessie Foster, Edward W. Robinson, Elvira Reumont, Archie Reumont, Katie Brayton, Maria Peckham, Mary E. Turner, M. D. C., Lucie M. French, Charles J. Gayler, Louise F. Olmstead, Wilford L. W., W. D. T., Ron Roberts, Bertha E. Saltmarsh, James J. Ormsbee, "Neno and Nimpo," Minnie Watkins, G. F. M., Grace Winans, Alice G. Bull, "Subscriber," D. W. Kirk, Minnie T. Allen, Sallie Bush, "Alice," Arthur T. Randall, E. Marshall, Ray F. Dyer, Fannie D. Musgrave, R. B. C., Willie R. Brown, Carrie Melvin, Julia Dean Hunter.

THE JAPANESE MAMMA AND BABY.

THIS is the way they carry the baby in Japan. The mother, or older sister, or nurse, holds him on her back, or ties him on with straps. They call him "ko," which means



child or baby. Isn't he fat? Almost all the Japanese babies are fat and rosy. Somebody has called Japan the Paradise of Babies. Do you see how his hair is cut? His little head is shaved in front, except one wide lock, which is "banged." His eyes are looking right at you. He seems to think: "Why, what a funny-looking baby you are! You're not a Japanese 'ko,' are you?"

HOW THE STRANGER BOUGHT A COW FOR TWO HENS.

"OH! oh! my old hens are dead," cried old Mrs. Jollypole, "and what shall I do? I shall have no eggs to make custard, no eggs to boil for our supper."

Her little grandson Rey looked up and said, "No eggs; but we'll have bread and milk, and that's good, gran'ma."

"Yes, but eggs are better," said Grandma Jollypole, and then she put on her sun-bonnet, to carry some socks she

had knitted to Deacon Dean's wife. Little Rey sat in the door-way and watched for her return. A man came along with a wagon-load of hens and roosters in coops.

"Can you give me a drink?" said the driver to Rey.

"Yes, sir," said Rey; and he brought out a bowlful of milk. The man drank every drop of it, and then he asked,

"Well, what shall I give you for it? A penny?"

"My gran'ma wants two hens, for hers are dead," said Rey. "I'd like the hens 'stead of the penny, though gran'ma never takes anything."

"Well," said the man, "I'd give you two hens instead of the penny, but hens cost a good many pennies. What else could you give me for them beside the milk?"



"Well," said Rey, "there's Whitey, the cow." He pointed to a white cow eating grass by the wayside. "I'll be solly to have her go away," he said, "because she eats out of my hand; but gran'ma says eggs are better than milk."

The man laughed, and then set down a coop with two nice hens in it at Rey's feet; and he said, "Let's shake hands, little man, on our bargain."

Rey shook hands, and then he went and patted the cow.

“Good-by, Whitey,” he said ; “I like you better ’n eggs !”
But the man had mounted his wagon.

“ Wont you take her with you now ?” asked Rey.

“ I ’ll come back when I want her,” answered the man ;
and then he drove away.

It was not long before old Mrs. Jollypole came home.

“ Oh, see !” cried Rey. “ A man gave me these two nice
hens for the cow, and now you can have eggs, gran’ma !”

“ What !” cried his grandma, ready to faint at the bad
news. But the smiles came back to her face when she saw
Whitey chewing her cud just back of the cottage.

“ He is coming for her when he wants her,” said Rey.
But the man never came again.



Ride a cock-horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady
Upon a white horse.

Rings on her fingers,
And bells on her toes,
She shall have music
Wherever she goes.



"THE GARDEN OF THE GODS."

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. II.

DECEMBER, 1874.

No. 2.

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

BY ELIZA GREATOREX.

THE world has so long been in the habit of peopling mountains, streams, forests and oceans with imaginary deities, that it is not surprising that even in America we have some of these old ideas. Mr. William Cullen Bryant, in one of his charming poems, speaks of these as "faded fancies of an elder world." But they are not so faded, after all, and come very naturally to those who have read stories of Greek and Roman gods and heroes.

The delightful ancients, who seem as shadowy to us as their own legends, used to fancy that some of their deities lived in the streams; others—called "hamadryads"—were snugly shut up in the trunks of trees. In the musical gurgle of the waterfall they thought they heard the laughter and prattle of the naiads; and when the west wind rustled the leaves of the groves, they fancied they heard the dryads and hamadryads whispering to each other. The voice of the surf on the rocky shores and reefs was the roar and bellowings of tritons, who lived in the waves and played beneath the keels of ships. The shriek of the storm and the howl of the mountain blast were supposed to be the voices of other gods, who were often heard but never seen.

It is hard for us, who live in these days of railroads, steamboats, telegraphs, hard work and practical life, to see how it was ever possible for any people to hold such simple and childish beliefs. But, though we have learned of the true and only God who made heaven and earth and all that is therein, we like to keep alive the curious old traditions of the ancients. They are like the charming fairy tales that have come down to us from generation to generation. Nobody pretends that

they are true; but they are very good "make-believe."

If ever there was a place on earth where the gods of the Greeks and Romans may be supposed to have lived and had a good time, that place must have been in Colorado. Near the foot of the famous mountain known as Pike's Peak lies the "Garden of the Gods," a glimpse of which is given you in our frontispiece. It is a small valley, just on the edge of the Rocky Mountains, and is completely surrounded by a high perpendicular wall of white sandstone. There are two entrances through this wonderful wall; one of them—the larger—is called "The Beautiful Gate." It is a narrow gap in a mass of rock more than one hundred feet high. As you enter, you look over a valley fenced in on all sides with white sandstone; and, nearly opposite, at the top of a hill, is another smaller gateway, half-concealed by a huge rock about the size of an ordinary cottage. This mass of rock is so balanced on the edge of the slope that it looks as if it might jump off and go thundering down the hill while you look at it. But it has hung there many centuries, and, if you should feel inclined to wait to see it go, you might have to stay a great many more centuries before the fun would begin.

The Garden of the Gods abounds with beautiful trees and foliage, and, towering amidst this loveliness, are some of the most extraordinary, queer and fantastic shapes ever made out of rock. Ages ago, when this part of the world was in a state of terrible commotion, vast layers of rock were forced up out of the earth in all sorts of positions. Some

were vertical, some slanting, and some were criss-cross and mixed up generally. Learned men say that was the way these layers of sandstone, which once were flat, got up edgewise and in all other ways. We must take their word for it. There was nobody there to see.

Trees and shrubs, after a time, grew up around, and the disturbed earth had peace. Then came the mountain winds and the long autumn rains. The wind blew the sand against the rocks, which are so soft that you could dig holes in them with a strong jack-knife. The wearing of the sand and wind and water against these stony surfaces carved them into all sorts of wild and funny shapes. Ages and ages passed away, probably, before these grotesque sculptures looked as they do now. We can imagine how patiently the fingers of the wind must have chiseled at the stone, flinging on the water and the sand before it gave us such a picture-puzzle as this which we show you. One of the figures shown below looks like one of the queer pictures you sometimes find in odd advertisements, where a man's cap makes a face on the back of his head. Then, on the left of the same rock is another face, the bottom of the cap forming the nose. This

a truthful sketch of a real scene. These rocks are twenty-five or thirty feet high. Others in the garden are yet higher; and all are of a soft red, very like the color of old bricks. The contrast between their rich tints and the green of the foliage is most charming. Here and there among the trees rise up fantastic shapes like spires, towers and steeples. Some of the fanciful names given these are "Montezuma's Cathedral," "Cleopatra's Needle," "Washington Monument," "The Cathedral Spires," and "Needle Rock."

But, of course, the half-human-looking objects that gave a name to this curious garden are most likely to attract attention. The names by which they are known are as fantastic as the shapes themselves. One, a figure of a woman, draped and standing mournfully alone, has many names. It is called "The Mourning Bride," "The Widow," "The Old Maid," and by other titles, any one of which may happen to stick to the pathetic figure, that might be called "Lot's Wife," only that it is a pillar of stone instead of a pillar of salt. Then there is a huge water-worn boulder, that looks for all the world like a gigantic frog in the act of getting ready to jump. You get tired looking at this



A NATURAL PUZZLE.

figure might be called Mr. Facing-both-ways, after a celebrated character in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

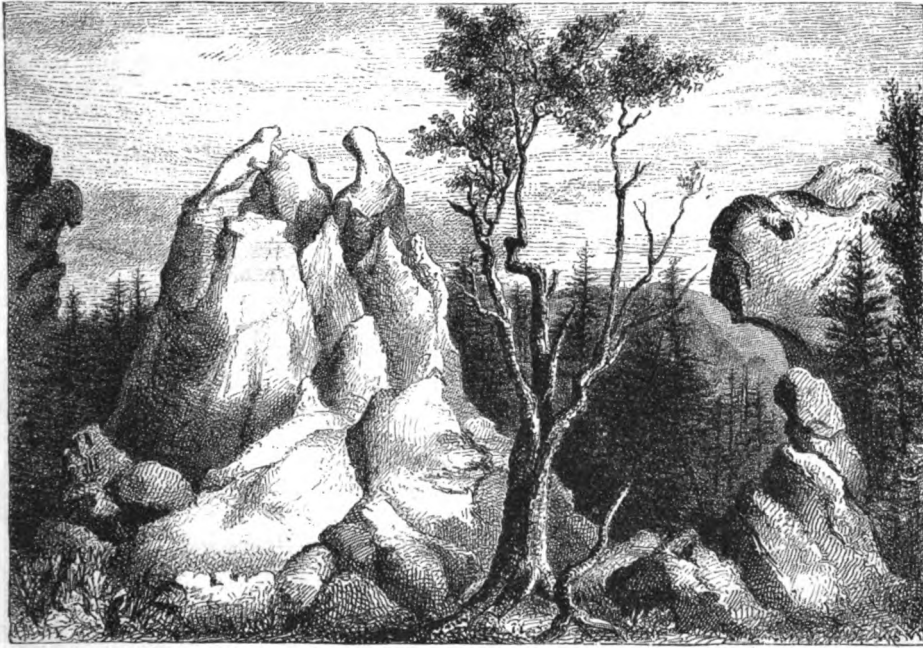
But, though this really looks like a picture-puzzle, such as you sometimes see in ST. NICHOLAS, it is

stony frog. He seems just about to leap, but he never does. He has been in that position for I don't know how many hundred years, and he has not jumped yet.

On one part of the wall, where the white sand-

stone is mixed with red, is a gigantic head of a buffalo. There it rests,—horns, ears, nostrils and all,—glowering down at you, just as if it were a

In fact, almost all of these wonders must be looked at from certain points or their particular likeness is not seen at all. Some of them are like the famous



THE NUN AND THE SEAL.

petrified mammoth buffalo's head stuck up there as a trophy, as the head and antlers of deer are sometimes hung up—trophies of the chase. Another singular group is "The Nun and the Seal." You will have no difficulty in making out this picture; and, as the seal is peering over the rock at the nun, who seems to have been at prayer, this group is sometimes called "Interrupted Meditation." If I may be allowed, I should say it might be called "The Height of Impudence." It is about fifty feet high.

This picture, however, shows you something of the general character of the wonderful place. The ground is thickly dotted with rocks, some of which take the most fantastic shapes as they peer up through the grass and bushes. One chunk of sandstone, from a little way off, looks precisely like a giant's face. The giant's arms are crossed on his tremendous stomach; a tree is growing out of his chest, and his enormous legs are stowed away in a ledge of rocks near by. You can fancy the squirrels having great larks darting in and out of his trousers-legs, if he has any. But, as you approach, the giant's nose turns into an Egyptian pyramid. What was his chin becomes a toadstool; his arms are only knobs without meaning, and his whole figure becomes a confused heap of nothingness.

"White Horse Ledge," near the White Mountains, New Hampshire. People stare and stare at the ledge across Conway Valley, utterly unable to make out the picture of the white horse. But, some day, when carelessly glancing at the rocky face, they see the figure of the horse "as plain as day," and wonder very much that they never found it before. Nevertheless, in the Garden of the Gods all of the shapes are curious and fantastic. Even if they bore no likeness to any living thing in the earth or in the waters under the earth, we should think them very wonderful.

Not far from the Garden of the Gods is Monument Park, an oval-shaped valley, fashioned like a basin. The formations are like those of the Garden in most respects, and the two groups are often included in the general title of "The Garden of the Gods." It would seem as if this name were particularly appropriate to the park. Many of the rocky shapes look precisely like immense beets, turnips or radishes, growing half out of the ground. The body of these queer vegetables is of yellowish-white sandstone, bulging out in the middle and tapering off above, where a reddish-brown layer spreads out just like the flat, leafy top of a "rutabaga" turnip. Nothing funnier than these rows of mammoth roots can be imagined. We can

easily fancy that they are growing in the vegetable garden of some Brobdiagnagian gentleman. And we almost look about us for the tremendous caldron that would be necessary to boil such gigantic things.

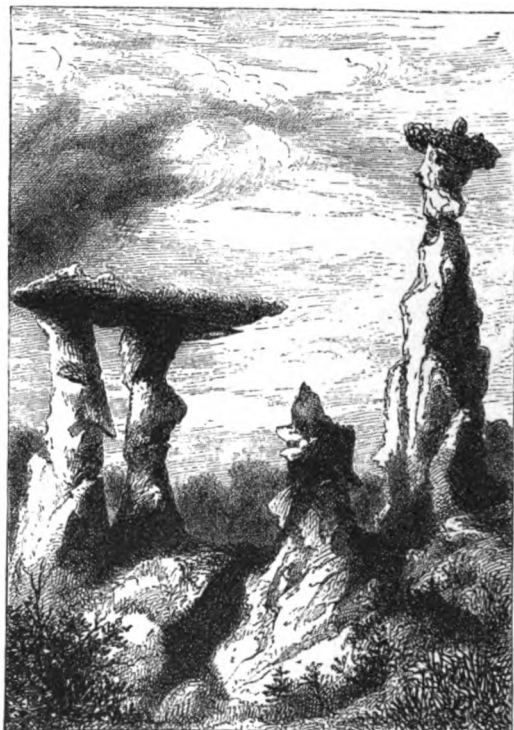
When we look very closely into the formation of these shapes, we shall see that they are composed of two kinds of stone. They have frail, slender bodies and flat heads. Some are pillars supporting a slab; others are gigantic umbrellas, or they resemble nothing but prodigious mushrooms. Here and there are pinnacles wearing flat caps, with faces underneath them. Holes, worn by the action of sand, wind and water, answer very well for eyes; and gaping seams look so much like mouths that one almost shudders to see how human and how awful they look, sitting or standing there and solemnly gazing off into space.

The explanation of this curious freak of nature is that the top layer of stone is hard and ferruginous; that is to say, it has some iron in it. This enables it to withstand the wearing of the rain and wind, which gradually carve away the softer cream-colored rock below. So, as the slow ages pass, the lower stratum wastes and wastes, leaving the flat crown high up in the air on top of the frail support beneath. Here and there you will see pillars, not quite detached from each other, holding up a table of stone. Some of them lean over against each other; they have arms and elbows quite human in appearance, and, as they are jumbled together, they seem like a party of drunken men trying to hold up a flat roof or the top of a table. Some of these needle-spires are so frail that one is afraid to go very near them, lest their top-heavy roofs shall come rattling down while one is underneath. But they seem to be perfectly balanced, and, like the rocks in the Garden of the Gods, though they look as if they were just ready to fall, they somehow manage to stay. There they have stuck for we don't know how many centuries; and there they will be found, no doubt, long after this generation of boys and girls has passed away.

The artist drew these interesting pictures of the Garden of the Gods for the readers of ST. NICHOLAS while on a visit lately to that valley of wonders; therefore they may be relied on as exactly correct. Not many of our readers may be able to go to Colorado and see these sights for themselves; but, next to the pleasure of seeing them with one's own eyes, is that of looking at portraits of the curious stone images drawn on the spot.

The Indians have many traditions about these singular rock shapes; and it is not at all surprising that they were afraid to go into the enchanted garden. We can imagine that an ignorant and superstitious people would fancy that these huge images,

which look so much like heathen gods, were terrible creatures. Even white people, looking into the garden in a half-cloudy night, might feel rather shaky about the knees. The strange figures, seen by the misty light, are ghostly and uncanny. If they look human by day, much more must they when the darkness hides part and reveals part. You all know how a familiar object puts on a strange appearance by night; a pump becomes a giant, and a pile of barrels with an old carpet thrown over it looks like some kind of a monster. What would it be, do you suppose, to play hide-



A FAMILY GROUP.

and-seek by moonlight in the Garden of the Gods? It is not surprising, therefore, that people have a tradition that this valley was once filled with goblins who were left here to guard a precious treasure; how a certain magician came at last, with a powerful spell, and turned all the watchers into stone, and then carried off the treasure in triumph. And the legend goes on to say that, when the lucky magician got off with his plunder, he locked it in a cavern high up among the mountains, and that the genius of the place, missing his treasure, traced it to the hiding-place and thundered away in vain at the door of the cavern. It is even said that the gods, whose garden, filled with stone goblins, has

thus been robbed, come up into the mountains every once in awhile and bang away savagely at the magician's storehouse.

But, as we said before, these are what may be called "faded fancies of an elder world," and we need not believe in them. What people might think the hammering of the gods up in the mountains is probably only the thunder booming among the peaks. And it must be confessed that the powers of the air do get into the mountain storehouse; for, after the hammering and booming have been kept up some time, the caverns in the

clouds are unlocked and down come the floods of water that have been stored there for use.

So, as the years roll on, the rains come in sheets and jets. Whirled by the winds, they leap from the clouds and mountains. They strike the rocks in the valleys below, and, like tools, they cut and carve, century after century, shaping strange forms and fantastic faces. Thus, while men live and die, they sculpture the statues in the Garden of the Gods, very much as our characters are formed by circumstances and influences of which the rest of the world takes little heed.

PRUE'S DOLLS.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

THERE was once a little girl who did not own a doll—who never had owned one. Just think, what a condition for a modern child! At the same time, there were six or eight dolls that she called her own, that were hers to all intents and purposes, except that she had never held them in her arms, nor undressed them and tucked them into bed—the tasks so precious to little girls. Some of the dolls which Prue called her own were magnificent creatures, with cheeks as rosy as the dawn, with long curling wigs, and eyelids that fell bewitchingly over bright eyes; dolls with trained dresses and overskirts, with necklaces and earrings and fans—perfect dolls of the period; and there were others, little tots of things in china, which Prue longed to put into swaddling clothes and rock in the hollow of her hand.

You will laugh, perhaps, to know that she really played dolls with these, and had a name and history for each, though her only acquaintance with them was through the windows of the various toy-shops in the place where she lived.

Prue was a little chore-girl in a boarding-house; her business was to scour knives, wash dishes, answer the bell, and run of errands in hot or sloppy weather. She slept in a little dark closet, where she never saw the sun rise, though she was up early enough, indeed. She had her bread and butter and clothes for her services, and probably that was quite as much as she earned; naturally, there was nothing about dolls, and the things in which little folks delight, in the agreement. Nevertheless, Prue's real life was passed with her treas-

ures, though the window-panes between herself and them sometimes distorted their lovely features. She never dreamed of complaining, however. Every spare moment was devoted to them, no matter what the weather. Sometimes she was on the spot before the shopkeeper had taken down his blinds, and I regret to say that she often met with a rebuke for lingering on her errands.

Sometimes she would speak about her dolls to her few companions.

"And who gave *you* a doll?" they would ask.

"Nobody. I got them my own self. I found them; nobody else has ever played with them before."

"Let's see 'em!" demanded her listeners.

And then she would lead her playmates to the toy-shops and point out her favorites, and generously offer them the rest, and tell them that her Curlylocks was always looking out the window, because she had a husband at sea. One little girl got angry at what she believed to be a trick of Prue's to impose upon her.

"They are n't yours one bit," she cried out; "they all belong to the man inside, and it's just like stealing to play with other folks' dolls. So now!"

"No, it can't be stealing," Prue answered, thoughtfully. "I never touched one of them; I never took one away."

"But you would if you could!" said the other. "You covet 'em, and that's wicked,—the commandment says so."

"No," persisted Prue, "I would n't take one if

I could—I don't believe I would! I have n't got any place to keep it in but my closet, and that's too dark; and she'd get smutches and grease spots down in the kitchen. I guess I'd great deal rather have 'em stay here."

"I don't believe it!" answered the other.

Prue did not forget this conversation; it made a deep impression on her mind, and gave her a sense of uneasiness. Every time that she paid a visit to her doll-world, she repeated:

"I would n't take them if I could—would I?"

And then she told Curlylocks all about it, and how the cook scolded when she broke the handle off a cup, and sent her to bed without a candle, and how she spilled the pitcher of yeast; and Curlylocks comforted her with her perpetual smile, and sympathy seemed to shine out of her two beady eyes, like glow-worms in the dark. One of Prue's dolls was always going out to parties and balls, where they had frosted cake and fiddle-music; that was n't at all remarkable, because she was a walking-doll. There was a smaller one in pantalets, with a satchel, who went to school, but who never got beyond "twice twelve" and words of two syllables, her progress being limited by Prue's acquirements. All her dolls behaved like the people she knew. They were ferruled at school and spelled above each other, and played truant; they quarreled and made-up like other children; they went shopping, and caught the measles. Whatever Prue had known, or heard of, or read about, was enacted in her doll-world. The children were naughty, and it was the cook who scolded; they had visits from Santa Claus and fairy god-mothers; they were sent to bed when it was dark under the table, or they were allowed to sit up half-an-hour after tea, if they would n't ask questions; they sat for their photographs, and they took pleasure in all the things which had been denied to Prue herself. Sometimes she dreamed that they all came trooping up the garret stairs into her dark closet, and, instead of being dark any longer, the walls and ceiling grew transparent, and sunbeams searched it till it was warm as summer. Whenever she felt unhappy, she had only to take a run to the nearest shop-window and say "good morning" to her friends, and their rosy contentment seemed catching, and their unfailing smiles warmed her small heart. When she had been a little naughty, she confided her sins to them, because the cook and the chambermaid failed to receive her confidences with kindness so real, and one always feels that a fault confessed is half-forgiven.

One day, a great happiness and a great misfortune happened to Prue. She was in the thick of a chat with Curlylocks, when the shopkeeper deliber-

ately took the beauty from the window, rolled her up in brown paper and gave her to a strange child, who toddled out of the store and dropped her on the pavement outside. Prue sprang to her rescue. Curlylocks was going to leave her for ever and ever, but she should have the happiness of embracing her—of holding her in her own arms one instant! But Prue hugged Curlylocks so affectionately, with the doll's cheek against her own, and the tears standing in her eyes, that the strange child began to whimper, thinking she had lost her new treasure, which brought the shopkeeper out to her help, who hastily accused poor Prue of wishing to take what did n't belong to her.

"I was only kissing her good-by," was Prue's defense. "I meant to give her right back; it only seemed a minute. I never would have taken her for my own."

"You would if you could," said the man, repeating the very words that had stung Prue once already.

She ran home to her dishes and duster, with the tears frozen in her eyes, asking herself if it was indeed true that she would have kept Curlylocks if she could, hardly daring to look into her own heart for an answer, wondering if it was really stealing a *little* to play with other people's dolls without leave. And with some dim idea in her child's mind, for which she had no words, that she ought to get over caring for the dolls that were n't her own, if, as everybody said, she would take them if she could, she bravely bade them all good-by one morning, since folks were n't likely to "take" the things they did n't care for any longer. After that, Prue always looked the other way when she passed her favorite trysts, hoping that her dolls did n't mind it so much as she did.

But, one day, when she could bear her solitude no longer, she borrowed needle and thread of the cook and fashioned herself a rag-baby, stuffed it with sawdust and dressed it in her own clothes,—which fitted loosely, to be sure,—and cradled it in her own bed; and if it was not as handsome as Curlylocks, Prue's closet was too dark to reveal the truth. You know there are curious fishes that have no eyes, because they live in dark caves where eyes are useless; and perhaps for the same reason Prue's rag-baby was without them; but though it was blind and had only a few stitches in the place of a nose, yet it was a great comfort to Prue. It was something to love, something that never answered her ill-humoredly, that never looked at Prue but with a smile on its face,—or so Prue fancied. It was something upon which she could lavish her best; if Duster, the chambermaid, gave her a cast-off ribbon, she hastened to adorn her rag-baby with the treasure. A bunch of dead violets which had

been thrown out of the window, Prue picked up and laid as a votive offering upon her baby's bosom. She sang it asleep before she closed her own eyes, and waked in the morning with the blissful consciousness of possession. When things crossed her downstairs, and the cook scolded and the house-keeper threatened, she would steal up to her rag-baby and be consoled. They held long talks together about what would happen when Prue grew up, and the places they would go to see,—only Prue did all the talking herself, and the baby listened. She was the best listener in the world, and that was just what Prue needed.

One day, Duster discovered the rag-baby, and had a good laugh over it behind Prue's back; and taking pity, she good-naturedly popped it into the rag-bag, and put in its place a first cousin of Curlylocks which she bought from her own savings.

But when Prue waked next morning and found her child gone, not even the crockery eyes and flaxen tresses and rosebud mouth of Curlylocks' first-cousin could make up for the rag-baby's familiar and beloved ugliness; and Prue raised such a pitiful hue and cry that Duster was obliged to fish it out of the rag-bag.

"Whatever you can see in such a bundle of sawdust passes me," cried the provoked maid.

"Oh, Duster," answered Prue, hugging her darling, "it is *such* a comfort to have her again."

But Curlylocks' first-cousin was by no means to be despised. Prue could not help admiring her beauty. In fact the little lady smiled so sweetly and constantly upon Prue's best baby that soon Prue began to take a pride in her, and, as Duster often said, "it really did one's heart good to see the three together."

BOY AND LITTLE DOG "BOBBY."

(Translated from the German of W. HEY by THEODORE FAY.)



"COME, Bobby! School's open! Now mind! Sit up straight. Please study your lesson before it's too late."

"Oh! pray for awhile let these old lessons be;
For such a small dog they're too hard, don't you see!"

"No, no, Master Bobby! Begin your work now;
If you don't, be assured, you will never know how.
It's only the harder the longer you wait;
Be a good doggy, Bobby! Submit to your fate."

Little Bobby submitted, as not all dogs do—
(I know some young Bobbies who don't submit, too).
Thus Bob's education in earnest began;
On two legs he soon walked like an elegant man.
Upright he could sit in a drawing-room chair,—
Papa's hat on his head,—with a dignified air.
On his nose he could balance a penny so bright;
Toss up, at command, and then catch at a bite.
He could carry your basket, your letter, your cane;

And hold your umbrella (unless it should rain).

In short, almost everything Bobby could do;

It seemed there was nothing but what Bobby knew.

All this his young master beheld with delight;

Could he not himself learn, then, to read and to write?

Bob's example to imitate now he began,

And, in time, became also an elegant man.

TCHUMPIN.

(From the Russian of Ivan Bestujev.)

BY C. A. STEPHENS.

(Concluded.)

II.

THE next afternoon the cadets were early on the forms, and when Colonel Demidoff entered the room, they cried out all together: "Tell us more about Tchumpin, the brave Kalmuck lad, and of your journey in the Altai!" And having saluted each of them in turn, the officer resumed his narrative:

"You will remember we were about crossing the Irtysh river, which, with the invaluable aid of Tchumpin, had been rendered a possible performance. Our baggage had been carried over, load by load, in the canoe which the brave horse-boy had brought to us, and now the animals must be taken over.

"Directly after the noon meal, we formed in a circle about the horses, and with our whips and shouts drove them, though with difficulty, into the stream. As the last one entered the river, little Tchumpin plunged in after it, and, seizing hold of the animal's tail, climbed upon its back, flourishing his whip and yelling at the straggling drove,—for some of them were strongly minded to return to the bank, and all were carried fast down with the current. Indeed, they would many of them have been carried over the falls but for their energetic driver, who shouted and lashed them relentlessly. And so soon as one drifted below him and out of reach of his whip, he would slip off the back of the one he was bestriding, and, dropping down with the current, seize the delinquent by the tail, mount its back, and administer such blows as soon turned its head up stream again. In this way he drove them all across safely; though the last landed not a hundred yards above the cataract. We now crossed in the canoe, and, returning it to its moorings, resumed our march. But for little Tchumpin we should hardly have got over that day, and very likely not at all without the loss of some of the horses.

"But his courage and daring were soon to stand us in still better stead. On the second night after crossing the Irtysh, we camped on the bare plain. Save grass and a few dry, shrubby bushes, we had no fuel. But the Cossacks collected a large pile of the brush, bringing all they could find over a wide area about our camp. The evening was slightly overcast and very dark and still. Our fire crackling was the only sound that broke the silence of the

desert. We had shot a number of snipe during the afternoon, and a very savory supper was at length prepared of these birds. The odor from the stew we were preparing spread far and wide, and, unluckily, attracted noses for which it was not intended. While we were sitting about our fire, feasting after our exhausting day's march, we heard, on a sudden, a distant howling. The Cossacks instantly started to their feet; and the boy Tchumpin sat motionless, with ear intent to catch the sound.

"It was repeated, though still at a great distance.

"The wolves are abroad, barin,' he said to me in a low tone. 'They are on our track. They are coming.'

"The Cossacks cried out in alarm at the same moment, that the wolves would devour both us and our horses.

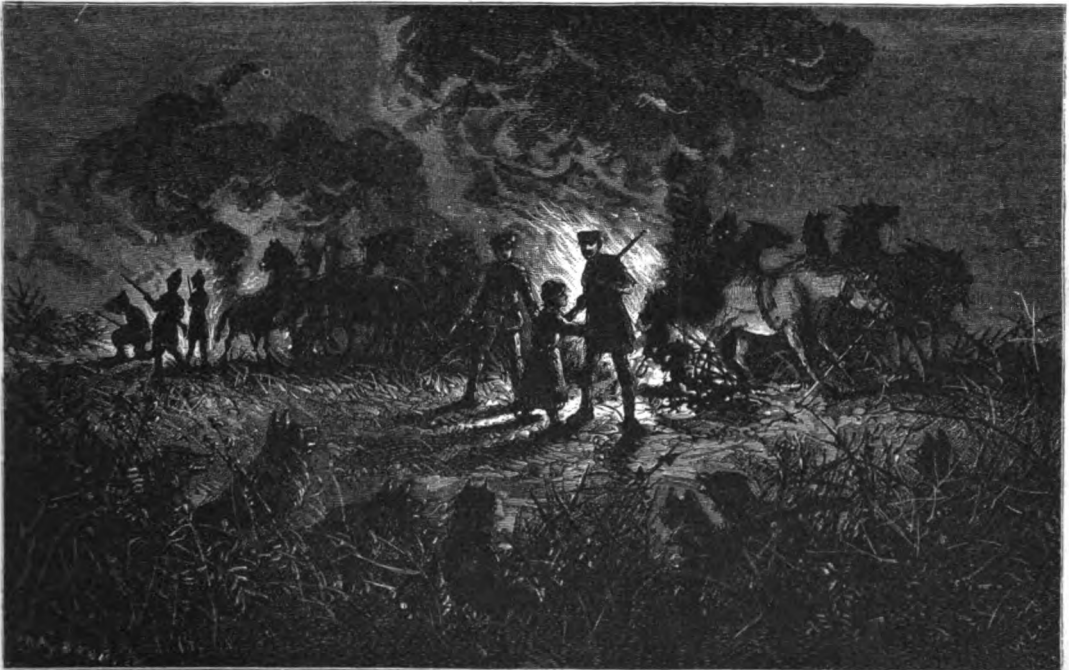
"I at once gave orders to look to their arms and charge their guns with ball. At the same moment, the little horse-boy, who never needed to be told his duty, had run to secure the horses. He brought them two by two, and picketed them with their halters to the right of the fire, driving the iron stakes down firmly into the ground. Then, ere we had prepared our arms, he carried brush and kindled a second camp-fire on the other side of the animals, distant about a hundred yards from the other. The horses were thus tethered betwixt two brightly burning fires, which we hoped would frighten the wolves, or at least keep them aloof. We had seven muskets, besides my double-barreled gun and pistols. Before we had finished these preparations, I heard the howls of the rapacious brutes, not a verst away; and in less than five minutes we could distinguish the rush of many feet as they galloped toward us. They came up within a few hundred feet, and gave a long, savage howl, at sight of the fire. Even then our stock of brush was more than half expended. I told the men to let the fires burn low, but hold a fresh supply ready to throw on at a moment's notice. Six of the Cossacks, with their muskets, were sent to tend the fire on the right of the horses. The other, with Lieut. Stephanish and the boy Tchumpin, remained with me about our first fire.

"Though silent now, we knew that the fierce troop was watching us at no great distance; and,

as the fire grew dim, we could make out their dusky forms and fiery eyes. At length, the blaze went out. Only the bed of red coals remained. In a few minutes, a low snarling began among the wolves, and I could see that they were creeping up toward us, growling and showing their white fangs. All this time the lad stood holding an armful of brush, with his keen, inquiring eyes on me, awaiting the signal to rekindle the blaze. Seeing that the wolves were gathering in, I determined to give them a lesson; and bidding the Lieutenant and the Cossack to be ready to shoot as soon as the blaze should disclose the forms of the wolves, I

they drew near, snarling and snapping their teeth, the frightened animals began to plunge and snort loudly. Soon they had crossed and tangled their long halters one with the other, and several were thrown down. Nor would our encouraging words in the least reassure them. Shouting to the six Cossacks to rekindle their blaze, I bade Tchumpin throw on the last of our brush. Then we all fired again. Loud, shrilly yelps rose, followed by a tremendous outburst of howling, as the wolves again ran off.

"This time their howls were answered at a distance by another pack, which soon came rushing



A NIGHT ATTACK BY WOLVES.

gave Tchumpin the word. Instantly he tossed on the grass and brush, and blew a bright flame. Three shots rang out at the same instant, and a horrible howling followed. The wolves ran, but not very far. We could hear them howling and snarling half-a-verst off. The Cossack said that they would soon return. As rapidly as possible, we recharged our guns. Tchumpin was preparing another armful of grass and sticks. There was scarcely enough left to make another fire. This gave me great anxiety, for none of us dared leave the fire to collect more fuel out on the steppe.

"Those were anxious moments. Soon we heard the wolves coming nearer again. This time they approached the horses, midway of the fires. As

up; and we heard a great snarling and fighting between the rival packs. Not long after, they again collected on the north side of our camp, and began to press closer. We had no more brush, and the fire, faint as it was, alone kept them from rushing upon our horses. I could plainly discern a long line of glaring eye-balls, held close to the ground. Our case was becoming desperate. In their fright, the Cossacks began firing without orders, and at random. The wolves retired a little, but were plainly coming to fear the discharges less and less. Tchumpin pulled my sleeve.

"If you will let me have the pistols, barin, I will fetch more bushes," he said.

"There are no bushes within less than a fur-

long,' I replied. 'The wolves would tear you in pieces!'

"There are no wolves on the south side,' said the boy.

"But how do you know that?' I objected.

"I see that there are none,' he said.

"I now perceived, what I previously thought I had observed, that this boy's eyes were far sharper than those of the rest of us, especially in the nighttime. But I feared that the wolves would espy him and cut off his retreat to the fire; yet so desperate did our situation become, that a little later I gave him my pistols.

"Go,' said I; 'and may God protect you.'

"He put the pistols in his belt, and dropping on his hands and knees, stole off from the fire, crouching close to the earth. To distract the wolves, I now fired among them several shots. Some minutes passed. Straggling wolves, I was sure, had passed around to the south side of the camp. We could hear them coursing over the plain. Ordering the men to stand ready to shoot, I waited the bold lad's return in great anxiety.

"He is lost,' the Cossacks kept repeating.

"On a sudden, a pistol-shot cracked at a little distance. A howl followed it. Then a second shot rang out. Grasping our guns, we ran toward the sound, and a few yards off met the boy coming back with an enormous armful of brush, and eight or ten wolves at his heels! The volley which we poured into them caused them to retreat hastily into the darkness. A fresh blaze was kindled, in the light of which I saw the brave lad's face aglow with excitement and resolution. Catching our admiring glances, he laughed as gayly as when he had swum the parrock.

Aided by the light, a few better-directed volleys dispersed the wolves for the time. But they were loath to give up the horses, and, so soon as the blaze sank, they came back. Three times during that fearful night did the brave little Kalmuck creep forth after brush, always in deadly peril, but always managing to escape it. But for him we should hardly have saved our horses, and perhaps not our own lives. It was only at dawn that the ravenous brutes slunk away. It was some satisfaction to see nine of their number—gaunt, terrible creatures—stretched lifeless on the plain about our camp. Our bullets had not all gone wild."

III.

It was not till two afternoons later that Colonel Demidoff gained time from his duties to finish the story of Tchumpin and of the journey to the great lake, Altin Kool. This afternoon, after describing to the cadets in detail the processes by which gold and silver are mined in the Altai, he related many

interesting incidents of his tour, and of the singular country through which they passed.

"On one of the steppes to the south of the Irish," said he, "we crossed a desert tract which I named the 'Land of Spiders.' The only living creatures on it for a score of versts, were large, brown and black spiders, which are a species of Tarantula, and every whit as savage and venomous as those of Italy. The ground was covered with their webs and smooth round holes. Touch one of these webs with the lash of a whip and the spider would dart out from its den and fasten its fangs in the thong, to which it would cling with great tenacity till crushed. The Cossacks were in deadly fear of these spiders. Not one of them could be induced to dismount. They held the opinion that the spiders would spring a yard at one bound; though, in fact, they cannot jump more than three or four inches at once.

"It was here that we witnessed a curious phenomenon. Near the southern side of this tract we passed a herd of many hundred sheep, which belonged to a Kalkas village that we saw at a distance. What these sheep were so busily feeding upon, as we saw them while yet at a distance, was quite inexplicable to me. I wondered; for there was not a blade of grass, nor yet any green herb to be seen on this whole great plain. The Cossacks could not tell me.

"What are they eating, Tchumpin?' I called out to the boy.

"They eat the spiders, barin,' was his prompt answer. I could not credit it.

"Come and show me whether it is really so,' I said to him; and together we rode close to the long line of busy feeders. They were, indeed, catching and crunching the ugly insects with as great a relish as they might have eaten pods of sweet-peas. And it was an odd spectacle; for, as the line of sheep advanced and nosed the webs, the pugnacious tarantulas would dart out and strike the lips of their destroyers, when they would at once be licked up. Nor did the sheep seem in the least to mind the bites of the spiders, which are so fatal to man. Not a living tarantula did the herd leave behind it. So cleanly was the work done that the herdsmen were seen walking without precaution in the rear of the devouring line.

"It seemed a novel and not very proper food for sheep. Seeing my look of disgust, the sharp-witted lad guessed my thoughts.

"You loathe the spiders, barin,' he exclaimed. 'But the sheep eat them and you eat the sheep.' And he fell to laughing so heartily that I could not help joining him in his too true jest. After this, whenever we had obtained a sheep of the Kalkas, Tchumpin never forgot to call it spider-mutton.

"Two days beyond this plain, we crossed an elevated steppe, or plateau, and passed many great barrows, or tumuli, which are thought to be the tombs of ancient kings or heroes. Some of these are of enormous size and resemble hills in magnitude. I measured one which was three hundred and sixty-one feet in diameter and forty-seven feet high. The Kalkas and Kirgis tribes now living in the country know nothing of the origin of these mounds. They are the work of a people who lived and passed away thousands of years ago. The



ANCIENT BARROWS OR TUMULI.

Cossacks say that they are the work of demons, who built them as altars, upon which to sacrifice to their master, Satan.

"Descending from this plateau, we crossed a low plain where there were numerous morasses and small lakes, the waters of which were salt and sometimes exceedingly bitter. This plain was not less than a hundred versts in width, and covered in many places with a thick growth of high reeds, through which we had no light task to force our way and keep our course. Here were the lairs of many wild boars, some of which were very fierce and dangerous. Often we would hear them dashing through the thickets with loud grunts, either startled suddenly by our approach or in chase after rivals. Through these reedy tracts we most frequently rode in single file, the baggage animals in rear of the party, with little Tchumpin mounted on the hindmost to drive them on.

"On the second day we were startled by his shouts from behind. So thick was the jungle that we could see nothing of him; and it was not at once that our horses could be turned, or make their way back; but we could hear that a great commotion was going on; and a moment later a

terrible cry from one of the horses made my blood run chill. Putting spurs to my steed I crashed through the reeds and saw the boy on the ground, shouting and belaboring a huge boar that had thrown down one of the horses and was ripping open the poor animal's body with its fearful tusks. To draw one of my pistols and shoot the boar was the work of an instant; but as the savage creature felt the ball it dashed at the boy, and but for his marvelous agility in leaping aside it would have torn his body open. One of the Cossacks from behind me fired at almost the same second, and the boar fell with a bullet through its spine. It was a very large one. Its tusks were the size of a man's fingers, and strong and sharp as daggers. The horse lay weltering in its blood. The poor creature was fatally wounded; and out of mercy we at once killed it. The boar had rushed out of the reeds beside the trail without warning; and though the boy had instantly run to the rescue of the horse, yet his whip was of little avail against so formidable a foe.

"After this adventure, I determined to arm the lad with a musket. Great was his delight at being thus honored. A few hints as to the proper manner of loading it and of getting sight were all-sufficient with him; and I soon discovered, at the evening target-practice, that he was as good a shot as any of my Cossack soldiers. He shot at every boar his keen eyes discovered. On one occasion, he came past us at a gallop, in full pursuit of a large grizzled fellow, which was coursing along at great speed, scattering the foam-clots from its tusks. There was a lake near by. The boar was making for it. As the creature emerged on the sandy shore, Tchumpin fired over his horse's head, while riding at a headlong pace. The boar fell, and the horse leaped over its body; but the beast was wounded merely, and immediately scrambled to its feet and charged after the horse, clashing its tusks. It was now Tchumpin's turn to run, if he would save the horse's life and perhaps his own. Away they went along the water, the boar at the horse's heels, the boy glancing sharply backward over his shoulder as he galloped on. Presently a lucky thought seemed to occur to him. Tugging sharply at the rein, he turned the horse into the lake, with a great splash. The water was not very deep. The horse took several strides without losing his footing. Not so with the boar, which, after floundering for a moment out of its depth, beat a hasty retreat to the bank, where it stood whetting its tusks and casting up the earth. Seeing this, the lad pulled up, and, standing with the water about the horse's sides, coolly reloaded his gun, and taking careful aim, lodged his bullet in the boar's head just above its left eye. The creature fell with scarcely a kick.

"This reedy tract contained still other and more dangerous beasts. That same night, following Tchumpin's wild boar hunt, the horses started, violently snorting and plunging; and the Cossack on guard fired, rousing us all in an instant. The sentinel shouted that a tiger was near, and, seizing another musket, fired again into the darkness. Tigers do not unfrequently find their way into the Altai region from the jungles farther southward; yet I was much inclined to believe it a false alarm, though the fellow protested that he had seen a pair of fiery eyeballs glaring at him from out the depths of the thicket. The next morning, however, we found that some large animal had crept up, crushing the grass to within a dozen paces of where the outer horses were picketed.

"While eating our breakfast, a loud squealing was heard at the distance of a verst or more, which continued for some minutes; there was trouble among the wild boars. One of the Cossacks mounted, and, taking his musket, rode off to reconnoiter. He presently returned, saying that he had seen a bloody sight, and bade us follow him. Leaving four of the men to break up camp and saddle the baggage-horses, we mounted and rode after the Cossack to a place where the reeds were trampled down for a space of many rods around, and the soft black earth was seen to be covered with footprints and with gore, showing that a terrible conflict had taken place here. I at first believed that a couple of rival boars, or herds, had been fighting; but the Cossack pointed to certain large tracks, showing marks of claws, clearly cut in the mire. It was a tiger's foot! The boar had been killed and carried off; for, on looking about, we discovered the crimson trail where the fierce conqueror had dragged away its victim. This trail led toward a thicket of high, dank reeds, into which the tiger had carried its prey. A well-trodden path, or reedy tunnel, formed the approach to this lair, which was about a yard in width by four feet high, thickly matted over in an arch.

"The men drew back. They knew the tiger was in its den, at this very moment, perhaps, devouring its morning meal. None cared to disturb him at his bloody repast.

"The boy Tchumpin had followed after us. He approached nearer to the mouth of the lair than I wished to see him, peering wistfully into the dark hole, holding his musket cocked and half-raised; then, drawing back, he remarked to Lieut. Stephanish, that if he would lend him his sheath-knife he would 'take a look in there.'

"I at once called him away. I had no doubt that, at a word of encouragement, he would be quite ready to expose his life.

"On the 13th of June (O. S.) we arrived at Lake

Altin Kool, on the waters and shores of which we spent seven weeks. In all the Russias, and perhaps in all the world, there is no more singular lake than this. It is surrounded by lofty and picturesque mountains; and its shores are in great part perpendicular precipices, six and seven hundred feet in height, without a ledge to which a wrecked boatman might cling. These cliffs are of light blue and purplish slate-stone. A little back from the shores tremendous peaks and crags rise two, three, and even four thousand feet in height. The depth of the lake is correspondingly great; two thousand feet of line failed in many places to touch bottom. Large streams fall into it from the cliffs at a single plunge. Indeed, I can wish none of you who have eyes for the beautiful in nature better fortune than, at some future time, to be attached to an expedition to this beautiful lake.

"Once afloat on its waters, in the native log-canoes, we found but few beaches where we could land; and this circumstance, in consideration of the terrific storms which suddenly rush across the lake, renders boating not a little perilous. It was while coasting the eastern shore that the quick ear of our trusty little horse-boy stood us in good stead.

"It was about three o'clock in the afternoon. We had just passed a short stretch of sand-beach, lying at the foot of the shore-cliffs, and were distant from it not far from two versts. The whole coast ahead of us was a perpendicular wall, many hundred feet in height. Yet we had paddled forward, hoping to reach another landing-place which we knew of, fifteen versts to the northward. The men were talking, and in one of the canoes they were singing boat-songs. Quite on a sudden, little Tchumpin caught my arm.

"'Listen, barin!' he whispered.

"'I could hear nothing.

"'Do you not hear it?' he exclaimed. 'It roars. It is coming!'

"'What is coming?' I said.

"'The tornado, barin! For the shore! For the shore!'

"I knew that his ear was quicker than mine, and instantly gave orders to turn the canoes and row for the sand-beach we had passed. The men, who feared nothing so much as a gale here, caught the alarm and pulled with all their might. We shot along at great speed. The boy's face was wrought by his anxiety. Presently I heard a low roar, and, looking behind us, saw a dark line sweeping down the lake. It was the tornado which he had heard while yet it was among the mountains on the western shore. It was coming like a locomotive in full career. Every arm and every nerve was strained now to the utmost. The roar behind us

grew louder each moment. The air near the water was white with the spray and mist. When within a hundred yards of the beach, I could see a long, white line of foam coming in our rear with the speed of a race-horse. The men pulled for life, and, when the canoe touched the beach, leaped out and carried it far back upon the sand. At the same moment, the blast swept us down at full length on the sand, and a great wave rolled almost up to where we lay. Had we been a minute later, or proceeded a hundred yards farther on our course, we should have been overwhelmed.

"On our return to Barnaoul I procured admission for Tchumpin to the School of Mines, established there for the education of the Czar's mining

engineers. I was convinced that the lad would do good service for his Majesty in a higher station than that of horse-boy. Much of the success of my own expedition was really due to him. Afterward the boy studied at Ekaterinburg, and four years later was commissioned in the corps of Engineers. But his tastes led him rather to active service in the army proper; and, as I told you, he is now a captain in the Kiev regiment. Nor in the recent Khiva campaign did his Majesty possess a braver or more efficient officer of cavalry. For under the rigid and necessary discipline of our service, the bold and sometimes rash lad has grown to be a man of iron, whose steady courage no danger can daunt."

SEAS OF GRASS.

BY ETHEL C. GALE.

OUR Western prairies, stretching as far as eye can reach, and covered with tall grass moving with a wavelike motion in the wind, have often been compared to seas. But our prairies do not deserve the name of seas of grass as well as do the great llanos, or grass plains, of South America.

The llanos of Venezuela occupy an area which Humboldt estimated at 153,000 square miles—a space equal to that occupied by the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York and Pennsylvania. These immense plains are as flat as the surface of the sea in a calm, and the whole weary level is covered with tall, rank grass.

We are told that one might travel over this dead plain for over eleven hundred miles, from the delta of the Orinoco River to the foot of the Andes of Pasto, and not encounter an eminence one foot in height. Yet there really is one slight inequality. This is called a *mesa*, and is a gentle knoll swelling very gradually to an elevation of a few yards. This slight elevation, rising so gradually that the eye does not perceive it, is the watershed which divides the water that falls during the rainy season, sending a part to the south-east to feed the Orinoco, and a part to the north-west to feed the streams flowing to the north.

During the rainy season, from April to the end of October, the great seas of grass become seas of shallow water. The tropical rains pour down in torrents, and the swollen rivers overflow their low

banks, sending their floods over hundreds of square miles of the vast plain. Great numbers of horses and cattle, which have not been able to escape to the slight elevation of the *mesa*, or water-shed, are drowned. When the waters subside, leaving behind a rich, fertilizing sediment, the great plains become beautiful with the tall, flowering grasses of the South American plains, while in the neighborhood of the rivers a few fan-palm trees wave their broad leaves, and delicate mimosas, or sensitive-plants, skirt the river shores.

This is the period during which the llanos deserve their name of seas of grass. Later in the season, when the thirsty earth and heated air have succeeded in drinking up the last remains of the overflow of water, the llanos might be called seas of dust, for the grass has been burnt to powder by the intense dry heat, and the air is filled with dust raised, says Mangim, in his "Desert World," by currents caused by local differences of temperature, even when there is no wind. The dust thus moved in stifling waves is sometimes still farther agitated by opposing winds. When these meet, the dust and sand are caught up into enormous pillars with broad tops spreading out like inverted pyramids, which whirl through the hot air like the sand-spouts of the Saharan Desert, or the water-spouts of the ocean.

The poor animals, which during the rainy season were in such peril of drowning, are now, after a short period of happiness, exposed to equal danger

and worse pain, from the dry waves of dust and an agonizing thirst. How eagerly, then, they listen for the first sounds of the distant thunder, heralding the welcome, life-restoring rain ' It comes:

and for awhile, before the floods reach their height, the vast plains, covered with verdure and furnishing food to thousands of happy animals, become again the gently waving seas of grass.



BY A. M. MACHAR.

WHEN all the trees were clad in green,
And all the birds were singing,
And blossoms full of incense sweet
Their perfumes forth were flinging,—

One tree, amid the joyous scene,
Looked sad and discontented,
And to the gentle summer breeze
In whispering tones lamented.

It murmured to an oriole
That on a bough was swinging:
“Last eventide, in silvery strains,
I heard a poet singing

Of trees afar, with jewelled fruit,
In flashing diamonds shining;
These green leaves are so commonplace—
For jewels I am pining!”

The summer fled; the trees stood bare
Amid the wintry weather,
Until one night, when rain and frost
Came silently together,—

Then, when the dawn had ushered in
The rosy-fingered morning,
The tree rejoiced at its array
In new and strange adorning.

From every twig and bough there hung
A sparkling crystal pendant;
The proud tree glittered in the sun,
In jewelry resplendent.

But with the night there came a wind,
And with the wind came sorrow;
And then, alas! a piteous case
Was seen upon the morrow.

For when again the morning broke,
The hapless tree presented
A sight to warn all other trees
From being discontented.

The ground was strewn with glittering ice;
The stately boughs lay under;
Borne downward by its weight of gems,
The tree was snapped asunder!

THE CHICKADEES.

BY HARVEY WILDER.

"HULLO, Joe! What are you going to do with your gun?" cried Rufus Randolph, as he passed a neighbor's house on a wintry day, and saw one of his mates preparing to load an old fowling-piece.

"Come here, and you'll see," replied Joe, pouring a heavy charge of powder into the barrel. Then, ramming down a wad,—“See those birds? I'll pepper 'em!”

"Why, they're chickadees!" said Rufus. "You would n't shoot a chickadee! They're the dearest little birds!"

"But just see what they're about!" said Joe, with flashing eyes, as he dropped the rattling shot into the gun.

There was a large flock of these merry little creatures on the fruit-trees in Joe's yard, flitting from bough to bough, briskly seeking their food, and uttering from time to time their cheery "*Chickadee-dee-dee!*" Spring was at hand, but snow was still on the ground, and the blue-birds had not yet come; so that the presence of these bright winter songsters, in so numerous a flock, should have delighted the eye and the heart of any boy.

But what *were* they doing? Joe was not a bad fellow, and Rufus could not conceive of his killing these welcome visitors out of mere malice. He watched carefully, and saw that they were actually tearing open the fruit-buds! One would alight on a twig, hanging perhaps head downward, swing a moment, put his sharp little bill into a bud, then hop or dart to another with surprising skill and quickness.

"They're eating off all the buds, and we sha' n't have a mulberry or a cherry, at this rate!" said Joe, putting a cap on his gun.

"Don't shoot!" pleaded Rufus. "We can frighten them away. They may go to our orchard,—I don't believe father will care. Why, we feed them around the door every winter, and think so much of the dear little things! O, there goes Cousin Tim! he'll know if they do the trees any hurt."

An eager cry brought Cousin Tim to the spot. When he saw the birds, and heard what Joe proposed to do, he looked at him pleasantly, and said:

"Of course you wish to preserve your trees; that's natural."

"Course, I do!" said Joe. "I guess the fruit's of more consequence than the birds."

"You think they eat the buds?"

"I know they do! You can see them!"

"Yes, I see," said Cousin Tim, with a smile; "but, after all, they do not eat the buds."

"Don't—eat—the buds?" Joe stared. "What then do they eat?"

"Something in the buds," replied Cousin Tim. "Something that would do your trees a great deal more harm—a thousand times more harm—than the birds do. Every bud the chickadees pick open has in it an insect, or the germ of an insect. The perfect bud they do not touch. But watch them; it is n't the buds alone they are searching; see that one on the trunk of the tree. He is finding the eggs and grubs of insects in the crevices of the bark, where you would never think of looking for them. Save your trees? Why," cried Cousin Tim, "if you wish to destroy your trees,—if you wish to have them eaten up with caterpillars and canker-worms, and the fruit to be worm-eaten,—then, I say, kill off the birds."

Joe set the butt of his gun upon the ground, and looked bewildered. Rufus was delighted.

"Yes, it is the birds that preserve our orchards; and the bright little chickadee is among the most useful of his kind. Summer and winter he is at work for us. Nothing escapes his sharp little eye. He peeps under a leaf, and in an instant a cluster of eggs, that would have hatched a swarm of noxious insects, disappears down his throat. You may have some cause of complaint against the robin, the cherry-bird, the oriole, and some others of their tribe, that rob your cherry-trees, strawberry-beds, and patches of early peas—though the worst of them, I believe, do more good than harm; but don't accuse the chickadee, my boy; the only suspicious thing he does is the destruction of these buds, not one of which, probably, would produce sound fruit."

"If that's so, I won't shoot 'em," replied Joe. "I kind o' like to see 'em around. They're so chipper! It's fun to watch 'em in a snow-storm."

"But what becomes of them in summer?" Rufus asked. "I don't remember seeing much of them then."

"No; it is only in winter that they come much about the door. You will often see them in the orchard in summer; then they sing, '*Phebe-phebe*,' more plainly than the phebe-bird itself. They retire into the woods to lay their eggs and raise their little families. Two summers ago I discovered a chickadee's nest in Beman's Grove."

"A chickadee's nest? What did it look like?" inquired Joe, interested.

"That I can't exactly say; for I never saw it."

"Then how did you discover it?" said Rufus.

"By seeing a pair of chickadees go into and come out of a hole in an old birch-tree. I knew they must have a nest in there, and I felt a strong curiosity to see it, but I could n't have got at it without cutting a bigger hole, and that I could n't bear to do. It was only ten or twelve feet from the ground, and I climbed up to it. I tried to put my hand in, but the hole was too small; so I contented myself with blowing into it, and hearing the young



THE CHICKADEE FAMILY.

ones 'peep' inside, no doubt thinking the old birds were coming with food for them. It was very much like a woodpecker's hole, made in the soft wood of a decayed trunk.

"The old birds were very much disturbed by my presence; and out of pity to them I slipped to the ground, and went to a log a little way off, where I sat and watched them. It was some time before they ventured to go to their nest; they seemed to be afraid of showing me how to find it. They flew all around it, and finally darted near enough, I suppose, to hear the 'peeping' inside. At last, after I had waited a long time, one went in, and was gone several minutes, while the other kept guard

outside. I staid till they got used to seeing me there, and began, I hoped, to regard me as a friend. Two or three days after, I was there again; and on a third visit, I was delighted to see my two old birds feeding four young ones on the branch of a little birch-tree close by their home. They were about two-thirds grown,—just large enough to fly a little, but not to take care of themselves. And it was beautiful, I assure you, boys, to see the care the old ones took of their darlings. You would n't have thought those tiny breasts could hold so much tenderness and love. They were constantly flying to and fro, catching worms and caterpillars, bringing them to the branch, and dropping them into one of the little upstretched, open, hungry mouths. And when one of them attempted to fly, the mother flew with it, darting around and beneath it, as if to encourage it, and catch it if it should fall. The old birds were themselves so small, that this little family scene made a very charming picture, I assure you!"

"Why did n't you take me to see it?" said Rufus, regretfully.

"Because you were away at the mountains with your mother."

"And did n't you ever go there again?"

"Yes, two or three weeks afterward—it may have been a month. I was passing near, when I thought that, seeing the birds were hatched and flown, I would try to see what the nest was like. So I climbed up to the hole, carefully cut away a little of the soft wood around it with my knife, and put in my hand. It was larger inside, and reaching down about two-thirds the length of my forearm, I touched something soft. It was the nest, made of moss and hair. I was going to take it out and examine it, when, to my surprise, I made a discovery."

"What was it?" cried Rufus.

"That the bottom was half covered with eggs; there were five of them. As I had never seen a chickadee's egg, I took one out as carefully as I could; but, I am sorry to say, I broke it in doing so,—not so badly, though, but I could see what it was like. It was nearly round, a little more than half an inch in diameter, nearly white, with just the faintest reddish tinge, and little brown spots at the larger end. My dear little chickadees, having given one family a start in life, were going to raise a second brood the same season. I trust they did; and, boys, I hope you will not kill them."

Rufus smiled with bright eyes; and as Cousin Tim walked off, he could hear Joe mutter in a low voice:

"Come, Rufe! let's go out behind the barn and fire at a mark."

OUR DOGS.

BY S. S. COLT.



"*I* AM the Greyhound, so slim, you know ;
 I came from Asia long, long ago.
 In Turkey, I 'm called the 'dog of the street ;'
 In Ireland, I the wolf can beat ;
 In Italy, I am a lady's pet ;
 All over the world my race is met."



"Shaggy, and gaunt, a Deerhound am *I*,
 Chasing the deer with death in my eye.
 Swift, steady and sure, I follow the trail ;
 I never tire and I never fail.
 To the stately stag no mercy I show,
 And little of friendship with man I know."



"*I* am the Bloodhound, and *man* is my game
 As the Sleuth-hound of old I won my fame.
 'Twixt England and Scotland I helped keep
 order,
 And many a thief have chased o'er the border.
 I am known afar by my deep-toned bay,
 And my terrible race is passing away."



"*I* was born in the Kingdom of Snow ;
 For my mistress deathless love I show.
 I'm wayward, and *will* bark evermore,
 When friend or foe knocks at the door.
 There's fire and love in my soft, black eye,
 The white and shaggy Spitz-dog am *I*."



"Behold *me* here—of the Bull-dog race,
 With short, strong jaws and a surly face.
 The mighty bull I venture to fight ;
 And even the lion dreads my bite.
 But, as a breed, we're not very wise,
 And not much soul looks out of our eyes."



"*I* am the Newfoundland, trusty and bold ;
 I love the water, and do as I'm told.
 I am sometimes rough in my bounding play ;
 Please to excuse it—'t is only my way.
 And many a life I've been known to save
 From the cruel depth of the treach'rous wave."

"The Spaniel am I,—in Spain I was found.
But in every land I have been renowned.
I am always faithful, docile and wise ;
I have silken hair and beautiful eyes.
You may treat me well, or treat me ill,
While I live, and you live, I'll love you still."



"Black and Tan Terrier ! Yes, I am one,
Bold, handsome and faithful—brimful of fun !
A hundred rats lie slain in a day ;
From earth-retreats I drive out my prey :
And so it happens, from *terra*, 'earth,'
(An old Latin word), my name has birth."

"I am the Mastiff—a watch-dog true ;
Many a noble deed I do.
In England I'm yellow,—in Europe, white,
And my bay sounds far through the silent night.
I've fought the lion, and conquered the bear :
My friends I protect—let my foes beware."



"My name is Barry, of the St. Bernard ;
When the snows drift deep and the wind blows
hard,
You may hear my bark, and see me flying,
To guide the lost and rescue the dying !
Although I wear no collar of gold,
All over the world my praise is told."

"I, the Irish Wolf-dog, next appear,
With my pointed nose and ears so queer.
I guard the meek sheep by hills and vales,
And keep them safe when the wolf assails ;
As much as the shepherd's dog I know,
And I'm stronger far to fight the foe."



"I am the Dog of the Esquimaux,—
I drag their sledges over the snow ;
I can run and leap—I laugh at the cold ;
I'm kind and true, and I'm strong and bold.
In ice-bound huts with my masters I dwell ;
I toil for them, and they love me well."

A LITTLE GIRL'S STORY.

BY ABBY MORTON DIAZ.

MRS. PLUMMER, holding "Josephus," and Mr. Plummer and Grandma Plummer and Hiram take seats in the row and play they are little children, like the rest, waiting to hear the story. Hiram, sometimes called "the growler," sits on a cricket, his long legs reaching across a breadth and a-half of the carpet. Annetta seats herself in front of the row.

"Shall I make it up true or 'fictisher?'" she asks.

Annetta's true stories tell of things which have really happened. The "fictishers" are usually one solid mass of giants. In fact, her hearers have had so many and such very monstrous giants lately that they can't stand any more, and ask that Annetta shall "make it up true" this time; though, of course, what is true can't be made up.

"Well, if I make it up true," says Annetta, I shall make it about the Jimmyjohns." (The Jimmies, who are seated together in the row, look very smiling at this.) "All be very quiet," Annetta goes on, "and keep in the row. Mr. Growly must not interrupt so much as he does 'most every time, because it's every word true.

"Once there were two little twinnies named the Jimmyjohns; just as big as each other and just as old and just alike. And one day when Joey Moonbeam * was going to have a soap-bubble party Annetta (me; but I must n't say me, you know) Annetta wanted to make a pudding in her little pudding-pan, and her mother said she might. And her mother gave her some grease so it need n't stick on, and told how many tea-spoonfuls of sugar to take, and milk and cracker and twenty currants, because currants were smaller than raisins are, and one egg was too many for such a little one, and she could n't think what to tell about that, and Mr. Growly said humming-birds' eggs would be the right size for such a little one, and he asked the Jimmyjohns if they would chase some humming-birds home and get their eggs, and they said yes. But he was only funning with them. And he took a little red box, with white on top of it, that used to be a pill-box, out of Effie's basket—she let him—for them to put the eggs in when they found any, and put two white sugar-lumps in the box, and their mother said when they found the eggs they could eat the sugar-lumps up and put the eggs in there.

"And first they went behind the syringa bush; and when one came they said, "Sh!" and began

to crawl out; but Johnny tried to stop a sneeze's coming, and so that sneeze made a funny noise in his nose and scared it away.

"And first it went to the sweet peas, and then it flew to some wild rose-bushes over the fence, and then to some other places. And they chased it everywhere it went. And then it flew across a field where there was a swamp, and when they came to the swamp they could n't find it anywhere. And they saw a boy there, and that boy told them may be it flew over the hills. Then they went over the hills, and it took them a great while. And pretty soon there came along a little girl, and her name was Minnie Gray; and she came to pick flowers in a basket for another girl that was sick and could n't go out-doors to smell the sweet flowers. And she asked them where they were going, and they said to find humming-birds' eggs for Annetta to put in her pudding, because Joey Moonbeam was going to have a soap-bubble party. And they asked her if she knew where humming-birds laid their eggs, and she said she guessed in a lily; and they asked her where any lilies grew, and she said in her mother's front-yard; and they asked her if they might go into her mother's front-yard and look, and she said they might. Then they went over to Minnie Gray's house, and went into her mother's front-yard and looked in every one of the lilies, but could n't find one. And pretty soon they saw the funny man that mends umbrellas, coming out of a house with some umbrellas that he had to mend, and he asked them where they were going, and they said to find some humming-birds' eggs for Annetta to put in her pudding that she was going to make in her pudding-pan, because Joey Moonbeam was going to have a soap-bubble party. And they asked him if he knew where to look for them, and he said they better climb up in a tree and look. Then he went into another house, and then they climbed up into Mr. Bumpus's apple-tree and looked, and could n't find any; and Mr. Bumpus's shaggy dog came out and barked, and Mr. Bumpus's boy drove him away, and a limb broke with Johnny and so he fell down and it hurt him and made him cry.

"And Mr. Bumpus called the dog, and told them to never climb up there and break his limbs off any more. And then they went along, and pretty soon the funny man came out of another house, and asked them if they had found any humming-birds' eggs, and they said no. Then he

* A large rag-baby.

told them butterflies laid theirs on the backs of leaves, so they better go look on backs of leaves and see if humming-birds did so. So they went into a woman's flower-garden and turned some of the leaves over and looked on the backs of them, and a cross woman came out and told them to be off and not be stepping on her flower-roots. And the funny man was coming out of a house 'way 'long the road, and when they caught up to him he asked them if they found any, and they said no. Then he laughed, and he told them that mosquitoes stuck their eggs together and let them float on the water in a bunch together, and they better go over to the pond and look there. So they went over to the pond, and he sat down to wait. And they went and looked, and came right back 'again and said they did n't see any. Then he told them water-spiders laid theirs in water-bubbles under the water, and he said they better go back and look again. So they went back and paddled in the water, and could n't see any eggs in any of the bubbles, and got their shoes and stockings very muddy with wet mud. And when they went back there was another man talking with the funny man, and that other man told them that ostriches laid eggs in the ground for the sun to hatch them out, and they better go dig in the ground. The funny man and that other man laughed very much; and they went away after that. And then the Jimmies got over a fence into a garden, because the ground was very soft there, and began to dig in the ground; and when they had dug a great hole a man came up to them and scolded at them for digging that hole in his garden, and he made them dig it back again. And I've forgot where they went then. Oh, I know now."

"Up on the hill!" cry the Jimmies, both together.

"Oh, yes; I know now. Then they went up on the hill, and there was a boy up there, and that boy told them may be humming-birds had nests in the grass, just like ground-sparrows. But they could not find one; and when they were tired of looking they sat down on the top of the hill. And by and by Mr. Bumpus came along, and his wife,—that's Mrs. Bumpus,—and she asked them if they had seen Dan,—that's Dan Bumpus,—and they said no. Then she said she and Mr. Bumpus were going to a picnic, and Dan was going. And she said they were going by the new roadway; and she asked them if they would wait there till Dan came, and tell Dan to go by the new roadway. And they promised to wait and tell Dan. So they waited there a very long time, and did n't want to stay there any longer; but they did, so as to tell Dan what they said they would. And then it was most noon, and Johnny said he was hungry, and Jimmy

said he was too. The funny man saw them sitting up on top of the hill, and he went up softly and got behind some bushes when they did n't see him, and looked through. And one of them wanted to go home, and the other one said, 'T wont do, 'cause we must tell Dan what we said we would.' So they waited ever so long. And the one that had the red box took it out and opened it, and both of 'em looked in, and one of 'em asked the other one if he s'posed their mother would care if they ate up the sugar, and the other said mother told them they might eat the sugar-lumps when they found the eggs; so they did n't know what to do. And while they were looking at it they heard a great humming noise in among the bushes. Then they crawled along toward the bushes softly as they could to see what was humming there. And they did n't see anything at first, so they crawled along and peeped round on the other side, and there they saw something very strange. They saw an old, broken umbrella all spread open, and a green bush hanging down from it, and they saw the feet of a man under the bush; and the humming came from behind that umbrella. The funny man was behind there, humming, but they did n't know it; and he was looking through a hole. And when they crawled up a little bit nearer to see what made that humming noise he turned round so they could not see behind that umbrella. And every time they crawled another way he turned round so they could not see behind that umbrella. And when they began to cry, because they felt scared, he took down the umbrella, and that made them laugh.

"The baker was coming along the new road, and the funny man stopped him and bought two seedcakes of him for the Jimmies. And he told them they need n't wait any longer for Dan, for Dan had gone by another way, riding in a cart. When he came home with the Jimmyjohns, and when they got 'most to the barn, they saw me,—no, I mean saw a little girl named Annetta (but it was me, you know), and the funny man put up his old umbrella and began to hum; and he told her to hark and hear a great humming-bird hum, and that made me—no; made the little girl laugh. And she wanted him to keep humming; and she went in and told the folks to all come out and see a great big humming-bird. So the folks came out, and he kept moving the old umbrella, so they could n't see who was humming behind there. And when they tried to get behind him, so as to see who was humming there, he went backward up against the barn; but one of them went in the barn and poked a stick through a crack and tickled his neck, and that made him jump away. Then Annetta's father said he knew where there was a humming-bird's nest. Then they all went across

a field to some high bushes, and Mr. Plummer lifted up the little children so we could look in, and there we saw two very, very, tiny, tiny white eggs, about as big as little white beans. The Jimmies wanted Annetta to take them to put in her pudding, but the funny man said they better not. He said

he read in a story-book that if you ate humming-birds' eggs you would have to hum all your life forever after. And so," said Annetta, looking at the row from one end to the other, "the pudding never got made in the pudding-pan for Joey Moonbeam's soap-bubble party."

LITTLE WHIMPY.

By M. M. D.

WHIMPY, little Whimpy,
Cried so much one day,
His grandma could n't stand it,
And his mother ran away;
His sister climbed the hay-mow,
His father went to town,
And cook flew to the neighbor's
In her shabby kitchen-gown.



Whimpy, little Whimpy,
Stood out in the sun,
And cried until the chickens
And the ducks began to run;
Old Towser in his kennel
Growled in an angry tone,
Then burst his chain, and Whimpy
Was left there, all alone.

Whimpy, little Whimpy,
Cried and cried and cried.
Soon the sunlight vanished,
Flowers began to hide;
Birdies stopped their singing,
Frogs began to croak.
Darkness came! and Whimpy
Found crying was no joke.

Whimpy, little Whimpy,
Never 'll forget the day
When grandma could n't stand it,
And his mother ran away.
He was waiting by the window
When they all came home to tea,
And a gladder boy than Whimpy
You never need hope to see.

MABEL'S TROUBLES.

BY BENJAMIN E. WOOLF.

MABEL wanted very much to know all about it, and that is why she was so vexed that she could not get it into her head. If she had not cared for it, then it would have been quite another affair; but she did care, and that is where her troubles began. She knew she must learn to spell, and therefore tried her best to please her governess. But Miss Prim was so very thin; she had such a funny row of tight little curls on each side of her head; wore such big silver spectacles on the tip of her nose; and had such a very stiff way of sitting upright in her chair, with her lips sticking out, as if she was only waiting for a good chance to say "Pooh, pooh!" that Mabel felt herself obliged to study her governess all the time, instead of her book.

Mabel tried to study her spelling lessons very hard; but she grew to be *so* tired of saying the same thing over and over again; and there was no sense in it either. B-a, ba; B-e, be; B-i, bi; B-o, bo; B-u, bu,—and so on all through the alphabet,—was so slow and so awfully stupid! Now, thought Mabel, if it was B-a, ba, B-e, be, Baby, there would be something gained; but who ever says Babebi-bobu? If this were spelling, she would rather go out and play awhile. There *was* some sense in that.

Why, learning to spell was not half as jolly as learning the alphabet. There were pictures to

that, and poetry too. There was "A was an Archer, who Aimed high and low;" and "B was a Booby who could n't say 'Bo!'" There was "C was a Chicken who Clucked after Corn;" and "D was a Dog that the Draughtsman had Drawn." And lots more beside.

Mabel knew she would fall asleep in a few minutes if the lesson did not come to an end—she was so drowsy. The letters danced up and down the page in such a droll way that she could not see one of them plainly. P-a, pa, was somehow or another mixed up with N-o, no; and M-e, me, was trying to play at leap-frog with Y-u, yu.

"Miss Prim," said Mabel, covering the page with her hand, and shaking her head so earnestly that her yellow curls tumbled all over her face, "I can't say any more, please. I'm very stupid, I know, and I suppose I'm a bad little girl; but I can't help it."

Mabel was sitting on a stool at Miss Prim's feet, and her book was resting on Miss Prim's knees. She saw that her governess's lips stuck out more than ever, and felt sure that "pooh, pooh!" must come at last; but it did n't. Miss Prim only said: "Why, Mabel!" and stared through her spectacles till her blue eyes looked as large as willow-pattern saucers.

"Do *you* like all of this?" asked Mabel, pointing to her book.

"Of course I do, Mabel," answered Miss Prim, severely. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I don't," said Mabel, positively; "and what is more, I never shall."

"But, Mabel," said Miss Prim, frowning, "you will have to learn it if you ever hope to be able to read."

"But suppose I don't hope to be able to read?" asked Mabel. "Suppose I don't care anything about it?"

"But you must care something about it," insisted Miss Prim. "What will you do if you cannot read when you grow up to be a woman?"

"Get some one to read for me," said Mabel, and wondering how Miss Prim would get over *that*.

Miss Prim did not try to get over it, but looked at Mabel in astonishment.

"You can read for me, you know," continued Mabel, "and I can pay you for it. I can save up my pocket-money that papa gives me every week, and that will be enough. Don't you see?"

"But that will *never* do," said Miss Prim, shaking her head very angrily.

"Does Dora have to learn this too?" asked Mabel, after a pause.

"Certainly, miss! Everybody has to learn it," answered Miss Prim, "so go on with your lesson at once."

"Did ma and pa?" persisted Mabel, with tears in her eyes, and looking anxiously up to the face of her governess.

"I have said that everybody has to learn it, Mabel," said Miss Prim, solemnly.

"Well," replied Mabel, disappointed, "I think they might have found something better to do at their age."

"Come, come!" said Miss Prim, impatiently. "Let us have no more of this. Go on with your lesson."

"I can't, Miss Prim. I'm tired, please; and I'm so puzzled that I can't think any more. And if you will let me, I will go into the garden to get my face cool, and come back as soon as I feel rested. If mamma says anything, tell her I'm to blame, please. And I'm sorry, Miss Prim, I'm sure; but my head will not hold it all."

Mabel rose from her seat and went through the balcony window into the garden. It was a cool afternoon in summer, and hundreds of flowers were in bloom. The cypress vine, with its bright red flowers, twined and clambered up the pole to the little pigeon-house on its top; and the big bunches of green grapes that hung against the wall and peeped out from underneath the broad leaves, were just beginning to blush purple. The four-o'-clocks, pansies, carnations and verbenas seemed so fresh and happy to Mabel, as they fluttered to and fro in

the soft breeze,—swaying first one way and then the other,—that she almost wished she were a flower too. Roses—red, white and pink—swarmed along the wall; and there were some that stood out on branches all alone, which bowed and nodded to her as she walked along the gravel-path toward the shady arbor at the foot of the garden, where she had left her doll and her hoop.

"Good-day!" she said to them, in return for their politeness. "I'm quite well, thank you. How are you?"

"They do not have to learn how to spell," she thought, as she passed on. "They would not look any prettier, or smell any sweeter, if they knew how to read all the books in the world. I don't believe they would be half so agreeable. I think Miss Prim would be handsomer if she did not know so much; and all the governesses I know are exactly like Miss Prim."

Mabel went on her way thinking of her troubles, and wishing that she could learn something, because Miss Prim took so much pains to teach her; and she supposed that it must be all right for her to study, or else her mother would not have asked Miss Prim to give her lessons.

She reached the arbor at last, and went in. It was a large shady place, covered all over with vines, and the leaves were so thick that the sunbeams only made their way through in little spots that speckled the ground, and, as the breeze fluttered the leaves, kept on changing their places like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope. A bench ran all around the arbor, and lying on this in a corner Mabel saw her doll. It had bright golden hair, large blue eyes, and plump little cheeks, just like Mabel's; and its mouth was not a bit prettier than was hers, and it was not much smaller either.

"Did you think I was never coming, you poor, neglected Dolly?" she said, taking it up and smoothing its hair from its eyes. "It's all Miss Prim's fault, and, if you have any complaints to make, you must make them to her. You need n't pout at me in that naughty manner, miss! It is n't good for little girls to pout; and you'll grow so if you do not stop it at once. Sit there, please, till I get up on the bench too, and then I'll make it all up with you."

Mabel placed her doll on the bench, with its back against the trellis-work, and then climbed up herself, and sat by its side.

"O dear!" she said, sighing, as she took her doll again and held it in her lap. "I do wish people would not make benches so high; it is so hard to get up, and it makes me *so* out of breath! You're all right, Dolly, because I lift you up, and you don't scratch your legs as I do mine. Are you

sleepy? I am; but I don't want to go to sleep, because I must soon go back to Miss Prim."

The place was so quiet, and the air was so soft and warm, that Mabel grew more and more drowsy every moment. She could scarcely keep her eyes open, and her head felt so heavy that she had great trouble to hold it up. She would have fallen asleep in spite of herself if something had not attracted her attention all of a sudden. As she saw it, her eyes opened a little, then a little more, and then

the letters leaping, laughing, running, turning somersaults, and mixing themselves up in all sorts of ways. How they got out of the book without being discovered, Mabel could not conceive. Yet, there they were, having sports of every kind all by themselves, and seeming to enjoy them. Suddenly, and right in the middle of a game of blind-man's buff, Miss Prim darted in among them with a ruler, and set them scampering in every direction, striking at them right and left all around the



"HOW THEY GOT OUT OF THE BOOK WITHOUT BEING DISCOVERED, MABEL COULD NOT CONCEIVE."

wider still, until at last they were almost as large as Miss Prim's when she was astonished.

"Why, what is this?" said Mabel to herself. "Upon my word, these are pretty doings! All the letters of the alphabet have, somehow or another, got out of my book, and are running about here loose. There's 'A was an Archer' playing tag with 'H was a House;' and there's 'Q was a Queen' trying to get away from 'U was an Urn,' who is holding on to her skirt. Yes! and there is 'K was a King' trundling 'O was an Owl' along like a hoop. They are all there, every one of them."

Mabel could not make it out at all. There were

arbor. Mabel got down from the bench and ran to her governess.

"Don't frighten them, please, Miss Prim," she said. "They are only amusing themselves; and I don't wonder at it, after they have been shut up in a book so long."

But Miss Prim took no notice of Mabel, and kept chasing the letters about, till they hopped and skipped like so many fleas to get out of her way.

Some of them got under the bench to hide from her; but she went down on her hands and knees to stir them out. As she did so, the remainder of the letters jumped on her back and upset her; after

which, they tied her hands and feet, and made her incapable of further mischief.

"Ah!" said letter W, the biggest one of the lot, taking her ruler and standing guard over her with it; "so you are not satisfied with putting us in a book, but you try to cram us into people's heads too, do you? Suppose I was to cut your head off with this ruler, how could you put us in your head any more?"

Miss Prim kicked and struggled to get free, but she was not strong enough. W did not cut her head off, at which Mabel was very glad; but he called all the other letters to stand around Miss Prim while he made her say her letters over seventy-four times. He then gave her a spelling-lesson, and rapped her on the knuckles every time she said it correctly.

Mabel was sorry for Miss Prim; but she thought it served her right for interfering with the letters when they were doing no harm. She therefore did not make any objections; but when they got the poor lady into words of three syllables, Mabel could stand it no longer, for she thought that was nothing less than cruelty. So she went up to "W was a Wheel," and took hold of his arm.

"Please don't punish her any more," she said, "because it will make her head ache. Three syllables are too many for anybody. Let her go this time, because it is not gentlemanly to strike a lady."

"Well," said W, "it is n't gentlemanly for her to go and chase us around with a ruler, and try to hammer us into people's heads as if we were nails. I'll let her off this time, because you ask it; but if she ever comes here again, we'll give her words in a hundred syllables, and so she had better look out for herself."

They then untied Miss Prim, and let her go away.

"So you like Miss Prim," said A to Mabel. "If I was in your place, I would bother her, and stick pins into her."

Mabel was going to give him a pretty sharp answer, when she saw a hump-backed letter, that she did not recognize, coming toward her.

"How do you do?" he asked her. "Don't you remember me? Don't you recollect that you were introduced to me last Wednesday?"

"Oh, yes!" said Mabel. "You are Interrogation Mark. You always ask questions. Papa says it's wrong to ask too many questions!"

"What does he know about it?" inquired Interrogation Mark, with a sneer. "Is he any authority here?"

Mabel did not condescend to reply to him, but went to O, who seemed an easy, good-natured letter, and spoke to him.

"Tell me," she said, "how you all came to be here."

"I must n't do that," replied O, "because then you would know all about it."

"Oh!" said Mabel, disappointed. "I'm sure I did n't mean any harm."

"I know," answered O, "and I would tell you, but you see we are all afraid of Miss Prim. If she finds out how we do it, she will lock us up, and then we can't come here any more. When we amuse ourselves here, we are often quite rough, and some of us get hurt. There's X, who is limping along there, for example. He was an H once, but he fell down and broke his legs, and now he is knock-kneed, as you see him. V used to walk like A; but he was too fond of turning somersaults, and one day he only went half-way over, and stuck on his head. He has never been able to get back again."

Mabel was not surprised to hear all of this, for she had suspected something of the sort before, and was very glad to learn it was true.

"How old are you?" O suddenly inquired.

"Six," answered Mabel.

"You could be sixty if you wanted," O replied.

"How?" asked Mabel.

"By adding fifty-four to yourself," answered O, looking very seriously at her. "I would do it if I was in your place. It will save you the trouble of growing."

Mabel saw that it was true, but she did not know how to do it; and she was not exactly sure that she wanted to add fifty-four to herself, without thinking about it.

While she was turning it over in her mind, &c. came up to Mabel and shook hands with her. He seemed quite gloomy, and had a tired look that made her feel very sorry for him.

"Please, sir," said Mabel to him, kindly, "are you ill?"

"Yes!" answered &c., shedding tears and wiping his eyes on his cuff.

"Then you ought to take something for it," said Mabel.

"Take what?" asked &c., sighing.

"Take some medicine," returned Mabel.

"What should I take medicine for?" inquired &c., a little fiercely, as Mabel imagined.

"Dear me!" said Mabel to herself. "He asks almost as many questions as Interrogation Mark. Because you are ill," she said aloud, somewhat timidly.

"But I am not ill," said &c., very positively.

"You said you were, if you please," pleaded Mabel, almost crying with vexation at being so constantly contradicted.

"If I said it, I meant it," answered &c., growing

sad again. "And now I say I'm *not*, and I mean that too."

"Oh dear!" said Mabel, greatly puzzled. "What do you mean, for I can't make you out?"

"That's where it is," returned &c., bursting into tears. "I mean everything! A means something positive; I don't. B means something positive; I don't. I am not allowed to mean the same thing for two minutes. One moment I mean one thing, and the next moment I mean something quite different. And I never say what I mean, but leave everybody to guess it. It is too bad!"

Mabel felt a great deal of pity for him, as he stood there weeping and screwing his knuckles into his eyes. The tears fell so fast from him that his feet were in a puddle of water. Mabel thought he would catch cold, and was about to tell him so, but O winked his eye at her, and, tapping his forehead, shook his head.

"He is crazy," whispered O to Mabel. "Don't mind what he says. He does n't know what he means. Nobody could ever find out from him, because he leaves half of it unsaid, and you have to guess it like a riddle. He is very tiresome and disagreeable. Just ask him to explain himself, and you'll soon find out what sort of fellow *he* is."

Mabel did not like this hard-hearted way that O had of talking about &c., who was growing more tearful and more gloomy every moment. She really pitied the poor fellow, and told O as much; but he merely replied with contempt:

"Pshaw! he is only a foreigner, and has no business among us. If he does not like it, why does he stay here? What does a Latin person want to come mixing with us for? Besides, he is a dwarf, and is all out of shape at that. Look at his little head and his big body."

"A dwarf!" said Mabel, astonished, because she saw that &c. was quite as big as the rest of them, and a great deal fatter.

"Well," said O, reading Mabel's thoughts, "he is an abbreviation, and that's the same thing."

"Is n't that Parenthesis I see over there?" said Mabel, pointing to a figure with bowed legs that was hobbling along.

"Yes, I feel very sorry for him," said O. "His parents did not take good care of him when he was young. They tried to make him walk too early, and his legs became crooked, as you see. Look at Bracket yonder. He is all right. His legs are as straight as an arrow. His nurse knew what she was about. I don't think Parenthesis is very long-lived. He is quite weak, and does but little work now. Bracket does most of it for him."

That disagreeable, ill-tempered and humpbacked

Interrogation Mark came toward Mabel again. "Well; and how do you like us all?" he asked, in his impudent, prying manner. Don't you think we are a jolly set of fellows?"

Mabel was going to tell him that she did not like him at all, and that she was very sorry she had made his acquaintance, when he said to her, with a spiteful grin on his face:

"You think you know us all, don't you? Are you aware that you have got to be introduced to our brothers Old English and Italics, to say nothing of Script?"

"I wish you would not tell me unpleasant things by asking me questions about them," said Mabel, growing angry with him.

Just at that moment Miss Prim darted in amongst them again with another ruler, and set them scampering in every direction once more. Even W was knocked over this time, and &c. received such a thump in his back that he forgot to cry, and ran away as fast as his legs could carry him. When Miss Prim had beaten them as long as she could, she chased them before her with her apron as if they were a brood of chickens, and they all ran out of the arbor followed by her, tumbling over each other and picking themselves up as well as they could.

Mabel laughed so heartily that she almost cried. Then she suddenly found out she was sitting on the bench, and could not tell how she got there; because, a moment before, she was standing in the middle of the arbor talking with O and Interrogation Mark. She was greatly puzzled, but was so full of what she had seen that she did not think any more of how she came to be sitting down again. She hurried away to learn what had become of Miss Prim and the letters, but saw no trace of any of them. She then went into the house and spoke to Miss Prim about it, but her governess laughed at her and said she knew nothing about it. Mabel was sorry for that, because she did not think Miss Prim would be guilty of doing so mean a thing as telling a falsehood. If she would tell her a story about such a matter, how could she depend upon her in her spelling lessons?

Everybody told her that she had been dreaming; but she knew better than that, for she had spoken to them, especially O and &c. She found them all in her book again; but though she questioned them frequently, they took no notice of her. In spite of that, nothing could convince her that it had not all happened just as she told of it. But she never saw them again, though she often went into the arbor and waited for them to come. And this added to Mabel's troubles.

FRIENDS.
BY
L.G. WARNER

NORTH WIND came whistling through the wood
Where the tender, sweet things grew—
The tall, fair ferns and the maiden's-hair,
And the gentle gentians blue.
"It's very cold—are we growing old?"
They sighed, "What shall we do?"

The sigh went up to the loving leaves,—
"We must help," they whispered low.
"They are frightened and weak, oh brave old trees!
But we love you well, you know."
And the trees said, "We are strong—make haste!
Down to the darlings go."

So the leaves went floating, floating down,
All yellow and brown and red,
And the frail little trembling, thankful things
Lay still, and were comforted.
And the blue sky smiled through the bare old trees
Down on their safe, warm bed.

THE SONG OF THE CANARY.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

IT was time to sow the seeds in the flower-garden. So the gardener brought out the seed-box and set it upon the grass-plot, while he put on his thinking-cap for a few minutes.

Each kind of seed lived in a little paper house by itself, with its name plainly printed on the front-door, for the seeds of one family are never allowed to associate with those of other families as long as they are nothing but seeds. After they grow to be plants and flowers it's quite another thing. Then they are old enough and big enough to choose their own companions, and if the poppies see fit to nod to the marigolds, and the morning glories to throw kisses to the geraniums, it is nobody's business but their own.

Well, in one of these paper houses (by the by, girls and boys call them small envelopes, but then girls and boys don't know what they're talking about half the time) had lived the lady-slipper seeds all the long, cheerless winter.

"Oh, dear, is n't this fine!" they all said to each other as the gardener, dropping his thinking-cap, lifted them out of the box, "is n't this fine! We're going to see the world at last." And they rolled over and over each other in perfect delight.

The gardener carried them to the nice, smooth flower-bed, tore off the roof of their house and laid it upon the fresh brown earth, while he began loosening the ground a little with his rake.

The lady-slipper seeds crowded to the place where the roof of their house used to be, and peeped out.

Then they all commenced whispering together as fast as they could: "Oh! how lovely! Here's everything the canary sung about this morning—the great trees nearly touching the sky, the tall green grass, the birds singing, and—(don't crowd and push so). And oh! oh! oh! are we going to live here always, and do nothing but lie in the warm sunshine and listen to the birds sing?—(don't crowd and push so)—and——"

Before they could say another word, the gardener took up the paper house, and, pouring some of the seeds into the palm of his hand, scattered them on the ground, and began raking the dirt over them.

Those left behind commenced talking again, this time not so fast, but in a low, frightened whisper: "O dear!"—(such a different "O dear!" from the

first one)—"what has he done with our brothers and sisters? Shall we never see them again? And will he cover us up in the ground too? It is dreadful to think of—better a thousand times be back in the seed-box, listening to the song of the canary."

"Be quiet a moment, do, dear ones," said a wee brown seed, "and listen to me. Have you all forgotten the last song we heard the canary sing?"

'First a seed so tiny,
Hidden from the sight;
Then two pretty leaflets
Struggling toward the light;
Soon a bud appearing,
Turns into a flower,
Kissed by golden sunshine,
Washed by silver shower,
Growing sweeter, sweeter,
Ev'ry happy hour!"

"Kissed by golden sunshine,
Washed by silver shower,"

echoed the others. "That was the song, sure enough. Can we believe it?"

"The songs of the birds are *always* true," said the wee seed, "for they are taught to them by the angels."

"We do believe—we do believe," cried the others, hopefully. "We are no longer afraid, though the gardener *is* coming. He will put us in the dark ground, but we shall come up again, no longer seeds but green leaves, buds and flowers."

But one little seed that had said nothing all this time now hid itself away in a corner, saying: "I'm not going into the ground." And when the others rolled merrily out into the gardener's hand the paper house fluttered away with her in it to a short distance from the flower-bed, and fell on the ground between two cold grey stones.

Nearly two weeks went by, and the lonely seed, looking toward the spot where the lady-slippers had been sown, one warm summer morning, beheld rows on rows of bright green leaves peeping out of the ground and heard them saying gaily to each other: "Well met, brother." "Good day, sister." "How pleasant it is to be in the air and sunshine once more."

But no one saw or spoke to her, poor little thing! Time went on, and the plants grew larger and stronger, and at last came pretty, tender buds, which soon unfolded into fragrant flowers of every beautiful hue, and the sun, wind, rain and dew

loved them dearly, and the bees, birds and butterflies thought them the sweetest things on earth.

As for the lonely little seed, it lived a dreary, friendless life between the two cold grey stones, and every day it said to itself, over and over again:

"Oh! would that I, too, had had faith in the

song of the canary, then should I have been beautiful and beloved with my brothers and sisters—

'Kissed by golden sunshine,
Washed by silver shower,
Growing sweeter—sweeter
Ev'ry happy hour!'"

THE BOY ASTRONOMER.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

[Our readers, especially those who have read the article on the coming Transit of Venus, in the November number of ST. NICHOLAS, will, we think, be interested in the following true account of the boy astronomer who watched a transit of Venus just two hundred and thirty-five years ago.]

THE first transit of Venus ever seen by a human eye was predicted by a boy, and was observed by that boy just as he reached the age of manhood. His name was Jeremiah Horrox. We have a somewhat wonderful story to tell you about this boy.

He lived in an obscure village near Liverpool, England. He was a lover of books of science, and before he reached the age of eighteen he had mastered the astronomical knowledge of the day. He studied the problems of Kepler, and he made the discovery that the tables of Kepler indicated the near approach of the period of the transit of Venus across the sun's center. This was about the year 1635.

Often on midsummer nights the boy Horrox might have been seen in the fields watching the planet Venus. The desire sprung up within him to see the transit of the beautiful planet across the disc of the sun, for it was a sight that no eye had ever seen, and one that would tend to solve some of the greatest problems ever presented to the mind of an astronomer. So the boy began to examine the astronomical tables of Kepler, and by their aid endeavored to demonstrate at what time the next transit would occur. He found an error in the tables, and then he, being the first of all astronomers to make the precise calculation, discovered the exact date when the next transit would take place.

He told his secret to one intimate friend, a boy who, like himself, loved science. The young astronomer then awaited the event which he had predicted for a number of years, never seeing the loved planet in the shaded evening sky without dreaming

of the day when the transit should fulfill the beautiful vision he carried continually in his mind.

The memorable year came at last—1639. The predicted day of the transit came, too, at the end of the year. It was Sunday. It found Horrox, the boy astronomer, now just past twenty years of age, intently watching a sheet of paper in a private room, on which lay the sun's reflected image. Over this reflection of the sun's disc on the paper he expected, moment by moment, to see the planet pass like a moving spot or a shadow.

Suddenly, the church-bells rang. He was a very religious youth, and was accustomed to heed the church-bells as a call from Heaven. The paper still was spotless; no shadow broke the outer edge of the sun's luminous circle.

Still the church-bells rang. Should he go? A cloud might hide the sun before his return, and the expected disclosure be lost for a century.

But Horrox said to himself: "I must not neglect the worship of the Creator, to see the wonderful things the Creator has made."

So he left the reflected image of the sun on the paper, and went to the sanctuary.

When he returned from the service, he hurried to the room. The sun was still shining, and there, like a shadow on the bright circle on the paper, was the image of the planet Venus! It crept slowly along the bright center, like the finger of the Invisible. Then the boy astronomer knew that the great problems of astronomy were correct, and the thought filled his pure heart with religious joy.

Horrox died at the age of twenty-two. Nearly one hundred and thirty years afterward, Venus was again seen crossing the sun. The whole astronomical world was then interested in the event, and expeditions of observation were fitted out by the principal European Governments. It was observed in this country by David Rittenhouse, who fainted when he saw the vision.

THE COMANCHES' TRAIL.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH COZZENS.

"WHAT is it, Jim?" I inquired of our guide, whom I saw suddenly pause a short distance in advance of me, and then dismount from his horse, as if for the purpose of more thoroughly examining the ground.

"It's a fresh Comanche trail," replied Jim, "made since sunrise, and headed toward the river, too."

Riding up, I dismounted, and, kneeling upon

there? Now, if them spears of grass had been trod down afore sunrise, you'd a-found little particles of sand a-clingin' to 'em; but, yer see, they're as clean as a whistle, which shows that they was made after the dew dried off. As to 'their bein' Comanches, the print of this moccasin shows that plain enough; an' it's fair to reckon they're on the war-path, cause they haint got their families with 'em."



A COMANCHE FAMILY TRAVELING.

the ground, closely examined the tracks before me, while Jim continued, looking around him:

"They're on the war-path, too, sure's shootin'."

As I could discover nothing myself but the tracks made by a number of unshod horses' feet, which had apparently followed one another in single file over the prairie, leaving a long, sinuous, snake-like trail behind them, I said:

"I can certainly see the tracks plainly enough; but how do you know that they were made since sunrise by a party of Comanches who are on the war-path?"

"Yer see them spears of grass?" replied Jim. "Wall, there was a heavy dew last night, war n't

"But how do you know their families are not with them?" interrupted I.

"Because there aint no signs of their lodge-poles. Yer see," explained Jim, "Injuns alus carry their lodge-poles when their families travel with 'em; an' as they fasten 'em to the sides of their horses, the ends drag on the ground, leavin' a mark behind 'em; an' as there aint no mark here, it's plain they're travelin' without 'em, and that's a pretty sartin sign they're on the war-path."

"If such is the case, what had we better do, Jim?" inquired I.

"Do? Why, there aint but one thing to do,

an' that is to look out for 'em. If they surprise us now, 't will be our own fault," replied Jim.

"Can you tell how many there are in the party?" asked I.

"There's ten or a dozen of 'em, anyway," responded the guide, curtly.

"Then it's very evident we don't want to encounter them, and had better keep out of their sight," said I.

"Bless your soul," responded Jim, "do you suppose they a'n't seen us? Why, ten to one, they're lookin' at us this very minute, and know our movements as well as we do ourselves."

"How looking at us? There is n't a creature of any kind in sight except our own party," continued I, closely scanning the country with my glasses.

"Wal, we can see nobody, that 's sartin; but for all that, you may depend upon it they've seen us, for the Comanches never travel without having some one on the watch. That's the reason Injun trails alwuz cross the highest ground, instead of followin' the valleys. Yer see this trail heads for that high *mesa* there; and more 'n as likely as not, there 's an Injun lyin' in the grass up there, a-watchin' ev'ry movement we make—or, at any rate, it 's safe to calculate there is."

Now, this was anything but pleasant news for me, who had hoped to reach the Rio Grande, whither we were bound, without meeting any of the bands of hostile Indians with which Western Texas at that time swarmed.

I had been a resident of Texas some years, and had recently been induced by some newly-arrived friends from the East to embark with them in the enterprise of stocking a ranche situated upon the head-waters of the Guadalupe River; and, for the purpose of procuring the necessary animals to start it, we had decided upon a trip into Mexico, crossing the Rio Grande at or near Eagle Pass.

We had procured the services of Jim Davis, one of Ben McCullough's celebrated band of Texan rangers, to accompany us as scout or guide. We had left San Antonio five days before, and, at the time my story opens, were crossing the country lying between Fort Inge and the Rio Grande, still a four days' journey distant.

Being the only one of the party, except the guide, who had had any experience upon the plains, the information just received was anything but pleasant, for I felt a good deal of anxiety as to what might ensue if we were attacked.

The remainder of our party, with the pack-mules, having by this time overtaken us, Jim and myself rode along in silence, keeping a sharp lookout, but seeing nothing to alarm us.

We had left the recently-discovered trail far to

the south, and I was congratulating myself upon our fortunate escape, when, suddenly, Jim called my attention to a dark object upon the top of a hill some distance in advance of us.

I gave it a cursory glance, and said: "Well, what is it?"

"An Injun on hossback," was the short, positive answer.

I immediately brought my glasses to bear, and could distinctly see that it was indeed an Indian, sitting upon his horse as motionless as a statue.

"What can he be doing there?" was my inquiry.

"I reckon from the feller's position he wants us to understand he's friendly, and perhaps he wants to do a little beggin' on his own account, or may be he's a spy or a Lipan," replied Jim. "When we git near enough, I'll ask him who he is."

As we approached, the guide raised his hand, with the palm open outward, and moved it rapidly across and in front of his face several times. This signal was immediately responded to by the Indian, who made a peculiar motion with his hand, similar to that made by a snake in crawling through the grass.

"He 's a Comanche," said the guide. "Yer see," continued he, "all the different tribes have a sign by which they're known. I asked him who he was, and his answer said 'Comanche,' which means 'snake,' and that wrigglin' motion is the sign of their tribe. I 's'pose you call that telegraphin', don't yer?"

Immediately upon the Indian's noticing and answering Jim's signal, he started toward us at a furious pace.

"That does n't look very friendly, does it, Jim?" inquired I, placing my hand upon my revolver.

"Don't touch yer shootin' irons," said Jim; "that 's alwuz their way of meetin' strangers."

By this time, the Indian, making a most graceful circuit, approached to within about thirty feet of us, and then suddenly reined in his horse, and halted.

The guide rode forward and shook hands with him, and, after a few moments' conversation, motioned for us to come forward, when a general handshaking ensued.

This ceremony completed, the guide informed us that the Indian was a messenger from "Chiquito," the chief of a small band of Comanches, now encamped upon the head-waters of the Leona, some four or five miles to the south, and that he professed to be a great friend of the whites, and was desirous that we should visit him at his camp.

I found that my friends were both inclined to go, and so informed the guide that we would be governed by his opinion in the matter.

"Wal," said Jim, "I reckon we may as well go; may be a visit will git the good-will of the old feller—an' it can't hurt us, no how."

At a motion from the Indian, we started, and, after riding some distance, came to a magnificent grove of pecan-trees; passing through which, we came in sight of the camp, a group of conical huts (instead of the usual skin lodge), constructed of poles set in the ground and bent over to a common center at the top, which framework was wattled with bunches of long *tulle* and grass.

When we first saw them there appeared to be an angry discussion going on between a dozen or more of the Indians, one of whom, a large and powerfully-built Indian, about fifty years of age, the guide informed me, was Chiquito, their chief. He was dressed in a tight-fitting jacket, with leggings and moccasins, from each outer seam of which there was suspended a long, loose fringe. Upon his head was a close-fitting cap of bearskin, covered with a profusion of eagles' feathers, so arranged as to stand erect in a circle over the top of his head. His face, from which every particle of hair had been carefully eradicated, was striped in an odd and fantastic manner with different-colored pigments, in which white and yellow largely predominated; the place usually occupied by the eyebrows and lashes being painted a bright vermilion.

Around his neck hung two necklaces; one made of bears' toes, eagles' claws and deer hoofs; the other of brass balls, such as are sometimes used to tip the horns of cattle, and two similar ones hung pendent from his ears. Over his shoulders, and sweeping the ground, in regal style, was carelessly flung a large buffalo rug, gaudily painted and embroidered with beads and porcupine quills, while in a belt around his waist hung a singular-looking hatchet, or tomahawk. In his right hand he held the usual Comanche spear.

The balance of the group were also arrayed in gaudy rugs and fancy "stroudings," which, with their grotesquely-painted faces, gave them a most hideous appearance.

The entire party wore their hair long and flowing over their shoulders, while each carried in his hand an ugly-looking spear.

As we approached them Chiquito stepped for-

ward, and extending a hand ornamented with finger-nails an inch long, grunted out, in execrable Spanish, "*Mi Chiquito, bueno amigo*," or, "I am Chiquito, a good friend."

We all dismounted, and, after shaking hands with each one, seated ourselves upon the grass, and the guide then informed Chiquito that we had visited



THE CHIEF, CHIKUITO.

him at his request, and desired to know his pleasure. The chief gave us to understand that, notwithstanding he had always been friendly to the whites, he was very poor, and required many things to make him comfortable, such as blankets, tobacco, with fire-arms to shoot game, and particularly powder and shot, and anything else we had to spare.

While this modest demand was being made the braves gathered around us, persisting in making

the most minute examination of our dress, fire-arms, equipments and baggage, evincing their satisfaction at what they saw by a series of grunts, at the same time manifesting a decided disposition to appropriate any articles that particularly struck their fancy. They even cut some of the buttons off of poor Griffith's coat.

Jim informed Chiquito that we were a party traveling for pleasure, and had nothing whatever with us to spare, except powder and balls to our enemies; and as he utterly refused to present the chief with anything save one blanket, we all arose, and bidding the Indians "*buenos dios*," we made the best of our way out of camp.

Again on the road, I asked Jim if it was not singular that the Indians did not include whisky in their demands, and was told by him that the Comanches were an exceedingly temperate tribe, it being rare to find one of them who drank intoxicating liquor.

"We a'n't a-goin' to git off scot-free though; see ef we do," remarked Jim. "We shall hev trouble with them varmints yet, sure 's shootin'! Old Chiquito looked blacker 'n a thunder-cloud when I told him we had n't got nothin' for him. Injuns is sarpents, any how; and we shall see what we shall."

We encamped that night at Elm Creek, about half-way between Fort Inge and the Rio Grande, and had hardly been on the road a half hour the next morning when we discovered a party of Indians riding furiously toward us, evidently with hostile intent. We hastily rode to the summit of a small hill, and, dismounting, waited, rifles in hand, for the attack.

The country was an open, rolling prairie, especially well adapted for the manœuvring of their horses. As they approached we could count ten in the party, armed with bows and arrows, as well as spears; but as each of us was armed with a rifle, we felt that we need not fear their superiority of numbers.

I could not but admire the daring bravery with which they came thundering over the turf toward us, each man sitting erect and as firm in his saddle as though a part of the animal he rode. Their faces, breasts and arms were striped with yellow and black paint, presenting a singular contrast to the gaudy trappings of their horses and the bright colors of their "stroudings."

When within easy range, Jim gave the word, and the next instant four rifles belched forth their flame and smoke, when, as if by a stroke of a necromancer's wand, every Indian disappeared from our sight as the terrible Comanche war-whoop smote upon our ears, sounding like the yell of so many fiends, and, in spite of our best endeavors,

almost curdling the blood in our veins, while a flight of arrows fell around us, slightly wounding one of our horses. Another volley from our rifles, followed by another shower of arrows, accompanied by the most demoniacal yells and screeches, so startled and frightened our animals that it was with the greatest difficulty that we kept them from breaking loose and stampeding over the plain.

While the apparently riderless horses of the Comanches were circling around us, each circuit bringing them nearer and nearer, Jim raised his rifle and fired. I saw one of their horses stumble and fall to the ground, and a moment after, its rider leap hurriedly up and as suddenly disappear just as a third flight of arrows assailed us from beneath their horses' necks.

"Them 's what they're after," said Jim; as, in spite of our best exertions, two of our animals succeeded in breaking loose and dashed madly over the plain, followed by the entire party of Comanches, yelling and screeching after them like so many demons.

"Wal," exclaimed the guide, "the Injuns is gone, an' so be the horses! We'll have ter ride an' tie between here an' the Grande, sure 's shoot-in'."

"Can't we follow them and get the animals back?" asked Blossom.

"Foller 'em! We might as well foller a streak of greased lightnin'," said Jim. "We may thank our stars that we've got off as well as we have, and let well enough alone. I would n't 'a give five cents for our chance when I seed them fellers comin' down on us so; ten to four 's a good many, when the four has their animals to look out for. I knew we could n't fight 'em on hossback, 'cause, yer see, them fellers is the best hossmen in the world. Did n't yer see how they dropped on to the sides of their hosses an' fired from under their necks? I've seen a dozen of 'em fight all day that way, and there 's no way of touchin' 'em without fust killin' their hosses. Come, Jedge, let's go and look at that critter out there; I've a notion I've seen him afore."

We walked out to where the animal lay, and recognized it at once as the horse ridden by Chiquito's messenger, thus removing any doubts that might have existed relative to Chiquito's friendship for the whites.

We deemed it advisable to return to where we were encamped the night previous, as the loss of our animals would require us to travel so slowly it would be impossible to reach water that night. Before we had been in camp two hours we descried, slowly winding over the plain from the direction of the river, the white tops of six wagons, which proved to be a Government train in charge of

Lieut. Holabird, *en route* from Fort Duncan to Fort Inge for commissary stores. Of course we were greatly delighted to see the soldiers, for although we did not expect to be attacked again by Chiquito's Indians, it would be well for us to have a little military support if they should conclude to come after our two remaining horses.

The Lieutenant treated us very kindly, and, as he found he could spare a horse or two, he very generously loaned us a couple of animals to enable

us to resume our journey. After we had been thus reinforced and encouraged, we parted from our new-found friends and reached the Rio Grande on the afternoon of the second day.

Three weeks later, upon our return to the river from the interior with the stock we had purchased, we learned that Chiquito's braves had been severely punished by a party sent out from Fort Duncan for that purpose; news that we were not very sorry to hear.



BREAKFAST-TIME.

THE FOREST FAMILY.

(Adapted from the Swedish by SELMA BORG and MARIE A. BROWN, the translators of the "*Schwartz*" and "*Topelius*" novels.)

PERHAPS you think of a pretty wild pigeon with her young, an "ungrateful cuckoo" in his stolen nest, or a pair of nightingales, with their sons and daughters; or may be a profuse fern-family which spreads itself in all directions, seeming to say to the passer-by, "I am like a palm-tree—only hand-somer. I have a crown at the top and a little 'fortune-teller' at the root. Look at me with reverence!"

No, my reader, I mean none of all these when I speak of my little family in the woods. It consisted of a poor peasant's widow, her four children and her old mother. Their log-cabin was built at the edge of the wood, and was small and unpretending, like most of such homes, only it had always been large enough to contain their happiness. But at the time I take you there it had a sombre appearance, though the sun shone through the low windows and nature all around was arrayed in blooming holiday attire. In the middle of the floor, on two wooden chairs, stood a coffin, in which the children's father had been laid to his last rest. The simple shroud was completely covered with flowers, made of gilt paper. Such productions figure on all solemn occasions in the country, though the ground may be strewn with most brilliant flowers.

"Mamsel," who lived at the great mansion, had worked all these paper flowers and given them to little Hanna, who would have run for miles in her bare feet to get them.

Hans Nilsson's limping horse, which was to draw the coffin to the church-yard, had not yet arrived; neither had Sven, the tailor; Ljung, the old corporal; and Korp Pelle, who were the three honored burial guests; so that the family would be a little while longer alone with the dead.

The old grandmother, who had been an invalid for many years, put out her wrinkled face between the threadbare curtains, and then drew it back again with a sigh. "Mother" herself went back and forth between the kitchen and the *stuga*, or common-room, busy with the "treats;" for the guests were to have what the house could afford, which was little enough. She did not weep, but one saw in her face that her heart had, as she herself said to grandmother, "got the crack."

At a short distance from the coffin stood the cradle, in which the baby, only a few months old, lay playing with two or three gilt flowers that had been left over from the funeral show.

The two boys—one ten and the other thirteen

years of age—presented a sadly comical appearance as they stood there in their borrowed clothes ready to go to the church-yard. The jacket-sleeves worn by one of them hung far down over his hands, while those of the other did not reach the wrist. Their trousers were rolled up high so as not to catch the dust on the road, and the shoes—stuffed at the toes with straw—threatened at every step to remain behind as a lost receipt for the borrowed apparel.

But then came the horse and the hay-wagon and the three funeral guests. Then all partook of refreshment, after which the coffin-cover was screwed on. Mother meanwhile turned her face toward the window, looking out on the meadow. Only a neighboring rose-bush saw her lonely tear.

The only person who sobbed aloud was little Hanna; and when the coffin was at last carried out she followed close at the heels of the brothers, now looking with tear-drowned eyes at the object of their sorrow, and then hiding her face in the little narrow hempen apron.

Grandmother drew the curtains together, and kept them so all that day, and "mother" seated herself in silence by the baby, leaning her pale face against the cradle. Not a word was exchanged between the two women during the two hours of the boys' absence. When the mother rose to meet them on their return a nervous quiver passed over her lips; but she was unable to speak. She could only put her hands on the heads of her sons.

"Father rests in peace," said the oldest. "The large chestnut-tree shades the grave."

This was like a greeting from the dead one; so it seemed to the mother. And for the first time she burst into tears.

"Don't cry so hard, mother," said Marten, in a comforting way. "Have you not me left? Don't you know that I'd rather perish than allow you to suffer for the want of anything? I tell you, mother, when the coffin was lowered into the grave I thought I had all at once become many years older, and it was as if I had heard father's own voice saying to me, 'Now, Marten, you shall take my place at home.'"

"And then you have me too!" joined in the younger boy, Nisse, straightening his figure. "I'll tell you, mother, that one day I beat Jon Persson's Ola so that every one of his joints cracked; and he is fourteen. Don't you believe that I can work? I tell you that I can."

"And I will pick berries, and sell them at the

great mansion," said little Hanna, peeping out with her tear-stained face. "You shall see, mother, that I will try to do something too!"

The mother's heart overflowed, but she did not do as many mothers would have done—fold the children in her arms and kiss them. She only looked at them mildly, and said:

"You mean it all; may God give you the strength."

The next morning at six o'clock, just as the servant-girls were the busiest in the kitchen of the great mansion, a little barefooted boy entered.

"Why, there is Löfhulta Nisse!" exclaimed the cook. "What do you want?"

"I wish to speak with the 'patron.'"

"He is n't up so early as this."

"May be you 'll let me wait then?"

"Perhaps I can tell him what you want?" asked the housekeeper, in a friendly tone, as she happened to come into the kitchen just as Nisse was speaking.

"No, thank you," replied Nisse. "I've got to speak to him myself."

"It must be something very important," said the cook, in a joking way.

"Important enough for me," answered Nisse, who never seemed to lack a reply.

"Would you like to have something to eat while you wait?"

Nisse made a curious bow, and pushed back his hair from his brow, while his face lighted up amazingly. He had not tasted a mouthful of food that morning.

After a good meal, which relieved the long waiting, Nisse was permitted to go in to the "patron," who was quite a gracious gentleman.

"What is it you want with me, my little boy?"

"I came to ask you, sir, if you would please hire me to cut logs."

"You? Why, you are only a little nine-years old stripling!"

"Ten at next Michaelmas."

"Granted; but that work is a man's job."

"I mean to be a man," answered the boy; and looked the "patron" straight in the face.

"I must say — However, I will let you try to split rails."

"Kind 'patron,' please let me cut logs."

"Boy, you are out of your mind. You have not strength enough for such a job."

"Only let me try, sir."

"Why do you insist upon doing just that work?"

"Because I can earn more by it."

"Are you greedy too?"

"No, I don't think so; but father was buried yesterday, and Marten and I are now going to take care of the house."

The "patron" was silent for a moment. There was a slight quiver of his eyelashes and the corners of his mouth.

"Ah! you are Löfhulta Nisse; now I understand. You are of the right stock, my boy. Go and cut your logs, but don't cut off your feet, for that would be a great misfortune to you."

"Thanks a thousand times," replied Nisse in a breath, and made the best bow of which he was capable.

When the evening came, Nisse had cut, not a cord, but a large pile of wood, and he had done it well too. His face was beaming.

"Now, you see, sir, yourself," said he to the "patron."

"Yes, I see; but one fly does not make a summer. To-morrow you will be tired out, and unable to come back."

"You will see, sir," replied the boy.

"And you have not been cutting yourself?" inquired the "patron," patting him on the head.

"No, sir; my feet are yet in their place."

"And so is your head, I perceive. You are welcome back to-morrow, little 'family-father'!"

No king who has conquered an empire could feel the justifiable pride that Nisse experienced when he, with twelve shillings* in his hand—the fruit of his first day's labor—came running home, red with heat, to his mother's cottage.

"What did I tell you, mother?" was his greeting, as he held out to her the shining pieces.

The mother's eyes shone with a peculiar tenderness as she took the coin, and folding it carefully in a piece of paper, placed it on a little shelf, close by the hymn-book and the Sunday silk handkerchief, which last she had received as a present from her husband.

The next morning, and every following morning, precisely at five o'clock, Nisse stood in the yard of the great mansion and began his work.

The little "family-father" had steady employment from that time; so had his elder brother, who was engaged in another direction.

Every Monday morning Nisse brought a hare with him, which his brother had caught, and for which he was well paid.

"Your brother must be a splendid hunter," said the housekeeper to Nisse, one day.

"Not a man in the village can beat him," was Nisse's proud reply. "He never misses the mark!"

But the next winter Nisse had no longer any hares for sale.

"How is that?" inquired the housekeeper.

"Well, you see," answered Nisse, thoughtfully, "he does n't shoot any now."

"But why does n't he shoot any?"

* Old Swedish pennies.

"Because Hanna thinks she is too big a girl to run dog."

"Run dog? What do you mean?"

"Well, you know, she has always acted as a

But man proposes and God disposes. One day the little cottage lay all in a heap of ashes. The accident occurred when Hanna went down to the creek. The baby had managed to play with the

fire and had dropped a coal into the carded wool. Hanna came back just in time to save the old grandmother and the little incendiary, who had thus innocently caused the poor family so much trouble.

They were allowed to stay over a month in a vacant outhouse belonging to the "patron." This period was a great trial to the widow, as she received just at this juncture less assistance from her two sons, who, contrary to all former habit, now neglected their work. They began later in the morning, left work earlier in the evening, and even Hanna, who had always been obedience itself, began to run away, and was never at hand when she was most needed.

The mother worried first in silence, but at last she made up her mind to speak to her children about this after church the next Sunday.

When this time came, however, the oldest boy asked mother to go with them all to the place where their old cabin had stood.

Why should she not? She thought it providential that she could just on that



GETTING DOWN THE WOOD-SLED.

hunting-dog for us. She barked, and in that way started the hare. We could n't afford to keep a real dog, of course."

And now the family got along quite nicely. The boys brought home their earnings every Saturday evening, and the mother went out to day's work, as she had done before her husband's death. Little Hanna had taken care alternately of grandmother and the baby; and if Hanna went out to earn money, mother could stay at home, rest, spin a little, and see the neighbors now and then, so that everything would be just about right.

spot give vent to her heart's anxiety. But how is this? Does she dream, or is she actually awake? There stand the walls of another cottage, by no means a faultless structure, but in her eyes it seems a palace. In a flash her mother's heart tells her that it was on this work that her children had been spending the time they had apparently wasted. She stretched her hands toward the new cottage, and for the second time since her husband's death she wept, but this time in gladness.

"And you have done all this yourselves?" she finally asked.

"Mother, don't you remember what we promised you when father was buried?" asked Nisse, in an attitude of pride.

"But where did you get strength to do it?"

"A little at a time," explained Marten, brushing away his long light hair from his eyes. "The worst job was to drag the beams from the woods. I don't believe we could have done that if we had not borrowed old Jon's sled."

"And a nice time we had to get it down from behind his house," said Hanna. "Jon's boy had to take Nisse's place in moving the big thing."

"But we don't see where the hearth and the roof are to come from," added Nisse.

These additions were made in their turn, however; for when the "patron" heard what these poor children's love for their mother had inspired them to do, he immediately sent carpenters and masons to finish the cottage.

And here I end my narrative of the little forest-family. It is founded on fact. The restored cottage exists to this day, and the young people who built it are still living,—an honor to the class they belong to, and a life-long joy to their aged mother.

FOURTEEN MONKEYS.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS.

"WHAT do people do on board a man-of-war?"

"Don't you remember I told you the other day there was no more regular life in the world, and that every hour had its fixed employment? Now, for instance, one of mine for a long time, all the way indeed from Java to St. Helena, and a week or two on from the latter place, was to guard my belongings, to prevent their being torn up, cut, burned up, thrown overboard, or hung from the topmast. What do you think of your uncle's respectable trousers hanging from the tiptop of the mainmast?"

"You did n't put them there, Uncle Jack?"

"Do I look like it, Grace? Consider my two hundred pounds, and then ask if I could go up a hundred feet in the air to do any such thing. No, Gracie; Pedro was at the bottom of it all, though he had thirteen assistants in a good deal that he did."

"Now, Uncle Jack, tell the whole. Don't make me all aggravated. Who were the thirteen?"

"They could a tail unfold,—in fact, thirteen tails. In short, Grace, when we left the island of Java, where our ship touched for wood and water, we took with us one hundred and sixty-eight Java sparrows and fourteen monkeys. You know I was in China a year or more, and this was on the way home. Forty of these sparrows were mine, but they were no trouble to me, because my boy did all the care-taking. I had two of the monkeys too; little, delicate, mouse-colored ones, with soft, silky hair. One died very shortly, but the other lived several months, and clung to me like a baby. He would creep under my coat or into a pocket,

and be content to lie there all day if I would let him, and he played like a kitten. Then there was a little cinnamon-colored one which spent a great deal of time with him, and taught him all the wickedness he knew, and their antics together were funny beyond my telling. Poor Cinny came to an untimely end, and you shall hear how.

"You know the captain of a man-of-war messes, that is eats, alone, unless he invites some one specially to share his table, and the steward always takes great pride in having meals handsomely served. The monkeys made him a great deal of trouble, running away with bread, and so on, and generally, to prevent their getting in, he locked the door of the cabin till the captain came. This particular day, the captain had sat down to a beautiful little dinner, and was on the point of beginning when he was called away, and went, leaving the door open. Cinny was on the watch, and sped in, followed by a large black monkey full three feet high, who had had his head and face shaved by the sailors, leaving only mustache and side-whiskers. You can't think what a grim-looking creature it was, with these jet black ornaments against a snow white skin. It gave him a goblin-like, unearthly look. I should n't have cared to meet him in a dark night.

"Well, the two went in, as I said, velvet-footed and silent, and began operations. The lights were all open, as the day was hot, and they threw dish after dish out into the water. Then Cinny took the butter and oiled himself from head to foot, drawing what was left in streaks up and down the table-cloth. The black one in the meantime began

upon the dessert, and ate or threw it on the floor as the mood took him, and in the midst of all the captain returned to find Cinny emptying salt, mustard and so on from the castors into the soup-tureen. They went by him like lightning and up the mast, but this time there was no escape. The captain was furious, and, drawing a pistol, shot them both. They fell into the water,—drowned, of course; and so two ended.

"All sorts of things happened to the eleven survivors. There were two or three sheep on board, for the benefit of the sailors, and their lives were a burden to them. Their tails were pulled, and their wool, by that dreadful eleven; and one day two of the monkeys decided to ride them, and so pinched and kicked and tormented the poor creatures that they leaped from their pen, and then, frightened by the sailors, went over the ship's side, monkeys and all, and were drowned. The sailors wanted to lower a boat, for the poor monkeys swam and cried like children, but we were going too fast, and they were gone before a boat could have reached them.

"So only nine were left, and three of these got at the captain's liquors one day and drank so much wine that they never woke up from the sleep into which they fell.

"Still the six, headed by Pedro, accomplished a fair share of mischief, though he was the master spirit. Against my monkey he had some special grudge, and poor Tito had a hard time. Pedro was big and strong, and principally tail, which means that he could swing farther and from more unexpected places than all the rest put together. He delighted in claspings Tito in his arms, running to the topmast, and then swinging by his tail till Tito screamed. Sometimes he dropped him into the rigging, and Tito caught at ropes'-ends and saved himself, only to be whisked up and tortured again. At last I whipped Pedro whenever he came into my state-room, and it was this which made him hate me so. He would sit just where I could not reach him, and chatter and make faces, growing more and more angry if he thought I did not notice him. He stole my brushes, went off with pens and pencils, hung my clothes on the mainmast; and I declared he must and should be killed."

"Why did n't you kill him, then?" Gracie asked.

"Because he belonged to the first lieutenant, who was taking him home to his little girl. He knew a great many funny tricks, and was good enough with everybody but me; and I locked my door on going out, and guarded against him as well as I could.

"In course of time we came to St. Helena, and lay there for several days. The grave of the Emperor Napoleon is there, as jealously guarded still as if his dust could rise against his old enemies,

and we had some trouble in getting permission to visit it. It came at last though, and we spent a day in going over the old places where his restless soul fretted itself away. All around the grave is a shallow trench, in which the common horseshoe geranium grows profusely, and the sentinel gave us a quantity of slips, together with some from Napoleon's favorite willow. I had a large box filled with earth; planted my slips and made plans as to whom I should give them when I got home. They grew famously; and as we sailed on day after day, their bright, clear green was the most refreshing sight on board that big ship. We counted the weeks that must pass before seeing home,—counted them, and even marked off the days, as they say boarding-school girls do; but after a three years' cruise one gets a little light-headed at the last, and such doings are excusable. I thought how Walter and I would plant the willow and watch its growth; and a willow is very satisfactory in that way, it grows so swiftly.

"The days were burning hot. The sun poured down on the decks, and to breathe at all I had to leave door and port-hole both open. So it happened that one afternoon I went into the captain's room for a few minutes, without closing my door or even thinking of Pedro, who lay on a chair sound asleep. My movement wakened him; he saw his chance and darted in, and I went back to see the last one of those precious slips flying through the port-hole. Yes, Gracie, not one left!

"What did I do? What could I do, but go to the lieutenant and tell him somebody must shoot that monkey, and if he did n't I would? I cooled down after awhile, though. The worst he could do was done. He had a conscience too, such as it was, and never met my eye after that. And judgment overtook him at last. The steward had spread phosphorus paste, for killing roaches, on some bread and butter, and laid it about. Pedro at once lunched upon all he could find, and, before anybody knew what was the matter, died. Three of the little ones sickened, and, at last, when we came into port, only three of the fourteen remained.

"I went on shore with my forty sparrows and my Tito, and took a room at the Metropolitan for a few days. The sparrows proved such a nuisance that I sold all but two, and at last came very near getting rid of Tito. The chambermaid announced that the gentleman in "48" had a monkey, and every child in the hotel surrounded my door in the morning. He was a beauty, and I showed him off with great satisfaction.

"Then I started for Maine and home, but the journey was the most embarrassing one I ever took. People asked if I owned a menagerie, for I had added a cage of white mice for Walter. Tito went

wherever I did; and at the stations where we stopped ten minutes for refreshments, the whole business was suspended, while waiters and newsboys and baggagemen and even the engineer and firemen crowded around. To this day, he draws all the children of Farmington around your Aunt Mary's window. You'll see him this summer,

Grace, and then you'll fall in love too. I should be quite willing to have had him for an ancestor."

"I would n't," said Grace. "I heard you and papa talking, and I know better. 'Tis n't so at all. I guess God could make monkeys, and men too, and not have to have one grow out of the other. Now, Uncle Jack, let's go into the garden."

AFRICAN FASHIONS.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

WHO would suppose that a wild African, whose only dress is a piece of skin, would trouble himself about fashions?

To be sure, he feels no interest in the style of coats or hats, but he is just as much absorbed in the great business of adorning himself as though he followed the fashions of Paris. Curious styles he has too, as a German traveler has lately told us.

To begin with, the hair is the object of his greatest care. Its training begins in the cradle,—or would if he had a cradle,—when it is tortured into some extraordinary form, and kept there by means of gum-arabic and ashes, till after long years it will retain the shape of itself. Sometimes it is like a cockscorn, and sometimes like a fan. One poor baby's hair will be trained, so that in time it will stand up in rolls over the head, like the ridges on a melon, while another's is taught to stand out like the rays of the sun, as usually represented in pictures. With some Africans, part of it hangs down in braids or twists, like the one in the picture, and the rest is laid up in monstrous puffs on each side of the head. But the drollest one of all is made to look like the glory around the head of a saint—in pictures. The hair is taken in single locks, stretched out to its greatest length, and fastened at the ends to a hoop. The hoop is held in place by strong wires, and its edge ornamented with small shells. The effect is very comical.

In most of these wonderful arrangements the hair is parted in the middle (I wonder if our young gentlemen imported that style from Africa), and is kept in place by plenty of gum and ashes, or clay.

All this elaborate hair-dressing is on the heads of the men. The women of the country wear their hair in the simplest manner, perhaps for the reason that the wife does the cooking, cultivates the land, adorns the body of her husband with paint, and

dresses his hair, which must be enough to keep her time well occupied.

His hair once dressed, this African dandy turns his mind to the further decoration of his body. First he rubs his shining skin with a mixture of grease and ashes, or powdered wood of a red color, puts on his one scanty garment, made of the skin of some animal, or of bark, occasionally trimmed with the long black tail of a monkey or other animal, and then he is ready for his ornaments.

Across his forehead, just under the edge of his hair, like a fringe, he hangs a string of teeth. They may be teeth of dogs, or other animals, or, if he is a great warrior, of his human victims.

Next he adorns his breast with an ornament made of ivory, cut to resemble lions' teeth, and spread out in star-shape. Around his neck he hangs several necklaces made of strips of skin cut from the hippopotamus, and finishes up with paint in various styles; dots, or stripes, or zigzags, squares like a checker-board, or marbled all over.

That is "full-dress" for a Niam-Niam in the centre of Africa.

The dress of the king is a little more elaborate. On the top of his wonderfully dressed hair he wears a hat, a foot and a-half high, made of reeds, shaped like a piece of stove-pipe, covered with red feathers, and finished off at top with plumes of the same. But of course that is not enough for a king's head; so he adds to it a great ornament of shining copper, which looks something like half a saucepan, and through a hole in each ear he thrusts a bar of copper as big as a cigar.

His bracelets and anklets, and necklaces of copper and hippopotamus hide, are too numerous to describe. Around his waist, over his bark garment,—as a sort of sash,—he wears a strip of buffalo hide, tied in large loops, and furnished with great

balls of copper at the ends. His most costly ornament is made of more than three hundred lions' fangs.

This king, by the way, is a very important personage. All that he has touched is sacred. No one can see him eat, nor touch anything he has left. It is high treason, punished with death, to light a pipe with coals from his fire.

The women of the Niam-Niam dress mostly in



AN AFRICAN DANDY.

figured patterns made on the skin by a black liquid. There is no end to the variety of styles,—stars and crosses, bees and flowers, stripes and dots, squares and circles,—and at grand festivals there is great strife to get new and striking designs. A dress of this sort lasts three days, and is then rubbed off, and a new one put on. Her bracelets and anklets are usually made of twisted grass or reeds, though sometimes she will go to the extravagance of hanging the tail of a cow or some other animal to

her girdle. Her baby she carries in a scarf, which she wears around her waist; and her duties, as I said before, are very numerous.

There are other curious things about these people, besides their dress. Their houses have walls of clay or reeds, and sharp-pointed roofs of straw. The furniture consists mainly of wooden platters and stools, which are colored black by long burial in the mud, and their only light is a burning pine-knot.

Before the house is usually a post, on which are hung the trophies of the hunt, such as horns of antelopes, skulls of animals and men, and, horrible to say, dried hands and feet. These proclaim to the world how great a warrior is the owner, and, in part, answer the purposes that fine houses and clothes do with us.

When a Niam-Niam pays a visit to his neighbor he carries his own stool to sit on, and when he goes into mourning for a friend he shaves his head, and scatters his precious braids, twists and puffs to the wind, which certainly shows sincere grief on his part.

When two friends meet they do not shake hands, but they join their middle fingers in such a way that the joints crack, while they nod at each other, more as if in disgust—as it looks to a white man—than in friendly greeting.

If they find a hollow tree in which wild bees have laid up honey, they at once smoke the bees stupid, and eat honey, wax, bees, and all. Indeed they eat several things that we would not like. The children in some parts of Africa eat rats and field-mice, which they catch by means of baskets woven in the form of long tubes. They are laid flat on the ground, near the mouse-holes, and then the little savages begin a great noise of stamping, shouting and slapping of hands. The poor little animals are frightened, and run into the traps for safety, and are easily taken. They are then tied by the tails in bunches of a dozen or so, as you have seen children tie cherries, and bartered with each other as choice morsels. Sometimes they use them as baits to catch cats,—roast-cat being a favorite dish. They build small huts of twisted reeds, put the mice in, and cats are attracted to the trap, of course.

The grown people feast on still stranger diet,—such as the bodies of their enemies killed in battle, elephant-meat, dried till it looks like a log of wood, dogs and the termites, or white ants, of which you may have read, and whose immense cone-shaped houses are so common in Africa. You will see on the next page an African destroying one of these houses, no doubt with the purpose of feasting on its inhabitants.

Not only Africans eat those wingless ants, but

even Europeans have been known to delight in them. They are roasted very much as coffee is with us, and considered quite delicious and wholesome. You will notice that these ant-houses are a great deal taller than the man who is attacking them. They are made of clay, every grain of which has been softened by the jaws of the "workers," as certain of the ants are called, and the walls have dried so hard and firm that men could climb over the house without breaking it down.

Our African may have some other feeling besides the hope of a good dinner, in attacking the termites, for he knows the mischief they are capable of doing; they will devour everything that comes in their way unless it is of stone or metal, and their bite often proves very poisonous.

They are so ravenous that if one of them were to fasten upon the naked body of this savage, it would suffer itself to be torn into pieces, rather than loosen its hold.

But he probably wears some "charm" as a protection; for the natives are very superstitious. Like all ignorant savages, they firmly believe in the Evil Eye, and in witches and goblins who live in the woods, and talk together in the rustling noise of the leaves.

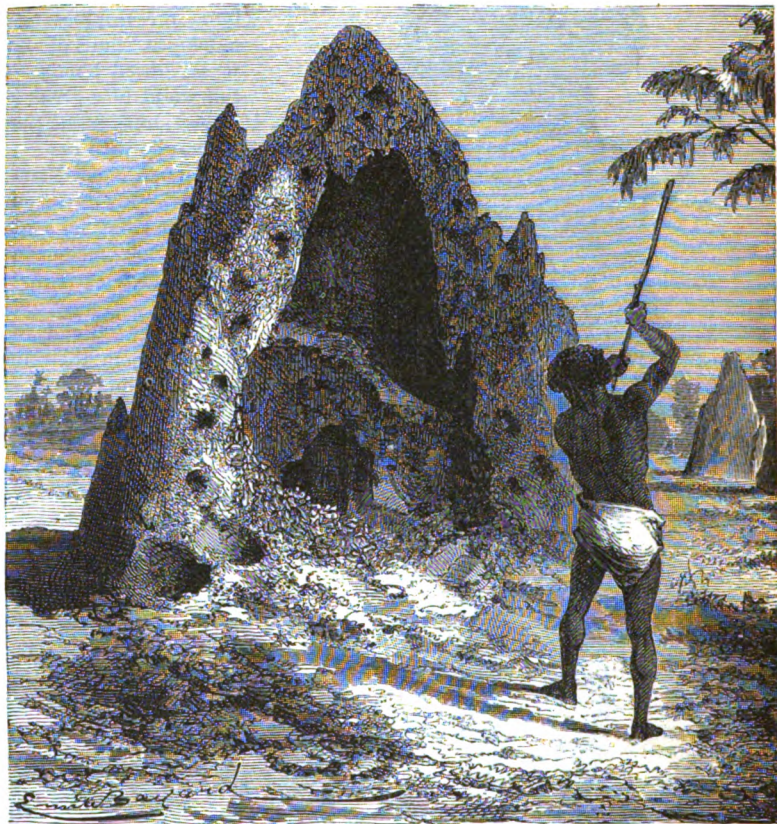
No important thing is begun without consulting certain signs to see if it will be successful. Some of these are very curious. One is to put a few drops of water on a smooth-topped stool, then take a smooth block and rub it across the stool as though to plane it off. If the block moves easily the sign is good; if hard, the sign is bad.

Another trial is to dose some unfortunate hen with a certain greasy liquid. If she dies the sign is bad; if she gets well it is good.

But the hens are not the only sufferers. Another way to try one's luck is to seize a wretched cock, duck him under water many times till he is stiff and senseless, and then leave him alone. The fate

is decided by his recovering or dying. The guilt of any one accused or suspected of crime is tried in the same way, and no one dreams of suspecting one whose signs have shown favorably.

To protect themselves from the danger and loss of fires, they provide no fire-engines and insurance companies, as we do, but hang an amulet made—for those who are Mohammedans—of a few verses of the Khoran, or Mohammedan bible, wrapped in



A NATIVE AFRICAN DESTROYING THE HOUSE OF THE TERMITES, OR WHITE ANTS.

skin, over the door, which must be admitted is a much simpler and cheaper way than ours.

If a horse or donkey is ill he is dosed with raw pork, but a human being has for medicine a few verses of the Khoran, made soft in water.

If a tribe wants to declare war against another, there are suspended on a tree near the borders of their land an ear of corn, a feather from a fowl, and an arrow. The meaning of these dreadful symbols is that whoever touches their corn or poultry will be punished by arrows.

I don't suppose you feel much admiration for these savages, but the opinion is fully returned, for

neither do they think much of you. They believe that if one of their race is unfortunate enough to go into the country of the white men, he is at once caught, put into a cage, and fed like an animal. What do you suppose for? Why, for the sake of his fat, which is used to make a most dreadful poison. I'm really afraid that they judge of our

actions by what they would like to do to us, for alas! many of them are cannibals and quite used to the idea of killing and cooking their fellow-men.

Let us hope that this dreadful state of things will pass away, and that before long they may be taught the error of their ways, and also have good reason to think better of the white man.

FLOWER-GIRLS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

O my little sea-side girl,
 What is in your garden growing?
 "Rock-weeds and tangle-grass,
 With the slow tide coming, going;
 Samphire and marsh-rosemary,
 All along the wet shore creeping;
 Sandwort, beach-peas, pimpernel,
 Out of nooks and corners peeping."

O my little prairie girl,
 What's in bloom among your grasses?
 "Spring-beauties, painted-cups,
 Flushing when the south wind passes;
 Beds of rose-pink centaury;
 Compass-flowers to northward turning;
 Larkspur, orange-gold puccoon;
 Leagues of lilies flame-red burning."

O my little mountain girl,
 Have you anything to gather?
 "White everlasting-bloom,
 Not afraid of wind or weather;
 Sweet-brier, leaning on the crag
 That the lady-fern hides under;
 Harebells, violets white and blue;
 Who has sweeter flowers, I wonder?"

O my little maidens three,
 I will lay your pretty posies—
 Sea-scented, cloud-bedewed,
 Prairie grasses, mountain roses—
 On a bed of shells and moss.
 Come and bend your bright heads nearer!
 Though so fair your blossoms are,
 You three human flowers are dearer.

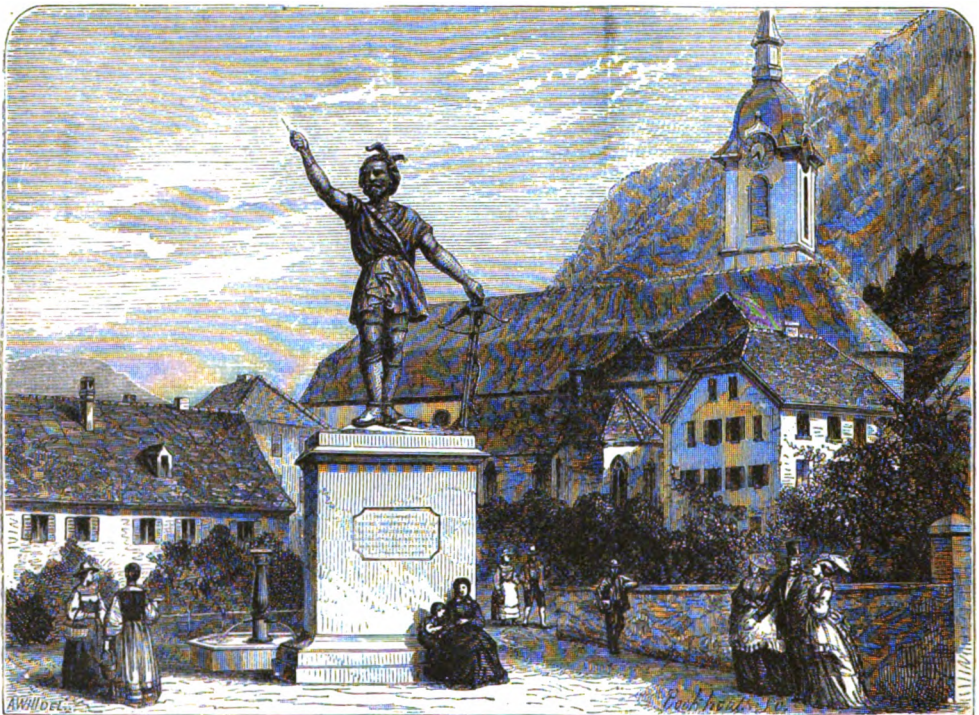
ALTORF AND WILLIAM TELL.

BY EMMA D. SOUTHWICK.

HAVE all the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls heard of William Tell? And if they have, do they know where he lived when he shot the apple from his son's head? Perhaps some of you are ready to exclaim, "Oh yes! we know it was in Switzerland;" but yet you may not know much about it, after all.

triot, and loved his liberty and that of his country better than anything else.

The Swiss were then under the rule of Austria; and Rudolph of Hapsburg, the German Emperor, aimed to bring all Europe under his own control. Through him and his sons, fighting was kept up



STATUE OF WILLIAM TELL AT ALTORF. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

Now if you will come with me to Lake Lucerne, we will visit the very place where he played, as a boy, over 500 years ago; and first, at Burglen, about two and a-half miles from the lower end of the lake, we find the spot where he was born. If we go into the little chapel there, known as Tell's Chapel, we shall see rude pictures of scenes in his career, which keep his memory alive among the people. When you are told that he was a farmer, and had charge of the lands connected with a rich abbey, you will no doubt wonder how it happened that one leading such a quiet life should become so famous that people to this day should read about him with interest. It is because he was a true pa-

triot, and loved his liberty and that of his country better than anything else. The Swiss were then under the rule of Austria; and Rudolph of Hapsburg, the German Emperor, aimed to bring all Europe under his own control. Through him and his sons, fighting was kept up for 200 years with Switzerland, in the hope to make it a part of Austria; but the Swiss had determined to become free; and as Tell had married a daughter of Walter Furst, who was a true patriot, he joined with others in opposing Gessler, a tyrant who was placed over them as a Governor, and who, knowing that the people hated Austria, caused poles to be raised in the principal towns, and the Ducal hat of Austria to be hung upon them, commanding that every person who passed should uncover the head, in token of respect for their Governor.

So it happened that one of these poles was planted in Altorf, only a short distance from Tell's home; and going into town one day to market, he passed

the hat without noticing it. This was enough. Tell was arrested and taken before Gessler, who, at first, condemned him to death, but on hearing that he was skillful with his bow, ordered that, to redeem his life, he should shoot an apple from his son's head in the public square of Altorf.

This was a dreadful thing for Tell to attempt, for he might kill his dear little boy; and he begged to be released from it; but there was no escape. Gessler would not change the form of punishment; so at the appointed time Tell stood on the very spot now occupied by the statue which you see in the picture, while, about forty rods from him, the boy was tied to a lime-tree, and the apple placed upon his head.

We are told that the little fellow was so brave and so confident of his father's skill that he inspired him with courage. Then, asking God to direct the arrow for his son's safety, Tell let it fly. Seeing that it pierced the apple, and that his boy was unhurt, he ran to him, caught him in his arms, and in his joy forgot a concealed arrow which he had taken with him, determined to shoot Gessler if the boy fell. When this arrow was seen, and Tell confessed what he had intended to do with it, he was placed in chains, and taken to Flulen (two miles from Altorf), where Gessler's boat lay on the lake. Into this boat the tyrant forced his prisoner, intending to shut him up in the prison-castle of Kusunacht, but they had not gone far when a sudden storm came on, which so startled Gessler that he ordered Tell's chains to be taken off, so that he might manage the boat and take them safely to the shore.

Tell seized the rudder; but for himself, not Gessler; for as the boat neared a projecting headland he sprang ashore and pushed it off into the surf again, then rushing on, he hid in a ravine through which Gessler had to pass on his way to Kusunacht, and shot him with the very arrow that he had set apart for the deed. The spot on the lake shore where he landed is marked by a small chapel, which was consecrated to his memory in 1388, thirty-four years after his death. It is said that one hundred and fourteen persons who knew him were present on the occasion, although some writers are trying to prove now that there never was such a person as William Tell, and that the story of the apple is all a fable. However that may be, the Swiss peasants love the name of Tell so much that they have many statues of him in many of their villages.

Not far from Tell's Chapel, and near the opposite shore, a grand pyramid of rock rises straight from the water. This natural monument has been dedi-

cated by the Swiss to the memory of the German poet Schiller, who wrote a play founded upon the life of William Tell. The rock bears this inscription, in large gilded letters:

DEM SÄNGER TELLS,
FRIEDRICH SCHILLER,
DIE URKANTONE,
1860.

and travelers who visit the spot are impressed with the beautiful thought of these people who grasped this everlasting outgrowth of nature and consecrated it to their hero and his poet.

Every year, the first Sunday after Ascension, the people from all the towns around come to Tell's Chapel in steamers gayly decorated and multitudes of small boats with all the Swiss flags flying. Their bright Swiss costumes and the gay music make it a lively scene indeed. The bishops and priests come too, and spend some time in services here.

Then they go on a little farther, and stop at Rütli, on the opposite shore—a pretty green meadow enclosed, except on the water side, by a steep mountain, which rises nearly seven hundred feet above the lake; for here, one dark night in November, 1307, thirty-three men, real patriots, met, and bound themselves by an oath to fight for the freedom of their native land. Three fountains now mark the places where they believe the leaders stood. Here the peasants gather and “drink healths” from the waters, and towards night go on to Altorf, where the people are ready to receive them with streamers and mottoes waving from their windows; arches and wreaths span the streets, and young people in groups sing songs of welcome. Ah! such crowds as fill this little ancient town on that day! Why, they really seem to bring the queer old houses and narrow streets to life. And around this great statue, which was presented to Altorf by the riflemen of Zurich, they hold their grand festivities, while in the church which you see near by, masses are said. Here the people attend in vast crowds. They do not forget, either, the spot where the boy stood. Although the lime-tree died long ago, a fountain stands in its place. An old tower near by bears on its sides paintings of the “Flight of the Arrow,” “Tell's Leap from the Boat,” and the “Death of Gessler.” Here fathers and mothers tell the old story again and again to their little ones. My story is growing long, but I think I hear some bright boy saying, “Please don't stop till you tell us if the Swiss patriots *did* make their country free.” And I answer, yes. Two hundred years after the meeting at Rütli the whole of Switzerland was independent of Germany, and free it has been ever since.



TO OBLIGE A FRIEND.

DID you ever hear this old story?

There was a monkey and a cat; and the cat was kind and the monkey was cunning.

“Madam,” said the monkey, one day, “do you notice those chestnuts that have been left wasting on the fire?”

"Yes, I see them," said the cat.

"Don't you like chestnuts?" asked the monkey.

"Never eat 'em," replied Mrs. Cat.

"Curious!" remarked the monkey, "very curious; for I dote on them. I wish I could get one or two of those. They are just done. See how beautifully they have cracked open! The two or three on the coals in front; I mean. Would you mind handing them to me?"

"Of course I would n't," said the cat, "if they were not on the fire."

"Oh! If you are going to be disagreeable about it," said the monkey, "I don't want to say anything more on the subject."

"I did n't intend to be disagreeable at all," said the cat. "I only did not want to burn my paws."

"I suppose you would rather I would burn mine," said the monkey.

"Not at all," said the cat. "I don't want to disoblige you, I'm sure. Perhaps I can get one or two for you without burning myself."

"Oh, no matter!" said the monkey, with a careless wave of his paw. "No matter! I don't want you to put yourself to any inconvenience."

"It's no inconvenience at all," said the cat, "if I can do it."

So saying, she approached the hearth, and cautiously stretched out one paw until she reached a chestnut, and then she jerked it toward her.

"Whew!" she said. "It's hot as fire."

"I guess they're not so very hot," said the monkey, blowing on the one that the cat had pulled from the fire.

"At any rate, it burned my paw," said the cat.

"Pshaw!" said the monkey, as he picked up the chestnut, after a few minutes had elapsed. "They're not hot. I can handle them easily. And this one is delicious."

"I'm glad you enjoy it," said the cat. "Perhaps I was mistaken about their being so very hot. I'll see if I can get you another."

This time the cat pulled out two at once, and they burned her so that she yelled like a good fellow.

"If you're going to scream that way," said the monkey, "you'll soon have everybody in here, and then there's an end to all our fun."

"Fun!" said the cat. "It's no fun to me."

"That's because you are so dreadfully particular," said the monkey, munching his chestnuts.

This hurt the cat's feelings, and she got up to leave the room.

There were quite a number of splendidly roasted chestnuts yet on the fire, and the monkey was very much annoyed.

"It's just the way with you cats," he said. "You're so deceitful. Just when you might be of the greatest use to your friends you get up and go away."

"What sort of a friend do you call yourself?" said the cat, whose spirit was now thoroughly aroused.

"A very good sort of a friend," said the monkey, nibbling at a chestnut shell. "If it had n't been for me, you would never have known how to get chestnuts out of the fire."

THE WAY THEY COME.

By M. H. B.

ONCE a little body was buried alive;

He did n't like this, and so began to strive.

When they were not watching, he popped out his head—

"Sakes alive! What's happened?" the old farmer said.

"What shall we do? for he must n't run away."

Why, find a young birch-tree, and cut it down this day;

Then trim you off the boughs and put it by his side,

He will likely run around it till he is satisfied:

Round it and round it, quite up to the top,—

When he gets there, he'll come to a stop;

Then he'll make blossoms, and soon by this means

We'll gather in a crop of little baby beans.

HOLIDAY HARBOR.

BY S. B. C. SAMUELS.

"FRED," exclaimed Lillie, running in from school, "there's to be an industrial fair here, at the town-hall, week after next. I'm going to make moss-baskets and fill them with wild-flowers. Why don't you send in your card-city?"

Now, Fred's card-city—"Christmas City," described in ST. NICHOLAS for May, 1874—was the light of his eyes.

It was the fruit of his own ingenuity and industry. People had come to the house purposely to see it. Every one had admired it, and, as you know, a story had been written about it.

At earliest dawn of day, Fred would be at his

No wonder that the city thrived and grew. There were boxes innumerable about the house filled with houses, stores, churches, bridges, and the like; and



Fig. 2. Front of Custom-House.

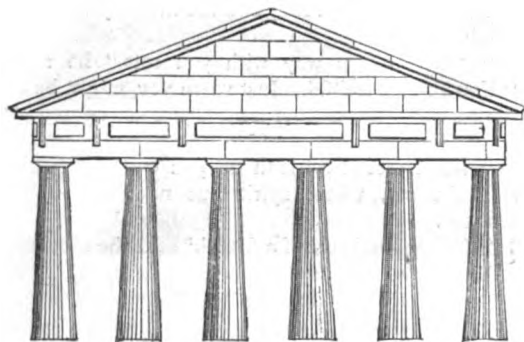


Fig. 1. Portico.

desk studying his books of architecture for new models; and late into the night, unless his mother interfered and sent him to bed, one would find him

Mrs. Atherton was amazed at the quantity of pins which disappeared from her cushions to be used by the young builder for various purposes.

Now Lillie's idea gave him a new impulse. He thought that he could arrange his city to the best advantage on a frame large enough to contain all the buildings and his railroad and harbor. But first he must have a few new buildings, so he began at once upon the model of a custom-house.

Fig. 2 is the front of the building. He first cut two plain sides and a back of the same size as this front, and then pasted all together with cleats at the four corners inside. This formed the body of the building. Next he attached a flat roof, allowing it to overlap the front about half-an-inch. To the edge of this the portico (Fig. 1) was fastened. This gave the effect of a deep piazza, and made a very pretty building.

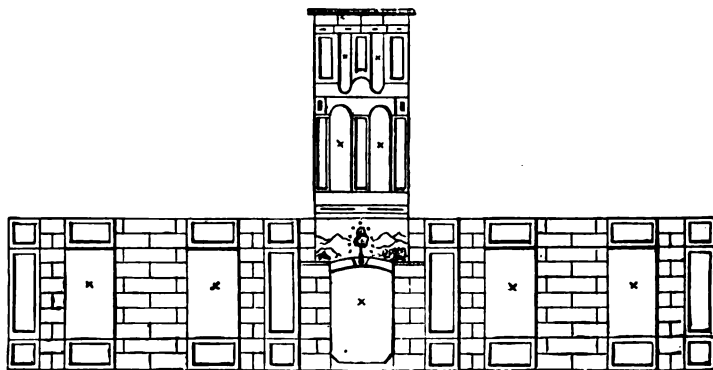


Fig. 3. Front of Court-house.

working away by the dim light of a safety-lamp—never satisfied with work achieved; always striving to make something better.

A court-house was the next building modeled. The back of this building was shaped exactly like the front (Fig. 3), except that it had no tower.

Fig. 4 shows one side; the other was exactly like it. All the places marked X Fred cut out and pasted strips of thin paper across the windows, inside, for sashes. One side of the tower is repre-

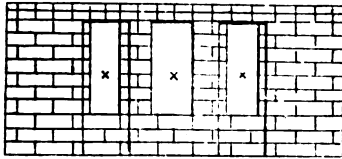


Fig. 4. Side of Court-house.

buildings which were necessary for a railroad terminus. He began with one of the smallest, but not least important, buildings, and set himself about planning a serviceable freight-house. This was not

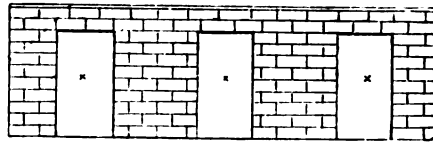


Fig. 11. Side of Freight-house.

sented by Fig. 5. The other side was like it, and the back was of the same size, but plain. Fig. 6 is the top of the tower. The roof of this building was a Mansard. Two pieces like Fig. 7, two like Fig. 8, and one like Fig. 9, were cut out and

a large building, but others like it might easily be erected as the business of the town increased.

In this the back and front (Fig. 12) were alike. The two sides, one of which is shown (Fig. 11), also correspond. The roof (Fig. 13), composed of

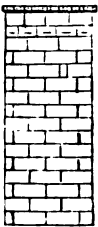


Fig. 5. Side of Tower.



Fig. 6. Top of Tower.

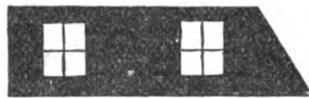


Fig. 7. Half of Front of Mansard Roof.



Fig. 8. Side of Mansard Roof.



Fig. 9. Back of Mansard Roof.

covered with black paper. These were then pasted together at the four sloping corners, so that the two straight ends came on each side of the tower. Figure 10 shows the top, which was made of black paper, and was secured to the roof before it was placed upon the building.

two straight strips, was of card-board joined at the top and covered with black paper. A narrow strip of paper, put on like the saddle-board of a pitch-roofed house, completed this building.

But Fred's greatest work in this connection was a mammoth train-house, or railroad depot. This was one of the most imposing buildings in his city,

Fred next touched the edges of the building with

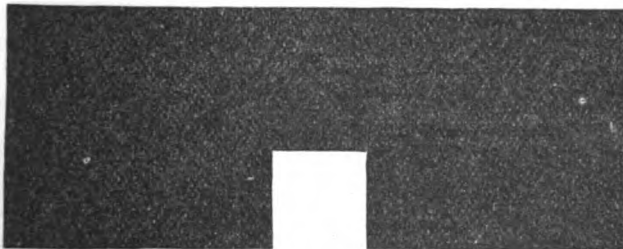


Fig. 10. Top of Mansard Roof.

Fig. 12.
Front of Freight-house.

paste, and attached the roof; and, when all was done, it made quite an imposing hall of justice.

A railroad has been already referred to; for Fred considered that it would be very poor policy to have a city without adequate means of railroad communication. Consequently he determined to erect the

and he was anxious to make it very attractive to the traveling public. In its architectural features it was almost equal to the Grand Central Depot in New York city. It had a fine tower, a magnificent front for the use of passengers, and a very convenient back portal, through which the trains were to

enter and depart. The drawings for this building were made with great care, especially for the front and sides, where the windows and doors required

back of the depot, and Fig. 16 one side. Both sides are alike. When the sides and front and back had been drawn and cut out, they were pasted

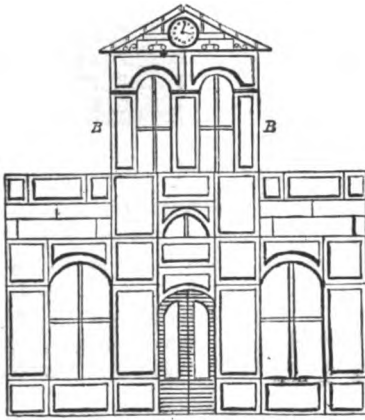


Fig. 14. Front of Depot.



Fig. 13. Half of Roof of Freight-house.

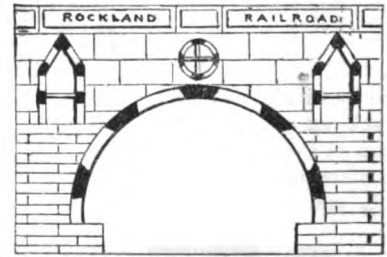


Fig. 15. Back of Depot, or Train-house.

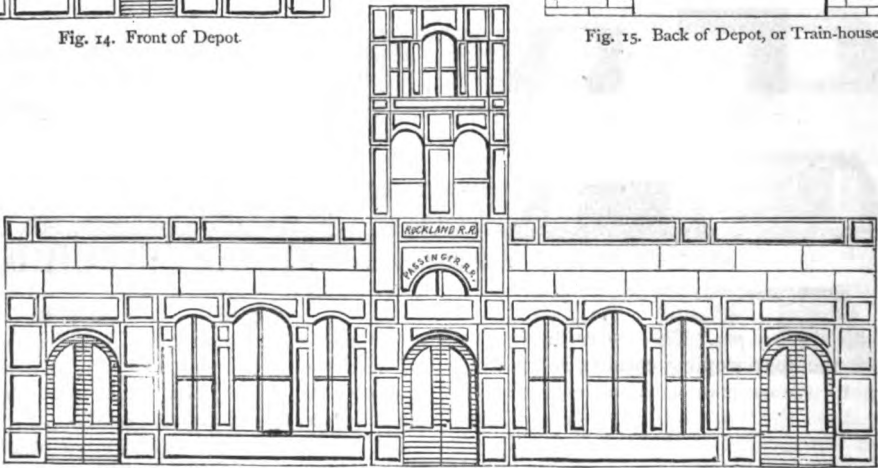


Fig. 16. Side of Depot

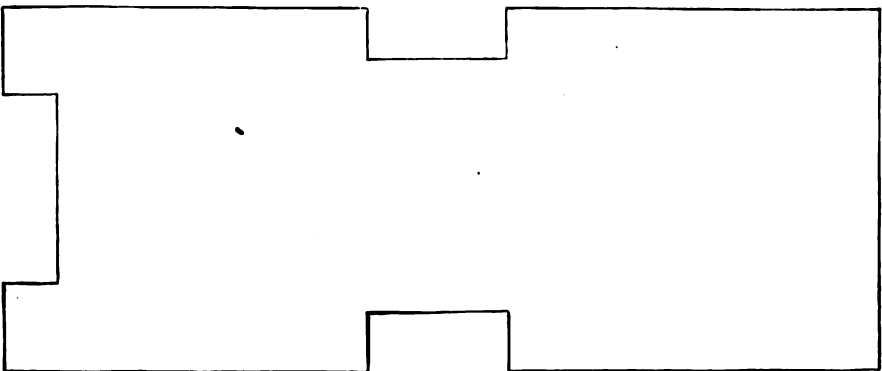


Fig. 17. Mansard Flooring.

nice clean work. He was very careful, too, in making the lettering where it was needed.

Figs. 14 and 15 represent respectively the front and

together with cleats, at the corners, inside; and then the Mansard flooring was laid on, and pasted in place.

Next the tower was put together. Six pieces, like Fig. 18, were used for the two sides and backs

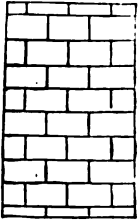


Fig. 18. Side of Tower.

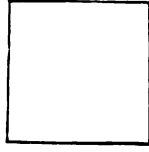


Fig. 19. Mansard Floor of Tower.



Fig. 20. Front of Mansard Roof.

of both towers; and two pieces, like Fig. 19, for the Mansard flooring at the tops of the towers. There were eight pieces, like Fig. 20, for the two towers, to form the Mansard roof. These were pasted at

tower. These were first cut out and covered with paper, and then the front was attached to the two half-sides, and the back to the other two half-sides. When these were dry, the top (Fig. 24) was pasted on, with the end marked *a* on the clock-tower.

There now remained the addition of the top pieces (Fig. 25) to the Mansards of the towers, for which two pieces were required; and then the final touch,—the brackets (Fig. 26). These were placed on each side of the clock-tower, where



Fig. 25. Top of Mansard Roof of Tower.



Fig. 26. Bracket.

of both towers; and two pieces, like Fig. 19, for the Mansard flooring at the tops of the towers. There were eight pieces, like Fig. 20, for the two towers, to form the Mansard roof. These were pasted at



Fig. 21. Front of Mansard Roof.

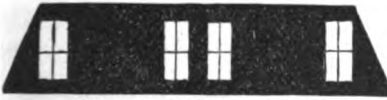


Fig. 22. Back of Mansard Roof.



Fig. 23. Half of Side of Mansard Roof.

the four sloping corners, and then all around the bottom edge, and set upon the flat top, or Mansard flooring (Fig. 19).

The front of the Mansard roof was pierced by the

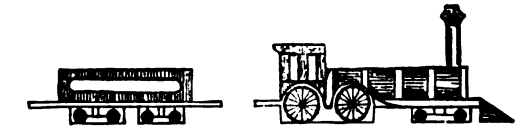


Fig. 27. Engine and Tender.

the letters *b b* occur, between the clock-tower and the round windows.

The cars and engines were cut from soft pine, and painted, and were easily made. Where the wheels occur the wood was not cut out, but left in its nat-

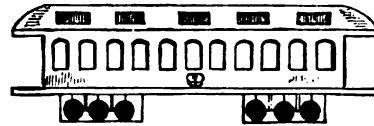


Fig. 28. Passenger Car.

ural color, and the wheels were painted on. The drive-wheels of the engine were painted on paper, and pasted in place, as the lines were rather delicate. The smoke-stack was cut out separately, and sharpened at the bottom end. A slight gash was

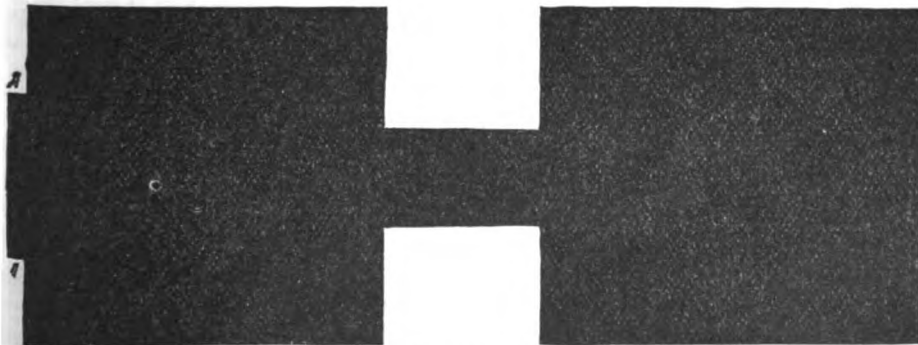


Fig. 24. Top of Mansard Roof.

clock-tower, as shown in Fig. 21. There were four pieces like Fig. 23; one for each side of each

then cut in the engine where the smoke-stack belonged, and it was fitted in place and securely glued.

The shackles were made of narrow strips of cardboard, glued on to the upper and under side of the platforms; these were pierced with needle-holes.



Fig. 29. Shackle.



Fig. 30. Shackles fitted.

A pin was then filed in halves, and the upper half inserted in the needle-holes. This not only made a good shackle, but looked like a brake-wheel. The way in which the shackles fitted together is illustrated in Fig. 30.

Freight and truck cars were easily made, and were so simple that there is no need of showing models.

The "Rob Roy" was the first steamer afloat in Holiday Harbor. She was cut from soft pine, and

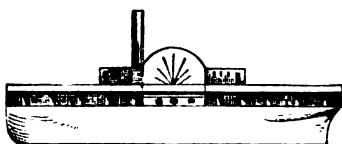


Fig. 31. Passenger Steamer "Rob Roy."

painted. Her smoke-stack was put in like that of the engine in Fig. 27. Next in turn was the schooner "Jack Hazard." The masts were made of pins, run directly through the body of the vessel from the keel.

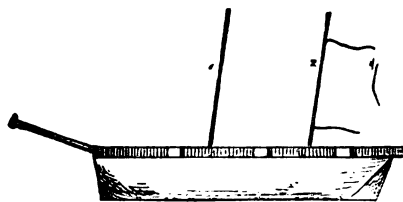


Fig. 32. Schooner "Jack Hazard."

The masts were found to be particularly fitted for rigging sails (Fig. 33), as all that was necessary was to slip the points of the masts into the sails where the dots occur on the straight lines, 1 and 2.

Two more of Fred's models are given in Figs. 34 and 35. These two vessels were the admiration of

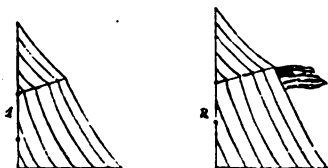


Fig. 33. Mainsail and Foresail of Schooner.

all Fred's boy friends. The full complement of sails used by the "Harry Loudon" is shown in

Fig. 36. The mainsail was cut apart at the lines marked *a*; and the dots show where the pin pierced the paper. The "St. Nicholas" was rigged with

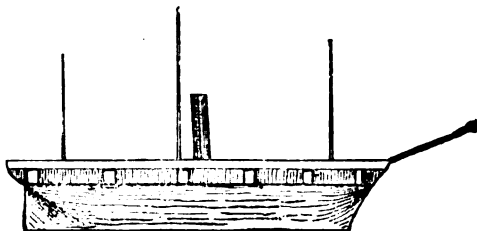


Fig. 34. Propeller "Harry Loudon."

the foresail and foretopsail (*b*), and the spanker and mizentopsail (*c*).

The arrangement of Holiday Harbor was an affair of vast importance to Fred. He decided to consult his mother about it. Mrs. Atherton at once remembered an old looking-glass frame in the

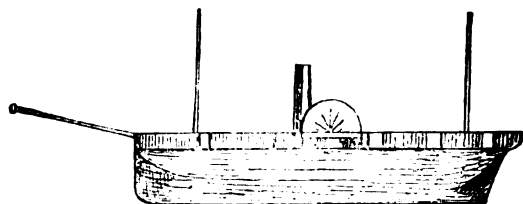
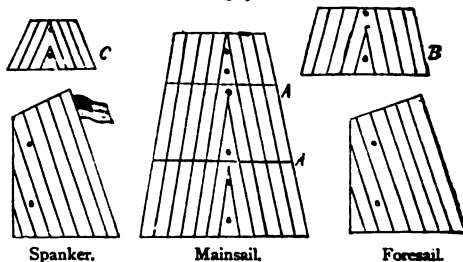


Fig. 35. Paddle Steamer "St. Nicholas."

attic. This she brought to Fred. A piece of glass, half a foot square, still remained in the frame. It was bright and clear. The back-board also was there.

"Now," said Mrs. Atherton, "your harbor lies before you. First select such buildings as you wish

Fig. 36.



to put here. Then bring your bottle of mucilage, some moss, and some house-sand."

"Yes, ma'am," said Fred. "You're a great contriver, mamma." And off he went for the things required. Mrs. Atherton showed him how to arrange them. The back-board of the frame was covered with mucilage, and moss was put all

around the broken edges of the glass to hide them. Then white sand was shaken over the rest of the board, and little tufts of moss set here and there, between which Fred arranged his bridges.

A model of one of the bridges is given in Fig. 37. *A* is the bottom side of the floor of the bridge. The cleats were put on to make it strong. The floor was made of thick card-board. *B* is one side of a pillar; four pieces were needed, and they were pasted together at the corners, then the cap (*C*) was fitted on. *E* is one side, and *D* one end of the stone-work. Two pieces of each were necessary for a support. These were pasted together at the corners. Fred could make as many of these sections as he chose, and could lengthen or shorten the bridge at pleasure. Fig. 38 is one side of a culvert.

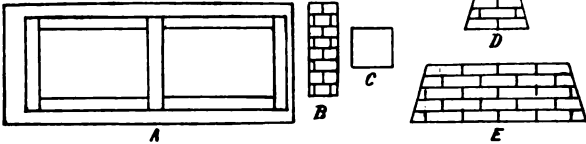


Fig. 37. Sections of Bridge.

After his bridges were satisfactorily placed, Fred

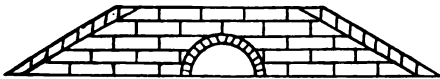


Fig. 38. Culvert.

arranged some houses, stores, &c.; then his depots were placed in convenient positions; his freight-

houses close at hand; the custom-house was put by the water's edge; the vessels were placed in the harbor, and the trains of cars on the railroads; while the little people he had made stood around on the different streets and wharves, looking intensely pleased; at least, so they seemed.

Some trees were scattered about, and made a pretty effect. These trees were Lillie's idea. She brought in a handful of little hemlock cones. Through the hearts of these she stuck long pins, points downward, and painted the cones green and the pins brown. Wherever Fred wanted a tree he stuck one of these. The point of the pin entering the back-board of the frame held it fast, and the trees stood firm.

Next day, at the fair, Christmas City and Holiday Harbor took a prize and a diploma, and attracted a great deal of attention.

Machen.

Von Frau B. S. Phillips.

Früh, wenn es Tag macht, macht sich der Bauer aus seinem Bett heraus. Er macht die Kammerthür auf, und macht sie wieder zu, um sich an das Tagewerk zu machen, dessen Anfang damit gemacht wird, daß man Feuer macht, um, vor allen Dingen, Kaffee zu machen. Das Weib macht indessen die Stube rein, und macht Ordnung, und macht sich die Haare.

Wenn sie lange macht, macht ihr der Mann ein fin-

stres Gesicht. Daraus macht sie sich freilich nicht viel, aber gutes Blut macht es doch auch nicht, wenn einem immer die Bemerkung gemacht wird: „Mache, daß du dich fertig machst, ich kann vor Aerger nichts machen.“ Als er sich endlich auf den Weg machen will, um auf den Jahrmarkt zu machen, macht es ein so gräßliches Schneewetter, daß er nicht weiß, was er machen soll. u.f.w., u.f.w.

This little German sketch—of which we shall be glad to have translations—is a series of plays upon the German word “Machen,” which means to make, to effect, to do, to produce, to form, to cause, to bring about, to act, &c. &c. &c.

TRANSLATIONS OF “LE PETIT PARESSEUX” have been received from: Mary L. Robinson, M. F. T., Nettie C. P., M. E. L. W., Charles H. Payne, Marion Azubah, David W. Lane, “Plymouth Rock,” E. L. B., Laura E. Tomkins, Ada F., Frank E. Camp, Grace G. Heier, “Cupid and Chow-chow,” Nelly McDowell, Carrie Huse, L. E. H., Fannie A. Freeman, Agnes L. Pollard, Susie Elliott, Ross W. Raymond, Harry Neill, E. J. F., and Augustus Nickerson.

GRANDMA'S NAP.

ONE day, Grand-ma went to sleep in her chair, and it near-ly turned the town up-side down. It was only a lit-tle bit of a nap, but oh! how much trou-ble it made!

You see, be-sides the nap, there was a lit-tle boy in the house. This lit-tle boy's name was Rob, and Rob was so hard to watch that when his Mam-ma went out she used to say:

"Grand-ma, *do* you think you can watch Rob while I go to mar-ket?"

Then Grand-ma would give a lit-tle jump and say:

"O! of course I can."

So this day Mam-ma went to mar-ket, and Grand-ma watched Rob as hard as she could till the NAP came!



As soon as Rob saw the nap, he knew he was free; and off he ran. In a mo-ment Grand-ma woke up and saw the emp-ty room.

"Sake's a-live!" she cried, as she ran out in-to the hall. "Where is that child?"

He was not in the hall, nor in the yard, nor any-where a-bout the house. Oh! oh! oh! where could he be!

The poor old la-dy was sure she nev-er would see the dear boy a-gain. In her

fright she looked in the beds, un-der the beds, in the pan-try, in the coal-scut-tle, in the ice-pitch-er, and even in the crack-er-box. Then she ran out to a po-lice-man, and told him all a-bout it.



"Mad-am," said the po-lice-man, "it is not like-ly he can be found. I think he is gone for good; but we'll send á cri-er all over the town."

So the cri-er went 'all over the town with a big bell, scream-ing:



"Hear! hear! Boy lost, named Rob,—black eyes, pug nose. Boy lost! boy lost!" (Ding, dong.) "Boy lost, three years old!" (Ding, dong.)



The crier made such a noise that if Rob had screamed out "Here I am!" right un-der his nose, he would not have heard it; or if all the men on the street had called, "Stop that bell—here's Rob, safe and sound," it would have been just the same. He would have gone on ring-ing the bell and scream-ing at the top of his voice, "Boy lost! boy lost!"

But Rob was not un-der the boy's nose at all. Where was he?

Poor Grand-ma was al-most cra-zy by this time. She ran in-to the yard with a kind man and looked down the well.

"Rob-by! Rob-by, my dar-ling! are you there? Come to Grand-ma, my pet. Oh! oh!"

Then she ran back in-to the street, and there he was with an or-gan man!



Grand-ma was sure it was Rob, from the way he hopped a-bout. But no. When she put on her glass-es it was not Rob at all—only a mon-key.

By this time near-ly the whole town knew that Rob was lost. Such a time you nev-er heard. All the grand-mas cried and said it was very wrong to take a nap when you were watch-ing a child like that; and all the lit-tle boys thought how nice it would be to live with Rob's grand-ma. The pa-pas went

to the sta-tion-house to in-quire; the mam-mas ran to mar-ket to tell Rob's mam-ma; and the news-boys ran all o-ver town with "ex-tras," cry-ing, "Boy lost! boy lost!"

When Rob's mam-ma heard the bad news, she ran home as fast as she could go.

"Rob-by! Rob-by!" she called, up and down the house. "Rob-by! Rob-by!" But no one an-swered. Then she turned pale, and Grand-ma said, "Don't faint; that's a good child," when all at once the poor



Mam-ma clasped her hands and said: "He must be killed! If he were a-live he would hear me. I know he must be dead, or else—or else—he is eat-ing jam!"



She flew to the cel-lar where all the good things were kept. Grand-ma hob-bled after her, quite tired out; then fol-lowed the po-lice-man, the cri-er, and the cook; and there, down in the cel-lar, just as hap-py as he could be, sat Rob—eat-ing jam.

He was so hap-py that he did not know that his Grand-ma was a-wake; and Grand-ma was so glad that she went up-stairs and took the nicest lit-tle nap she ev-er had in all her life.

FREDDY.

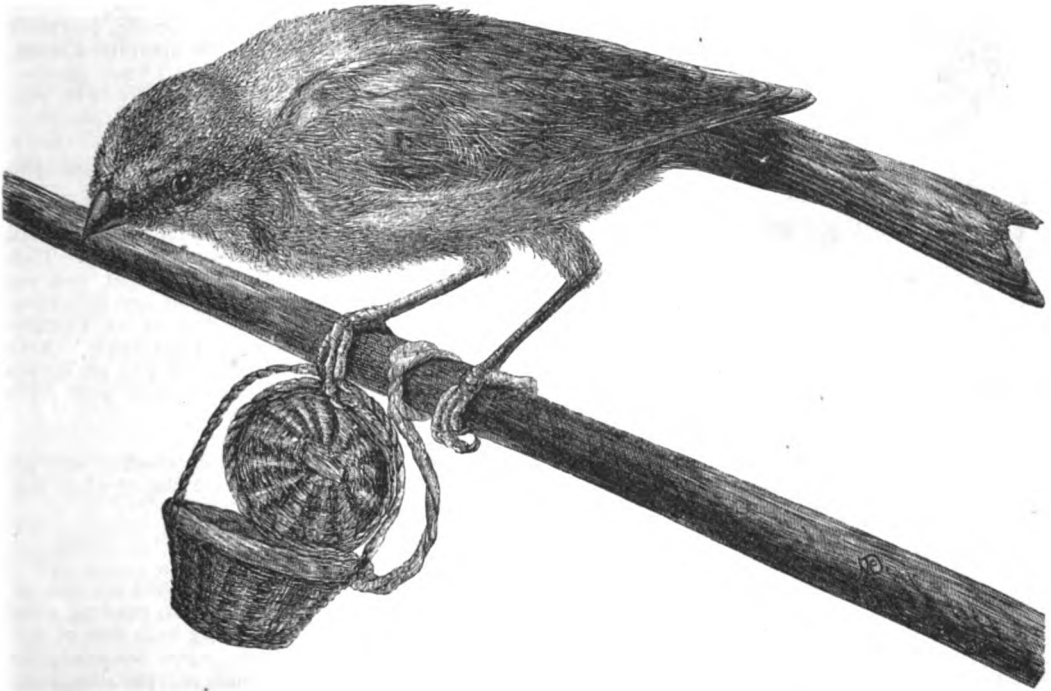
BY ANNIE E. McDONALD.

FRED-DY is our pet, and one of the bright-est lit-tle ca-na-ries ev-er seen. He came from Bel-gi-um. His bod-y is of a deep yel-low col-or, and his head and wings are pret-ti-ly marked with grey and black. When giv-en to us he was quite a young bird, and scarce-ly knew how to do any-thing; but he soon be-gan to learn ma-n-y lit-tle tricks.

The pict-ure shows him just pull-ing up his bas-ket. When we put food in-to it, we shut the cov-er down, and hang it by a string to his perch; and he al-ways pulls it up at once, lifts the cov-er and helps him-self. Oft-en, when his bas-ket is emp-ty, he a-mus-es him-self by try-ing to pick it to pie-ces.

Fred-dy did not e-ven know how to bathe when we first had him, and we were told to put him in-to the wa-ter once or twice a week, so that he could learn; but the poor lit-tle bird cried so pit-i-ful-ly, that af-ter one or two tri-als we gave it up. He has since found out for him-self how to jump in-to his lit-tle bath-tub and splash a-bout; and he en-joys it ver-y much, es-pe-cial-ly when he can dry him-self in the sun. Then is the time to hear him sing! His voice is so sweet, his eyes are so bright, and his lit-tle heart is so full of joy, that he makes ev-er-y one hap-py who hears

him. Then he has such a fun-ny, brisk way of hop-ping a-bout and crack-ing his seed, and he sharp-ens his bill on the cut-tle-fish bone as though he had twen-ty pairs of bills to sharp-en in-stead of one.



But his song is not his on-ly mu-sic. Fred-dy has al-so a lit-tle bell, which he rings to ac-com-pa-ny the Grace Church chimes; for this lit-tle bird

“ — dwells
With-in sight of its walls,
With-in sound of its bells.”

VER-Y use-ful and ver-y slim;
Ver-y tidy and ver-y trim.
Once a weëk they make a dis-play;
Aft-er that they are hid-den a-way.
Two long legs and a ver-y small head;
If you can guess it, e-nough has been said.



WELL, well! It's getting to be cold weather at last. There'll be fine skating on the meadow before long. What shall we begin with this month—something new, eh? Very well. We'll have

SEA-SHELLS IN THE ANDES.

SEA-SHELLS have been found in the Andes mountains full 15,000 feet above the sea! When I first heard this I had *almost* a mind to declare that I did n't believe it. But it is never very wise to say that one does n't believe anything that's wonderful, without stopping to inquire further; there are so many wonderful real things that are true.

And this is true. My friend Hawk tells me that the great traveler and naturalist, Humboldt, picked up some sea-shells at that great height on top of the Andes. How did they get there? It is not probable that the ocean waters ever rose to such a height, but it is quite likely that the now magnificent Andes were once very low ridges beneath the sea, and that the great fires which are always burning in the heart of the earth and raging to get out, once raised up by a mighty effort the whole long and grand range of Andean mountains. So the sea-shells were carried up with the mountains high and dry as they are to-day, and the poor shell-animals wondered at the dreadful change, and sickened and died in the bitter, dry mountain air long, long ages ago.

THE WORLD ON A MOCK-ORANGE.

NOW, my busy young friends, in case any of you should come across a nice round, yellow mock-orange, I'll tell you what to do with it—provided your grandmother already has a good one in her stocking-basket. If not, you should give it to her, and get yourself another one. A canary-bird told

me that the way old ladies darned stockings was to put a big yellow ball in them, and then pick at them with a queer sort of a shiny steel bill; and though his description was n't clear, I knew what he meant. Well, you take your round mock-orange, and force a knitting-needle clear through it from the stem end, so that it will turn evenly on the needle. Then, with a blunt needle, you mark the grand divisions of the earth upon it—Europe, Asia, Africa and America (you see, I know them)—in just the right shape, and then you put in your oceans and islands, and what not, all complete. Next you go over all the markings with a camel's-hair brush dipped in red ink, or violet ink, India ink, or any water-color you choose, taking care to wipe the orange off instantly with a soft, damp cloth. The color will sink into the markings and leave the surface of the mock-orange clean. Then you have your globe complete. And you can make a little wooden prop, if you are ingenious, that will let your globe revolve on its knitting-needle or axis, at precisely the right angle. After awhile it gets dry and hard, and if you please you can go over the markings once more with a fine pen dipped in the proper color.

How did I know all this?

I heard a dear little girl telling another little girl—and “you can't think,” said she, “what real, splendid fun it is.”

JACK IS PUZZLED.

THIS very day the pretty schoolma'am was sitting on the stump in the meadow, reading aloud to two of the big girls something from one of Professor Doremus's addresses, when suddenly she came to a part where he spoke of “parallelogrammatic pieces of paper tinted with the hydrated sesquioxide of chromium.”

I heard no more. Fortunately, one of my birds came along just then and fanned me with his wing. I have n't seen the pretty schoolma'am since.

Now what in the world are parallelogrammatic pieces of paper tinted with the hydrated sesquioxide of chromium?

If they're nothing but oblong, squarish bits of yellow paper, I sha'n't mind it so much.

PREFERRED A FEATHER BED.

YOU know that the barn-swallows build their nests under the eaves, or sometimes among the rafters of barns. These nests are always built of mud, and, usually, neatly lined with fine hay or straw. But it seems that some swallows prefer a lining of feathers. A bird friend of mine found an empty nest, beautifully lined with fine white chicken feathers. Thinking the nest a curiosity, and not being a swallow himself, he pulled it carefully down. (He thought it was n't cruel to do this, because no eggs had yet been laid, but he was mistaken.) In a few days, he found that the swallows had built another nest in the same spot, and also lined with the same sort of feathers. So it is evident that at least this pair of swallows preferred a feather bed to a straw bed.

A GREAT SPREAD.

THE greatest show is not always the most substance. Of course, every one of us took great interest in the big comet that rushed past the earth in June and July last, flourishing a tail that astronomers say is millions of miles long. *Millions* of miles! Only think of it! And our little world is but a small matter of twenty-five thousand miles or so around!

Yet the great Humboldt tells you (I heard the schoolmistress reading it aloud) that the mass or substance of a comet probably in no case exceeds the five-thousandth part of the mass or substance of the earth,—that is, if the substance of comets were packed as closely together as that of the earth.

GIRL-STARS.

SPEAKING of comets, we inhabitants of the earth don't see so very many of them. Probably not more than one hundred and fifty have ever visited our world; but a great astronomer named Kepler once said that there are more comets in space than there are fishes in the sea!

I heard a little boy say, the other day, that comets were girl-stars, because they had long hair! I thought it was such a comical idea that I must repeat it. At the same time, the little boy ought to be told that all comets do not have long hair, or whatever else we choose to call the great cloud of vapor that streams from the comet's head.

The comet which we have all been admiring this summer was, as you know, a long-haired comet, or, as astronomers say, it had a very long, straight tail; but sometimes the tails are curved to one side or the other. There are a few comets that have two tails—or “brushes,” as the Chinese call them; and some have had even more.

THE HEATHEN CHINESE.

AND speaking of China, I may as well tell you at once all I have found out about comets. Who do you think were the first to take observations of the comet's courses?

My friend Macaw assures me that it was no other than the “Heathen Chinese.”

Long ago, when so-called civilized nations were frightened at every appearance of comets, thinking that they were only omens of woe and disaster, the diligent and learned Chinese astronomers declared that comets were another sort of star, and only came in sight of the earth when on their periodical journeys. These astronomers observed nature carefully, and recorded accurately what they saw, so that some of their notices, made five hundred years before the Christian era, are still found to be of value in astronomical observations.

ALMONDS AND PEACHES.

WHAT a difference education can make, to be sure! Not but that an almond is just as fine in its way as a peach, but then it is n't the same thing by a good deal.

That is, it is n't and it is.

The schoolmistress has been reading aloud out of a book written by a celebrated naturalist, in

which he plainly says that the peach-tree has been educated out of the almond-tree.

In the almond the large, sweet kernel, in its soft, smooth shell, is covered with a thin, dry, tough flesh that is not good for food. In the peach the small, bitter kernel, in a hard, rough shell, is covered with the thick, soft, juicy flesh, which you boys and girls think so delicious. And it is only education, or culture, or training with a view to improvement, that has made all the difference. Astonishing; is n't it?

Some almonds are most excellent, and I think you girls and boys would not like to see them all turned into peaches. You need not feel uneasy, however; the peach-almond at the start was a very bitter affair; miserable for an almond and worse for a peach. It needed all the bringing up it has had, to make it worth anything.

BONNET-PIECES.

THE other day, little Wallie Graham (a great favorite of mine) came skipping along among the trees, half-singing, half-saying:

My purse with bonnet-pieces store;
To him will swim a bow-shot o'er,
And loose a shallop from the shore.

I wondered what Wallie could mean, but I soon found out. It seems that he was reading the “Lady of the Lake.”

“It's just the nicest story-poem you ever saw!” he said to a boy who was with him. “I wish I was a Highland chief and had a big brave clan like Clan Alpine! *Would n't* I fight King James, though?”

Of course I did n't even then know what Wallie was talking of, but after he had told his friend a good deal about it I became almost as much interested as himself in the story-poem, which he said was written by the great Sir Walter Scott.

“But,” said Wallie, “there are ever so many things in the poem that I don't understand. Now, for instance, what are ‘bonnet-pieces?’ I know I would n't care to swim the length of a bow-shot in the face of enemies and loose a shallop (that's a sort of boat) for the sake of a purse full of pieces of old bonnets. Would you, now?”

The other little chap told him that he did n't think he would, but that he did n't believe real pieces of bonnets were what Earl Somebody meant when he offered as a reward a purse full of “bonnet-pieces.”

The little fellows puzzled a good deal over this as they trudged along; but I've since found out that a bonnet-piece was a valuable coin, stamped on one side with a portrait of James V. of Scotland wearing a “bonnet”—not a lady's bonnet, but a nearly flat Scotch cap made of cloth. These were called bonnets, and were worn a century ago by every Scotchman, and are still worn by some of them. The cap which was pictured on the bonnet-piece being a royal cap, had a jeweled circle around the head. The coins were large and of very pure gold, so that a purse full of them was a large reward.

THE LAZY LITTLE BOY.

(Translation of French Story in October Number.)

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy who was very lazy, and consequently very ignorant, whose faults it seemed impossible to correct. Instead of going to school, where his parents used to send him every day, he would loiter about the streets, with his hands in his pockets, his eyes staring vacantly at the empty air, or clapping his hands, whistling, and making a good deal of noise, without rhyme or reason. Or else, when he was compelled to go straight to school, he would yawn awhile over his books, without making the least effort to learn anything, and then, folding his arms on his desk for a pillow, he would lay his head down and sleep during the whole lesson.

One day, however, as he was squandering away his time in his usual fashion, an old sage found him, took him by the hand and led him into a large room, quite empty of furniture or ornament. The little sluggard was afraid at first that he was about to receive some punishment for his laziness; but the old man looked so kind that he gained confidence, and when he saw him smile he dreaded him no longer.

When they had entered the room, the wise man shut the door; then, turning to the little boy, who was very much surprised at all this, he said:

"Tell me, my child, if you can, what is *nothing*?"

The little fellow opened his eyes very wide, but did not answer.

"If you do not understand me," then said the wise man, "perhaps you can tell me *where* nothing is?"

"Where is it?" repeated the little boy, astonished at this question. "Why, it is here, is it not? There is nothing in this room besides ourselves."

"Think again," replied the sage. "I do not think you have answered wisely."

The little boy thought for several minutes; and then he said, with an air of confidence:

"There is nothing here besides ourselves; I am sure of it."

Without replying, the old man waved his hand.

"What do you feel now?" he asked.

"Oh, I feel the wind," replied the little boy, laughing.

"That is to say," replied the wise man, "you feel the *air*. Now listen to what I am going to tell you. This air that you feel envelops or surrounds the whole earth. There is no place where it does not enter; for it is found everywhere. You see, then, that there can be no such thing as *nothing* in the whole world, since every place, and all the room, is filled up with something. It is the same throughout the universe. You will nowhere be able to find *nothing*; it is to be found only in one place. Do you know where that is?"

"Why, no," replied the little boy. "If it is not to be found in the world, I don't know, I am sure, where to look for it."

"Well, I will tell you. What were you thinking of before I spoke to you?"

"Why, nothing."

"Nothing! and why? Is it not, my child, because you know nothing to think about? because your head is empty? Oh, how many children are like you! Know, my son, that *nothing*, properly speaking, is only found in the brains of fools and the hearts of infidels? And since God has so well filled the world that there is no place where we may not find something good or beautiful, are you not ashamed to think that in your mind alone there is an empty space?"

The little boy did not reply, but he blushed for shame. He thought seriously about the matter; and from that day he ceased to be indolent or careless. He set to work studying with so much energy and perseverance that he became at last the most industrious and well-informed scholar in his class.

THE LETTER-BOX.

Sharon, Ct., Sept. 20.
DEAR LETTER-BOX: Is it wicked to kill snakes? Because I hope you'll say it is n't! In our back porch a pair of robins have for two or three years built their nest on a bracket near the top of one of the pillars. In this pillar, right over the robin's nest, there was a hole that looked as if it might have been gnawed through by a squirrel.

Every year we have watched the old birds feed the young ones, and have enjoyed the good times they seemed to have. And every year we have, one day, heard the old birds cry and fly about in great distress, and when we have rushed out we have found all the young birds gone.

Now, this year the robins built their nest and hatched the little ones just as usual. One day, our grandma was sitting out on the porch asleep in her chair, when she was waked by hearing the old birds cry and flutter about as if they had gone distracted. She looked up, and there was a great ugly black snake, with his head out of the hole in the pillar, just swallowing whole the last one of the little birds. Then

he drew his hateful flat head in, and that was the last seen of him. Father had the pillar taken down the next day, and a new one put in its place. The old one was found to be hollow all the way through, so that the snake must have come up from the ground through the hollow; but we could n't find anything of him.

If I ever come across that snake, I think it would n't be wicked to kill him. Would it? The poor old birds feel dreadful, you know.

Ever yours,

RICHARD B—.

We think the vote of the Letter-Box would be in favor of killing this particular snake, for the sake of all future young robins who may be born near Richard's home. But we would not endorse the common belief that every snake must be killed, as a matter of course. Some snakes are perfectly harmless, and it is no more than fair to let them glide along their peaceful way, if only as an example to their brothers.

Washington, Oct. 1st, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to answer some of Jack's queries in the October number. In the first place, about October being the eighth month. It was so, I think, with the Romans, who began their New Year on the first of March.

And I also feel certain that the "Scotch Pig" spoken of is a kind of iron called "pig-iron." It is "carboniferous formation," and is exported to the United States in quantities.

Enclosed you will find a little "word hunt," I call it. I have succeeded in finding in the word CARPET eighty-four words, all in common use in the English language. I would like to see if any of your boys and girls can make more.

I love your magazine as much as ever, and about the sixteenth of every month I begin inquiring for it, and, when I get it, it is the happiest hour of the day.

I am going round this afternoon to get a small list of Bird-defenders for you if I can, for I do not know very many children. I will send it the next time I write.

Your loving and sincere friend,

FLORENCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will some of my fellow-readers please tell me how to make an aquarium? I would like to have it about twenty-eight inches long and eighteen high.

CHARLES S. MASON.

F. E. BASKS wishes to know "what occasions the formation of the small bubbles which may be observed on the inside of a glass in which water has been standing for some time." Who can tell him?

CHARLES COREY, of Washington, D. C., asks: "Why will paper when placed near fire turn brown and curl up?"

ONE AND ALL!—Somebody was born in Litchfield, England, September 18, 1709. He received his early education from one Hunter, of whom he said, "He beat me well." In 1737 he went to London, and wrote for the *Gentleman's Magazine*. This, however, brought him but a small sum. One of his books was written to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral. To use his own words, "It was written in the evenings of a week." He was very fond of his cat, Hodge, and would go out every day to buy oysters for it. Among other eccentric ways, he had a trick of touching the posts as he walked, and a mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange-peel.

Both generous and benevolent, he made a rule to do some good every day. Among the many amusing stories related of him, we find that having been invited to a dinner-party, he failed to make his appearance until the party were about to sit down at the table, when he appeared at the great gate, contemplated it, and at length climbed it. When asked if he had forgotten that the gate could be opened, he said, "No; but I had a mind to try if I could climb a gate now as I used to do." From an entry made in his diary we find he read one book of the *Æneid* in an evening, and knew the *Eclogues* by heart.

He died Dec. 13, 1784, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Who was he?

As some of our Boston friends have found fault with the article on "Ice in India," in the October number, we shall have something to say on the subject in our next Letter-Box.

THE verses on page 73 are from the German of the poet Hey, whose fables are familiarly known throughout the provinces of Germany, and are often recited by the Prussian children. He was born at Gotha in 1789, and died there in 1854.

K. B.—Thanks for the pretty jasmine. Your story with a long name, though fair for a first effort, is not suitable for publication in ST. NICHOLAS. It is rather too strained in style. In writing, first decide in your mind what you wish to say, and then say it as simply and clearly as possible.

W. F. writes: "I am at boarding-school, and my room-mate is rapidly going wrong. He has been drunk several times, and drinks in his room on the sly. How can I stop him? He does n't pay any attention when I speak to him about it. Had I better tell the principal and run the risk of having him expelled, or write to his parents? In either case I should feel like a sneak. I wish I could think of some better plan still."

"Another thing, I should like to ask. A boy borrowed my society

badge (worth \$10) last week, to wear for a little while, and lost it. Is it right to allow him to pay me all the money, as he proposes to do, or only part of it, and so share the loss with him? I know what I expect to do, but I would like to have your views, to see whether my idea is right or not."

We can hardly advise you with respect to your room-mate, excepting to say that if you believe it your duty to act in the matter at all, you will do wisely to choose that plan of action which will be the least likely to injure his self-respect, and that you communicate your intention, whatever it may be, to him, when you find him in one of his best moods, before you proceed with it. If you tell him firmly, respectfully and kindly what you are about to do, the necessity for you to act at all in so delicate a matter may be obviated by his reformation.

About the badge, we think the better course will be for you to tell the young gentleman who lost it that you prefer to halve the loss with him. It is etiquette amongst grown people, as you know, to overlook a loss incurred in this way, but between two boys the plan we recommend we believe to be preferable. It appears certainly so in this case.

MAMIE N. F.—Your letter has interested us very much, and we should depart from our custom and send you a full reply by post, had not a wise and good-hearted woman already written just the thing that you, and all children who feel as you do, should read. It fits your case exactly, dear little friend, though you may not think so at first:

SUPPOSE!

BY PHOEBE CARY.

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose were red?
And would n't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke;
And say you're glad 'twas dolly's,
And not your head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And would n't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And would n't it be wiser,
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say "It isn't fair?"
And would n't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

Suppose the world does n't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And is n't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or does n't come,
To do the best you can?

C. L.—Your verses are quite good considering your age. Beware of being too sentimental. God gives us some thoughts to hold and to live with, not to spin out in labored rhymes. That these thoughts will sometimes flash out, of themselves, in a true poet's verse makes them all the more sacred. Never start out to write about them.

OUR Doré picture on page 110 is from Cassell, Petter and Galpin's splendid edition of La Fontaine's Fables.

HELEN AND CHARLIE F. write: "We have a lovely head of Clytie on our parlor mantel-piece, and every now and then a dispute arises as to how the young lady's name should be pronounced. Will you please tell us?"

It is a matter of taste whether to anglicize the "young lady's" name, as very many well educated persons do, and call her *Cly-tes*, or to give it the proper Greek pronunciation, as if written, *Click-i-a*. The rule for the pronunciation of Greek and Latin consonants is not hard to understand, and can readily be applied in this case. We give it in full:

Each of the three consonants, *c*, *s* and *t*, when preceded immediately by the accent, or itself ending an accented syllable, and followed by *ia*, *ie*, *ii*, *io* or *in*, commonly has the sound of *sh*, as *Portia*, *Clytie*, *Horatii*, *Phocion*, *Cassius*. *C* has the same sound when following an accented vowel and standing before *en* and *yo*: as *Meneceus*, *Lycion*, pronounced *Meneasheus*, *Lishyon*.

Exception: When *st*, immediately preceded by an accented vowel, is followed by a vowel, the *s* takes the sound of *sh*: as *Hesiod*, pronounced *Heshiod*.

T, when preceded by another *t*, and commonly in the termination *-tion*, has its proper sound: as in *Bruttii*, *Metion*, pronounced *Brutti-i*, *Me-tion*.

Z. J. J. AND OTHERS.—We do not expect each puzzle-solver to send answers to *all* the problems in the month's Riddle-Box. Henceforth, when any one succeeds in doing this correctly, we shall state the fact.

WORD-MAKING.

EDWARD DUDLEY TIBBIS sends us thirty-four words, in common use, made out of the word ENLIGHTEN, and challenges the boys and girls to find more.

IRVING W. JAMES wishes to know if any one can make more than one hundred and five words and proper names out of the word PERPENDICULAR. His own list, of 105 words, is correct.

JAMIE S. NEWTON makes two hundred and eight English words (no proper nouns) out of the letters in PERAMBULATIONS, and Minnie E. Stewart makes 235 English words out of the letters in CUMBERLAND using no letter more than once in the same word.

JOSEPH MORSE, JR., inspired by Arthur J. Burdick's "340 English words made out of the word METROPOLITAN," tried his hand, and now, out of the same word, sends us a neatly written list of 400 words, with an extra list of twelve words, from which we can draw, in case we find any in his long list unsatisfactory. He invites Arthur to "see if he can get any more."

BIRD-DEFENDERS.

Hartford, Ct., September 14, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here are some more Bird-defenders who wish to join Mr. Haskins' army. Will you please to call us the Company "B," if that letter is not already taken? And oblige two constant readers of the ST. NICHOLAS.

LIZZIE M. KNAPP.
EMILY M. BULLARD.

GIRLS.—Emily M. Bullard, Lizzie M. Knapp, Mary C. Knapp, Frances E. Weidson, Ella Holcomb, Hattie Chapman, Lizzie C. Young, Jennie A. Sunderland, Amie W. Lester, Edith A. Lutz, Belle L. Lathrop, Carrie E. Brainard, Ida L. Thompson, Minnie B. Welch, Mabel Bundy, Lottie E. Smith, Louisa E. Heine, M. Annie Bostwick, Adelle T. Peck, Jennie C. Gale, Nellie Costello, Hattie Bill, Jennie L. Penfield, Clara Pratt, Sarah Goldsmith, Annie Riley, Mary Welles, Lizzie C. Wright, Jennie T. Pelton, Huldah H. Knolk, Julia E. Heublein, Prudey V. Townsend, Cora I. Nott, Hattie A. McKay, Mary J. Martin, Hattie R. Wade, Litta R. Heussler, Carrie Lillian Sykes, Lizzie O. Hatch, Florence Peltier, Carrie A. Humphrey, Lizzie E. Ranney.

BOYS.—William M. Smith, Frank I. Prentice, Leviat S. Knolk, Fred H. Williams, Moses J. White, Royal T. G. Brown, A. E. Richardson, Alfred Clay, Willis G. Braley, Harry W. Cushman, Charles H. Willard, Wilbur Hale, W. Goodrich, W. Poll, William Dunbar, Frank Forbes, Louis H. Hutchinson, Lewis Pease, George Senk, Edward Clay, Frederick E. Cook, Nathaniel K. Morgan, Albert N. Daniels, George C. Bill, Robert R. Henderson, Gussie H. Bullard, Frankie F. Clapp.

C. C. HASKINS sends the names of three more Bird-defenders—"a part of the Indiana Legion":

Charles W. Winstandley, Chester Winstandley and Hallie C. Parker.

SATIE SATTERTHWAITE, of Union Springs, sends the following names of friends who promise to be Bird-defenders

Winnie Pierson, Emma Alverson, Minnie Durkee, Ellis Pierson,

Jeffie Catlin, Fred Chase, Therese Dulon, Estella Satterthwaite, Helen Ludlow, Lena Robinson, Anna Allen, Minnie Brando, Minnie Sutton, Eddie Yawger, Jimmie Hammond, Tommy Hammond, Mary Utt, Nellie Tompkins, Anna Mosher, Frankie Everett, Nellie Larmon, Belle Connor, Emma Howland, Nellie Shank, Dannie Catlin, Willie Yawger, E. Strawn, Willard Hoff.

CLARA T. FOSS sends the following list:

Mattie B. Locke, Eddie J. Thuring, Arthur R. Colby, C. P. M. Colby, Freddie M. Sawyer, Jerry O'Brien, John McDonald, Willie Dunn, A. E. Porter, Samuel Blake, Tracey Getchel, Charles Morrill, Robt. S. Fielden, H. W. Batchelder, Allen Risteene, G. C. Dearborn, Henry True, Mikel Quinn, Frank Dennett, Frank Lee, Eddie Clin, Eddie Duckworth, Willie Chase, H. L. Bailey, Olive B. Sanborn, Mary Brown, Flory E. Rose, Annie L. Bailey, Annie S. Bahan, Carrie Dennett, Mary Hessian, May W. Felch, Ida F. Tibbetts, Adie Rand, Milie A. Williams, Anna R. Carswell, Katie Hassett, Mary A. Learner, Nellie E. Jaques, Mary Cummings, Ellie Menen, Bridget Lanner, Barbara H. Pow, Laura Aldrich, Effie Lane, Lena Livingston, Nettie Morrill, Mary McNulty, Hannah Burk, Charles Nichols, Charles H. Miller, John Cullenane, Oliver W. Titcomb, George Lee, Willie Brooks, Mary L. Heritage, Carrie C. Chase, Lizzie E. Chase, Nellie H. Rowed, Winnie Cadieu, Etta R. Woodman, Jennie F. Jaques, Nellie Maloney, Hannah Maloney, Mary Hoggen, Susie M. Batchelder, Susie W. Brown, Susie E. Bagley, Mamie L. Tucker, Cora L. Godsoe, Mary McDonnell, Susie A. Osgood, Mary J. O'Leary, Susie H. Brown, Clara T. Foss, Carrie J. Greeves, Ann O. Conner, Maggie E. Connor, Delia Kline, Willie Locke.

ANNIE DE WARLE HANKS sends the following list:

Josie E. Purdy, R. A. Van Voorhis, Katie A. Demarest, Fannie M. Losee, Sarah Hill, Jeannette Seymour, Ella J. Rollins, Ida Vanhouten, Rebecca Tracy, Etie C. Burge, Sarah E. Mott, Mary Conner, Gussie Bartholomew, Maggie Conner, Tillie Delacroix, Josie Watson, Lessie Curman, Addie Young, Julia Henderson, Annie E. Hanks, Cornelia V. Deal, M. H. Ganse, Bessie P. Ganse, Memie P. C. Stover, Jennie Stopponi, Josie R. Halsey, Electa H. Spader, Florence H. Farrell, Josie Finkensaur, Geo. H. Bell, C. R. Burke, Walter Wright, H. W. Dunshee, Walter B. Styles, Frank Yeury, Jas. W. Campbell, Nicholas Schultz, Alexander Clark, Alexander Martin, Edwin J. Hanks, William D. Koster, James L. Hewlett, Joseph E. Caras, Charles H. Styles, Andrew De Wilde, William Purdy, John Purdy, T. H. Cleverley, F. W. Ganse and Fred H. Ganse.

LILY F. CONKEY, of Chicago, sends the following list:

Alice E. Bates, Anna E. Ayres, K. L. Meech, M. A. Conkey, Nellie French, Mary Felton, Lilla Toscott, J. F. Brace, Grace Douglas, Mary L. Banks, Hattie A. Montgomery, S. B. Hambleton, Annie Scantlebury and Mary V. Edwards.

EDWIN S. BELKNAP sends these eight names:

Minnie Bunner, Maude Estes, Mattie Cole, Gussie Cole, Etta Cole, Lulu Carmen, Lulu Perry and Frank Carmen.

Besides the above, the following names have been received:

Eddie Aston, Laura E. Tomkins, Dwight Tomkins, George P. Way, Jr., Hannah J. Powell, Burrill J. May, Valeria F. Pearson, C. Finley Herzman, Clifton B. Dare, Augusta L. De Vinne, May L. Corsa, Grace Lurena, Jennie French, Lizzie French, F. O. Newton, Lizzie Laning, Fannie H. Smith, Charles E. Bush, Lillie D. Howe, Edith Howe, Winnie D. Wheeler, Hattie V. Wheeler, Emma G. Wheeler, Carrie A. Dana, Laura A. Wilson, Lillie J. Studbaker, Albert Rundell, Charlie Heller, Carrie Heller and Lulu Woodberry.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Hazel Blossoms, by John Greenleaf Whittier. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

Fast Friends, by J. T. Trowbridge. J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

What Might Have Been Expected, by Frank R. Stockton. Dodd & Mead, N. Y.

Little Folks in Feathers and Fur, and Others in Neither, by Olive Thorne. Dustin, Gilman & Co., Hartford, Ct.

Grim's Fairy Tales (Chandos edition). London: Warne & Co.: New York: Scribner, Welford & Armstrong.

A new translation, by Mrs. Paull, specially adapted and arranged for young people.

Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales (Chandos edition). Same publishers. Translated and arranged for children by Mrs. Paull.

Heirs of the Kingdom, by Mrs. Mary Stuart Smith. Published by A. H. Redford, Nashville, Tenn.

Antony Brade, by Robert Lowell. Robert Bros., Boston.

The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines, by Mary Cowden Clarke. G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.

Moon Folk, by Jane G. Austin. G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.

Roddy's Romance, by Helen Kendrick Johnson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.

Risen from the Ranks; or, Harry Walton's Success, by Horatio Alger, jr. Published by Loring, Boston.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

LOGOGRIPH.

I AM composed of six letters. Unmutilated I give the name of a city famous for fruits—grapes especially. If you cut off my head, I express the language of a sailor when approaching land. Cut off also my tail, and I sound like the French word for an entrance. Cut off my head and tail once more, and I am French gold; then again my tail, and nothing remains; yet I utter a cry, though I never spoke a word in my life. F. R. F.

DOUBLE PICTORIAL ACROSTIC.



ANAGRAMS.

I.—ON OCCUPATIONS.—1. Rome shakes. 2. Our hats. 3. Ten pairs. 4. The races. 5. Come plain. 6. To ride.

II.—ON FLOWERS.—1. Name one. 2. Sour beets. 3. Ah, Lida. 4. Use margin. 5. Daniel nods. 6. I call. 7. Thy chains. 8. Ben raves.

III.—ON FRUITS.—1. Carts run. 2. A negro. 3. Pepin leaps. 4. 'Tis a crop. 5. We learn most.

IV.—MISCELLANEOUS.—1. You name us still. 2. Sister, you could. 3. I depart on time. 4. Our frog-den. 5. Is to linger. 6. Ma's own kin.

C. D., P. V. and R. G.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A consonant. 2. A form of the verb to be. 3. In advance. 4. Disloyalty. 5. One of the senses. 6. A deer. 7. A consonant.

H. C. G.

DECAPITATIONS.

FILL the first blank with a certain word, and the second with the same word beheaded.

1. He lost his — in trying to catch the —. 2. There is not a — on the whole —. 3. It was while trying to — that he broke his —. 4. He went to the — and — it up. NIP.

HIDDEN SQUARE.

WITH a city, a lake and a cape, form a word-square containing only one vowel and two consonants. S. T. N.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixteen letters. My 14, 3, 12, 8 is part of a ship; my 10, 2, 11, 14 is a mate; my 7, 4, 15, 1, 9 is to find out; my 13, 6, 16, 9 is a stone; my 5, 3, 11, 4, 9, 5 is a tree. My whole is a well-known actress. S. M. G.

THE DAY IN THE GROVE.—A Geographical Puzzle.

A PARTY of young ladies were seated in a shady (island in Mediterranean sea) grove. Presently they saw a man coming toward them, whom one, named (a city in Italy), recognized as her cousin (a river in North America).

(The river in North America) said he hoped this circle of charming and superior young ladies would allow him to join them. They assented to his proposal, but said that he must cease his (cape on Pacific coast of North America); and (one of the Southern States) saying he certainly needed refreshment, carried him a cup of hot (one of the East Indies) coffee, (a river in Africa), and (one of a group of islands west of North America).

When he had eaten, he began to tell a story of how he had been chased by a (lake in British America), at which the (city in Italy) was so frightened that she finally fainted away.

Then there was great confusion, and (cape on eastern coast of United States) in the company. But a young girl named (a city in Australia), sprinkled her poor friend with (a city in Prussia), while she told the others to keep up (a cape of Southern Africa).

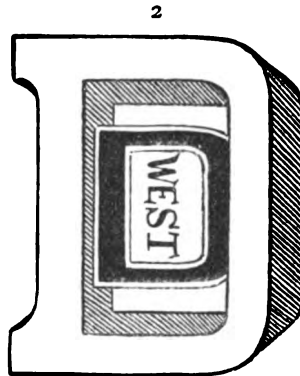
It was not long before the (city in Italy) recovered, when (the Southern State) exclaimed, "How pale you look, my (river in Australia)!" And the (river in North America) begged her to take a little (river in South America) wine.

Very soon they all started for home, and on the way (the river in North America) tried to caress a large (island east of Canada) dog, who was following them, but so full of (islands east of Australia) was he to his young mistress (a lake in Central Europe), that he would allow no one to pet him but her.

Soon after, as they were going over some (mountains in North America) ground, (a river in Siberia), a little sister of (the city in Italy), fell down and cried loudly. (The Southern State) called her (a city in Hungary), but the (lake in Central Europe) comforted her, and promised to give her a (sea in Australia) necklace on her birthday.

Here (the city in Australia) drew her shawl tighter round her, complaining that she felt (a country in South America). They soon reached home, however, and having taken (a cape on coast of Greenland) of each other, and saying they had had a pleasant day, they returned to their several homes in (a city in New Hampshire) and peace. M. F.

EASY REBUSES.



TRANSPPOSITIONS.

1. THE ancient — were not always — as
consulters wished. 2. A gate — has no — in
purity. 3. He — that the artist — about beauty.
4. Charles Lamb loved to praise the — of a —.
5. A wise man will keep — from —. 6. —
thou for a writer who so — to pride as to — his
manuscript because he will have no — of — between
his lines? 7. I hope his — will — — serv-
ice.

J. P. B.

SQUARE REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD and curtail words having the following for
their signification, and get a complete square-word: 1.
Anger. 2. A bet or pledge. 3. To pilfer. F. A. M.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD.

MY first are in pear, but not in fig;
My next are in coil, but not in wig;
My third are in nose, but not in chin;
My fourth are in sleek, but not in thin.
Poets have oft made me their theme,
Lovely and sweet as an artist's dream. A. S.

EASY METAGRAMS.

FIRST I am an animal. Change my head, and I am
a promise; again, and I am part of a vessel; again,
and I am an adverb; again, and I tell what tugs do.
Change my head and curtail, and I am a river. Behead
me, and I am an exclamation. S. C.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

ENIGMA.—One story is good, till another is told.
BEHEADED RHYMES.—Amusing, musing, using, sing.
REVERSIBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

S
TEN
MILES
PIT
M

CURTAILMENTS.—1. Twine—twin. 2. Avert—aver. 3. Babel—
babe. 4. Aha!—ah! 5. Airy—air. 6. Ward—war. 7. Want—
wan. 8. Wage—wag.

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 1.—Sun-set.—

S — afe — S
U — nfortunat — E
N — e — T

HISTORICAL CHARADE.—Earl of Bothwell, Mary Queen of Scots.
A RIDDLE.—Queue, cue, Q.

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUM PICTURE.—We shall print next month a report of the answers sent in, with award of prizes.

1. Calves
2. Buoy (boy)
3. Two feet (two-thirds of a yard)
4. Land
5. Pants
6. Heel (heel)
7. Horn
8. Re-pose
9. Sole
10. Bank
11. Pause (paws)
12. Grazing
13. Check
14. Hide
15. Hares (hairs)
16. Crook
17. Dog's ears
18. You (ewe)
19. Lashes
20. The Hidden Hand
21. Ayes and noes (eyes and nose)
22. Band (on hat)
23. Fleece
24. Skye (sky)
25. Nails
26. Nap (Napoleon)
27. Patch (Sam Patch)
28. Blades (of grass)
29. Hill
30. Back
31. Ate sheep (8 sheep)
32. A dog

PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 2.—Santa Claus.

S — pecif — C
A — bongina — L
N — aphth — A
T — — U
A — corn — S

DOUBLE DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—Herring—Scorpio.—

H B R E W S
D E R R I C K
P U R L O I N
C H A R I T Y
R R P R I S E
M I N U E N D
O P E N I N G

SUBSTITUTIONS.—1. Bruin—brain. 2. Trice—trace. 3. Hut—
hit—hat. 4. Dally—daily. 5. Delay—decay. 6. Stare—store. 7.
Put—pat—pet. 8. Concert—convert. 9. Him—ham.

33. 'T is distance lends enchantment to the view.—THOS. CAMPBELL
34. Bear skin (bare skin)
35. Limbs
36. Ram
37. Arms
38. Sleepers
39. Mussel (muscle)
40. Pear (pair of trees)
41. Knees
42. Temples
43. Shade
44. Mouth
45. Crown
46. Face
47. Black legs
48. Sheep's heads
49. Joint
50. Pupils and Irises
51. Lamb
52. Rest
53. Tales (tails)
54. General wool
55. Tulips
56. Teeth
57. Neck
58. Ears
59. Locke (lock of hair)
60. Bow (bow on hat)
61. Eyes
62. Grass ("All flesh is grass")
63. Lying creatures

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OCTOBER NUMBER have been received from Allie Neill, Lily F. Conkey, Minnie Thomas, Laura E. Tomkins, Russell F., Mary H. Wilson, Fannie H. Smith, and Louise F. Olmstead.



MOZART,
THE LITTLE MUSIC-KING.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. II.

JANUARY, 1875.

NO. 3.

THE LITTLE MUSIC-KING.

BY EMILY NOYES.

IN the year 1761, any one looking into the sitting-room of the chapel-master of Saltzburgh might have seen a little figure bent over a table busily scratching away with pen and ink. The childish hand hardly knew how to hold the pen, but hurried along with marks and dots and strange-looking characters, smeared with ink, and now and then blackened with a huge blot as the pen dashed from ink to paper with trembling eagerness. The door opened, and the chapel-master entered with a friend, but the little curly head did not stir.

"What are you doing, my son?"

"I am composing a concerto for the harpsichord, papa. I have nearly finished the first part."

"Let me see."

"No, please; I have not yet finished."

The father took the paper, however, and showed it to his friend. They both laughed heartily at the scrawl; but on looking more attentively, the chapel-master said:

"See, it is really composed by rule; but it is too difficult; no one could play it."

"It must be well studied before it is played," said the boy. "See, this is the way it begins." And running to the harpsichord, he succeeded in playing enough of it to show what his idea was.

It was indeed a musical composition, correctly composed, but containing such great difficulties that an able musician would have found it impossible to execute it on the harpsichord.

The chapel-master was Leopold Mozart, and the little composer, only five years old, was Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, afterward so celebrated in the musical world.

Two years before, he had stood listening at the fireside while his papa gave a music-lesson to his sister Anna.

"Thou teachest Nunnerl, papa; teach me too."

"But thou art a baby, Wolferl; wait, my little man."

But when the lesson was over, and papa gone, the little fellow went to the harpsichord, and, standing on tiptoe, groped among the keys, with his baby-fingers stretched wide apart, till he found and played a *perfect chord*. Papa's music-ear caught the sound, and he rushed back into the room to find that his baby had indeed, all alone, found his way into the beautiful tone-world.

After that, music-lessons were for him too, and he was never far away when Nunnerl was at the harpsichord, but, perched on his father's knee, followed every movement and tone, and often played the lesson after her from memory.

The next year the family removed to Munich, and the two children were presented at the Court, and played before Francis I., the Emperor, to the wonder and delight of all who heard them.

His father had only taught him on the harpsichord, but he had a little violin on which he played to amuse himself. Six trios composed by Wenzl were once brought to him to try his powers. Little Wolfgang begged that he might play the second violin part, and brought out his own instrument to play with the others. His father refused him, and bade him run away; but Schachtner, whose part it was, called him back, and said, "Never mind, little man; wipe away those tears, and stand by me." He did so, looking over the

musician's shoulder; and soon Schachtner was surprised to hear a clear, clean-cut tone striking in with his. Gradually he heard the music distinctly played, and softening his own tones more and more, let the little fellow play on. Finally he ceased playing altogether, and Wolfgang played on without interruption through that trio and the next, and until the whole six had been performed. He had become absorbed in the music, and all unconsciously threw his whole soul into the performance, and, with flushed cheek and flashing eye, played on to the close, radiant with delight, while the tears rolled down the chapel-master's face as he listened to the boy.

He had never before heard him play on the violin, and was overwhelmed with astonishment and joy.

"Little music-king thou art, my Wolferl, and thou shalt reign over us all," he cried, as he clasped him in his arms.

Before Wolfgang was eight years old, and Anna twelve, they had performed at the Courts of Vienna, Paris, Munich and London. At Vienna they saw and played with the little Marie Antoinette, and Wolfgang shocked the fine Court ladies by jumping into the lap of the Empress for a kiss. He could play the works of Bach, Handel and other masters, and in England composed six sonatas, which he dedicated to the Queen.

Returning to France, they traveled about in that country and in Holland, and Wolfgang played on the organs of most of the churches and monasteries.

One evening, being caught in a thunder-storm, they took shelter in a monastery. The monks were at supper, and did not know of their guests' arrival. But soon, wonderful music began to steal into the hall from the chapel, sometimes sweet and sad, then wild and stormy; now a single voice with pleading tones, again a great chorus of response; now the rolling of the thunder and the booming of the wind, and, as these died away, a soft, clear, sunny strain, telling that the storm was over. The Fathers were in great affright; one and another stole into the dark chapel to listen, and they counted themselves over and over again to be sure they were all there. But at last a light was brought, the strangers were discovered, and Wolfgang greatly enjoyed their amazement, terror, and delight. They could not believe it was he who had played such music, so far beyond what even Brother Ambrose played—their fine musician. They thought it was a spell—an enchantment—a holy charm—a miracle. And when at last con-

vinced he was a true mortal boy, they lavished the kindest hospitality on the Mozarts, and bade them God-speed on the morrow with many a blessing.

At the consecration of a church belonging to the Orphans' Home in Vienna, Mozart composed the music for the occasion, and conducted it, although only twelve years of age. At thirteen, he went to Rome with his father, and there, in the Sistine Chapel, below the grand painting of "The Last Judgment," which Michael Angelo had painted three hundred years before, he heard the wonderful music of "The Miserere."

This is only performed in Holy Week by the Pope's choir, and no one has ever been allowed to have a copy of the music, or even to see it. But so astonishing was little Mozart's memory, that, on his return from the chapel, he not only wrote out the music correctly, but could also sing it perfectly,—a feat which made him the musical wonder of the age.

He was received with the greatest enthusiasm in Italy; made a Knight of the Golden Spur by the Pope; elected a member of the Philharmonic Academy, and had praises and honors heaped upon him in the very land of song and art.

At fifteen years of age he composed his first opera. But we must now take leave of the boy.

His works were numerous, and have made his name immortal. His life was not long; and at thirty-five he left to the world the rich inheritance of his musical compositions.

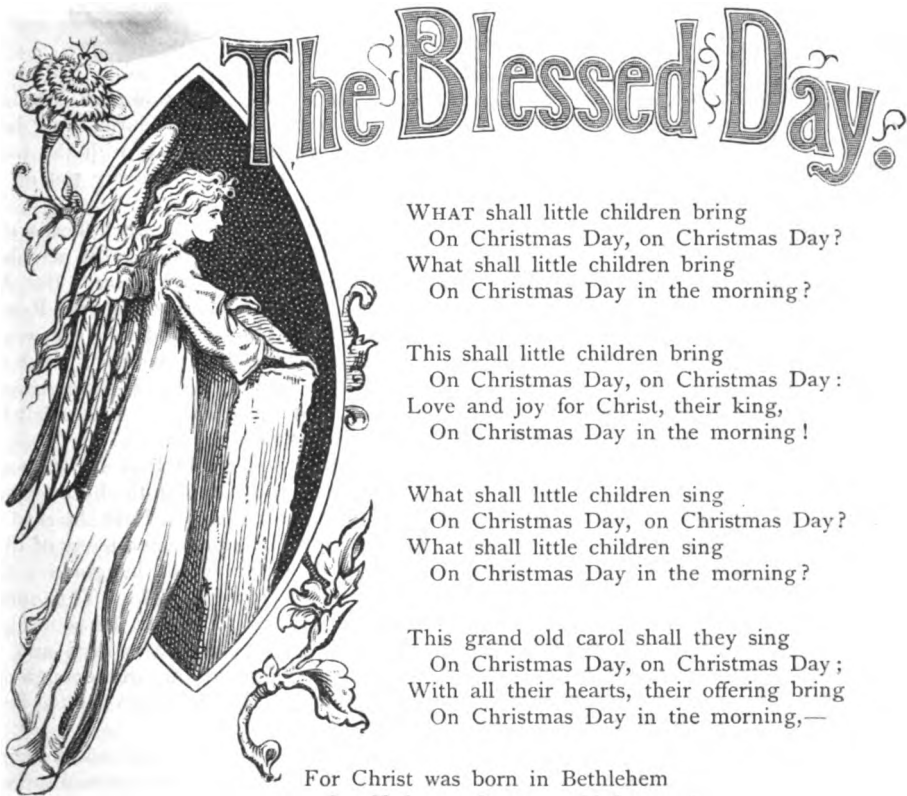
They are full of grace and beauty. Some of them are sad and mournful; some running over with fun and frolic; but sonatas, operas, and masses all speak the genius of the great musician.

His last work was a requiem, which a stranger came to him and ordered. Mozart began to write it, and was to have it finished in a month. But when the stranger returned it was not done.

"How much longer do you want?"

"Another month," replied Mozart.

He continued to work on it, but his health, already poor, began to fail, and he grew feebler each day. He often told his wife he was writing the requiem for himself, and his melancholy increased day by day. He fancied that the unknown person was a being from another world, and became convinced that he was sent to warn him of his own departure. Painfully he worked on with his failing strength, and at last the requiem was completed; but when the stranger called for it Mozart was dead, and the solemn requiem, written for another, was his own death-song.



WHAT shall little children bring
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?
What shall little children bring
On Christmas Day in the morning?

This shall little children bring
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day:
Love and joy for Christ, their king,
On Christmas Day in the morning!

What shall little children sing
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?
What shall little children sing
On Christmas Day in the morning?

This grand old carol shall they sing
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
With all their hearts, their offering bring
On Christmas Day in the morning,—

For Christ was born in Bethlehem
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
For Christ was born in Bethlehem
On Christmas Day in the morning.

“And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas Day in the morning.

“And all the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And all the angels in heaven shall sing
On Christmas Day in the morning.

“And all the souls on earth shall sing
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
And all the souls on earth shall sing
On Christmas Day in the morning.

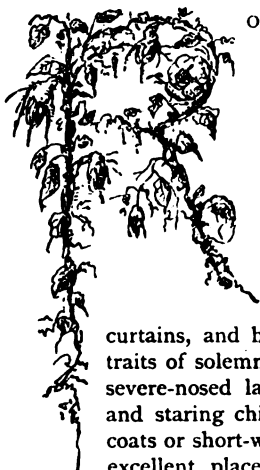
“Then let us all rejoice amain
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
Then let us all rejoice amain
On Christmas Day in the morning.”

EIGHT COUSINS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER I.

TWO GIRLS.



ROSE sat all alone in the big best parlor, with her little handkerchief laid ready to catch the first tear, for she was thinking of her troubles, and a shower was expected. She had retired to this room as a good place in which to be miserable; for it was dark and still, full of ancient furniture, sombre curtains, and hung all round with portraits of solemn old gentlemen in wigs, severe-nosed ladies in top-heavy caps, and staring children in little bob-tailed coats or short-waisted frocks. It *was* an excellent place for woe; and the fitful spring rain that pattered on the window-pane seemed to sob, "Cry away: I'm with you."

Rose really did have some cause to be sad; for she had no mother, and had lately lost her father also, which left her no home but this with her great aunts. She had only been with them a week, and though the dear old ladies had tried their best to make her happy they had not succeeded very well, for she was unlike any child they had ever seen, and they felt very much as if they had the care of a low-spirited butterfly.

They had given her the freedom of the house, and for a day or two she had amused herself roaming all over it, for it was a capital old mansion, and was full of all manner of odd nooks, charming rooms, and mysterious passages. Windows broke out in unexpected places, little balconies overhung the garden most romantically, and there was a long upper hall full of curiosities from all parts of the world; for the Campbells had been sea-captains for generations.

Aunt Plenty had even allowed Rose to rummage in her great china closet,—a spicy retreat, rich in all the "goodies" that children love; but Rose seemed to care little for these toothsome temptations; and when that hope failed, Aunt Plenty gave up in despair.

Gentle Aunt Peace had tried all sorts of pretty needlework, and planned a doll's wardrobe that would have won the heart of even an older child.

But Rose took little interest in pink satin hats and tiny hose, though she sewed dutifully till her aunt caught her wiping tears away with the train of a wedding-dress, and that discovery put an end to the sewing society.

Then both old ladies put their heads together and picked out the model child of the neighborhood to come and play with their niece. But Ariadne Blish was the worst failure of all, for Rose could not bear the sight of her, and said she was so like a wax doll she longed to give her a pinch and see if she would squeak. So prim little Ariadne was sent home, and the exhausted aunts left Rose to her own devices for a day or two.

Bad weather and a cold kept her indoors, and she spent most of her time in the library where her father's books were stored. Here she read a great deal, cried a little, and dreamed many of the innocent bright dreams in which imaginative children find such comfort and delight. This suited her better than anything else, but it was not good for her, and she grew pale, heavy-eyed and listless, though Aunt Plenty gave her iron enough to make a cooking-stove, and Aunt Peace petted her like a poodle.

Seeing this, the poor aunts racked their brains for a new amusement, and determined to venture a bold stroke, though not very hopeful of its success. They said nothing to Rose about their plan for this Saturday afternoon, but let her alone till the time came for the grand surprise, little dreaming that the odd child would find pleasure for herself in a most unexpected quarter.

Before she had time to squeeze out a single tear a sound broke the stillness, making her prick up her ears. It was only the soft twitter of a bird, but it seemed to be a peculiarly gifted bird, for while she listened the soft twitter changed to a lively whistle, then a trill, a coo, a chirp, and ended in a musical mixture of all the notes as if the bird burst out laughing. Rose laughed also, and, forgetting her woes, jumped up saying, eagerly:

"It is a mocking-bird. Where is it?"

Running down the long hall she peeped out at both doors, but saw nothing feathered except a drackle-tailed chicken under a burdock leaf. She listened again, and the sound seemed to be in the house. Away she went, much excited by the chase, and following the changeful song it led her to the china-closet door.

"In there? How funny!" she said. But when

she entered, not a bird appeared except the everlastingly kissing swallows on the Canton china that lined the shelves. All of a sudden Rose's face brightened, and softly opening the slide she peered into the kitchen. But the music had stopped, and all she saw was a girl in a blue apron scrubbing the hearth. Rose stared about her for a minute, and then asked abruptly:

"Did you hear that mocking-bird?"

"I should call it a phebe-bird," answered the girl, looking up with a twinkle in her black eyes.

"Where did it go?"

"It is here still."

"Where?"

"In my throat. Do you want to hear it?"

"Oh, yes! I'll come in." And Rose crept through the slide to the wide shelf on the other side, being too hurried and puzzled to go round by the door.

The girl wiped her hands, crossed her feet on the little island of carpet where she was stranded in a sea of soap-suds, and then, sure enough, out of her slender throat came the swallow's twitter, the robin's whistle, the blue-jay's call, the thrush's song, the wood-dove's coo, and many another familiar note, all ending as before with the musical ecstasy of a bobolink singing and swinging among the meadow grass on a bright June day.

Rose was so astonished that she nearly fell off her perch, and when the little concert was over clapped her hands delightedly.

"Oh, it was lovely! Who taught you?"

"The birds," answered the girl, with a smile, as she fell to work again.

"It is very wonderful! I can sing, but nothing half so fine as that. What is your name, please?"

"Phebe Moore."

"I've heard of phebe-birds, but I don't believe the real ones could do that," laughed Rose, adding, as she watched with interest the scattering of dabs of soft soap over the bricks: "May I stay and see you work? It is very lonely in the parlor."

"Yes, indeed, if you want to," answered Phebe, wringing out her cloth in a capable sort of way that impressed Rose very much.

"It must be fun to swash the water round and dig out the soap. I'd love to do it, only aunt would n't like it, I suppose," said Rose, quite taken with the new employment.

"You'd soon get tired, so you'd better keep tidy and look on."

"I suppose you help your mother a good deal."

"I have n't got any folks."

"Why, where do you live, then?"

"I'm going to live here, I hope. Debby wants some one to help round, and I've come to try for a week."

"I hope you *will* stay, for it is very dull," said Rose, who had taken a sudden fancy to this girl, who sung like a bird and worked like a woman.

"Hope I shall; for I'm fifteen now, and old enough to earn my own living. You have come to stay a spell, have n't you?" asked Phebe, looking up at her guest and wondering how life *could* be dull to a girl who wore a silk frock, a daintily frilled apron, a pretty locket, and had her hair tied up with a velvet snood.

"Yes, I shall stay till my uncle comes. He is my guardian now, and I don't know what he will do with me. Have you a guardian?"

"My sakes, no! I was left on the poor-house steps a little mite of a baby, and Miss Rogers took a liking to me, so I've been there ever since. But she is dead now, and I take care of myself."

"How interesting! It is like *Arabella Montgomery* in the '*Gypsy's Child*.' Did you ever read that sweet story?" asked Rose, who was fond of tales of foundlings, and had read many.

"I don't have any books to read, and all the spare time I get I run off into the woods; that rests me better than stories," answered Phebe, as she finished one job and began on another.

Rose watched her as she got out a great pan of beans to look over, and wondered how it would seem to have life all work and no play. Presently Phebe seemed to think it was her turn to ask questions, and said, wistfully:

"You've had lots of schooling, I suppose?"

"Oh, dear me, yes! I've been at boarding-school nearly a year, and I'm almost dead with lessons. The more I got, the more Miss Power gave me, and I was so miserable I 'most cried my eyes out. Papa never gave me hard things to do, and he always taught me so pleasantly I loved to study. Oh, we were *so* happy and so fond of one another! But now he is gone, and I am left all alone."

The tear that would not come when Rose sat waiting for it came now of its own accord,—two of them in fact,—and rolled down her cheeks, telling the tale of love and sorrow better than any words could do it.

For a minute there was no sound in the kitchen but the little daughter's sobbing and the sympathetic patter of the rain. Phebe stopped rattling her beans from one pan to the other, and her eyes were full of pity as they rested on the curly head bent down on Rose's knee, for she saw that the heart under the pretty locket ached with its loss, and the dainty apron was used to dry sadder tears than any she had ever shed.

Somehow, she felt more contented with her brown calico gown and blue-checked pinafore; envy changed to compassion; and if she had dared

she would have gone and hugged her afflicted guest.

Fearing that might not be considered proper, she said, in her cheery voice:

"I'm sure you aint all alone with such a lot of folks belonging to you, and all so rich and clever. You'll be petted to pieces, Debby says, because you are the only girl in the family."

Phebe's last words made Rose smile in spite of her tears, and she looked out from behind her apron with an April face, saying in a tone of comic distress:

"That's one of my troubles! I've got six aunts, and they all want me, and I don't know any of them very well. Papa named this place the Aunt-hill, and now I see why."

Phebe laughed with her as she said encouragingly:

"Every one calls it so, and it's a real good name, for all the Mrs. Campbells live handy by, and keep coming up to see the old ladies."

"I could stand the aunts, but there are dozens of cousins, dreadful boys all of them, and I detest boys! Some of them came to see me last Wednesday, but I was lying down, and when Auntie came to call me I went under the quilt and pretended to be asleep. I shall *have* to see them sometime, but I do dread it so." And Rose gave a shudder, for, having lived alone with her invalid father, she knew nothing of boys, and considered them a species of wild animal.

"Oh, I guess you'll like 'em. I've seen 'em flying round when they come over from the Point, sometimes in their boats and sometimes on horseback. If you like boats and horses you'll enjoy yourself first rate."

"But I don't! I'm afraid of horses, and boats make me ill, and I *hate* boys!" And poor Rose wrung her hands at the awful prospect before her. One of these horrors alone she could have borne, but all together were too much for her, and she began to think of a speedy return to the detested school.

Phebe laughed at her woe till the beans danced in the pan, but tried to comfort her by suggesting a means of relief.

"Perhaps your uncle will take you away where there aint any boys. Debby says he is a real kind man, and always brings heaps of nice things when he comes."

"Yes, but you see that is another trouble, for I don't know Uncle Alec at all. He hardly ever came to see us, though he sent me pretty things very often. Now I belong to him, and shall have to mind him till I am eighteen. I may not like him a bit, and I fret about it all the time."

"Well, I would n't borrow trouble, but have a

real good time. I'm sure I should think I was in clover if I had folks and money and nothing to do but enjoy myself," began Phebe, but got no further, for a sudden rush and rumble outside made them both jump.

"It's thunder," said Phebe.

"It's a circus!" cried Rose, who, from her elevated perch had caught glimpses of a gay cart of some sort and several ponies with flying manes and tails.

The sound died away, and the girls were about to continue their confidences when old Debby appeared, looking rather cross and sleepy after her nap.

"You are wanted in the parlor, Miss Rose."

"Has anybody come?"

"Little girls should n't ask questions, but do as they are bid," was all Debby would answer.

"I do hope it is n't Aunt Myra; she always scares me out of my wits asking how my cough is, and groaning over me as if I was going to die," said Rose, preparing to retire the way she came, for the slide, being cut for the admission of bouncing Christmas turkeys and puddings, was plenty large enough for a slender girl.

"Guess you'll wish it *was* Aunt Myra when you see who has come. Don't never let me catch you coming into my kitchen that way again or I'll shut you up in the big biler," growled Debby, who thought it her duty to snub children on all occasions.

CHAPTER II.

THE CLAN.

ROSE scrambled into the china-closet as rapidly as possible, and there refreshed herself by making faces at Debby, while she settled her plumage and screwed up her courage. Then she crept softly down the hall and peeped into the parlor. No one appeared, and all was so still she felt sure the company was up stairs. So she skipped boldly through the half-open folding-doors, to behold on the other side a sight that nearly took her breath away.

Seven boys stood in a row—all ages, all sizes, all yellow-haired and blue-eyed, all in full Scotch costume, and all smiling, nodding, and saying as with one voice: "How are you, cousin?"

Rose gave a little gasp and looked wildly about her as if ready to fly, for fear magnified the seven and the room seemed full of boys. Before she could run, however, the tallest had stepped out of the line, saying pleasantly:

"Don't be frightened. This is the clan come to welcome you; and I'm the chief, Archie Junior, at your service."

He held out his hand as he spoke, and Rose

timidly put her own into a brown paw, which closed over the white morsel and held it as the chief continued his introductions.

"We came in full rig, for we always turn out in style on grand occasions. Hope you like it. Now I'll tell you who these chaps are, and then we shall be all right. This big one is Prince Charlie, Aunt Clara's boy. She has but one, so he is an extra

At this command, to Rose's great dismay, six more hands were offered, and it was evident that she was expected to shake them *all*. It was a trying moment to the bashful child; but, remembering that they were her kinsmen come to welcome her, she tried her best to return the greeting cordially.

This impressive ceremony being over, the clan broke ranks, and both rooms instantly appeared to



"THIS IS THE CLAN, COME TO WELCOME YOU."

good one. This old fellow is Mac, the book-worm, called Worm for short. This sweet creature is Steve the Dandy. Look at his gloves and top-knot, if you please. They are Aunt Jane's lads, and a precious pair you'd better believe. These brats are my brothers, Geordie and Will, or Castor and Pollux, for they stick together like burrs; and Jamie the Baby. Now, my men, step out and show your manners."

be pervaded with boys. Rose hastily retired to the shelter of a big chair and sat there watching the invaders and wondering when her aunt would come and rescue her.

As if bound to do their duty manfully, yet rather oppressed by it, each lad paused beside her chair in his wanderings, made a brief remark, received a still briefer answer, and then sheered off with a relieved expression.

Archie came first, and, leaning over the chair back, observed in a paternal tone :

"I'm glad you've come, cousin, and I hope you'll find the Aunt-hill pretty jolly."

"I think I shall."

Mac shook his hair out of his eyes, stumbled over a stool, and asked abruptly :

"Did you bring any books with you ?"

"Four boxes full. They are in the library."

Mac vanished from the room, and Steve, striking an attitude which displayed his costume effectively, said with an affable smile :

"We were sorry not to see you last Wednesday. I hope your cold is better."

"Yes, thank you." And a smile began to dimple about Rose's mouth as she remembered her retreat under the bed-cover.

Feeling that he had been received with distinguished marks of attention, Steve strolled away with his top-knot higher than ever, and Prince Charlie pranced across the room, saying in a free and easy tone :

"Mamma sent her love and hopes you will be well enough to come over for a day next week. It must be desperately dull here for a little thing like you."

"I'm thirteen and a-half, though I *do* look small," cried Rose, forgetting her shyness in indignation at this insult to her newly acquired teens.

"Beg pardon, ma'am; never should have guessed it." And Charlie went off with a laugh, glad to have struck a spark out of his meek cousin.

Geordie and Will came together, two sturdy eleven and twelve year olders, and, fixing their round blue eyes on Rose, fired off a question apiece as if it was a shooting match and she the target.

"Did you bring your monkey ?"

"No; he is dead."

"Are you going to have a boat ?"

"I hope not."

Here the two, with a right-about-face movement, abruptly marched away, and little Jamie demanded with childish frankness :

"Did you bring me anything nice ?"

"Yes, lots of candy," answered Rose, whereupon Jamie ascended into her lap with a sounding kiss and the announcement that he liked her very much.

This proceeding rather startled Rose, for the other lads looked and laughed, and in her confusion she said hastily to the young usurper :

"Did you see the circus go by ?"

"When? Where?" cried all the boys in great excitement at once.

"Just before you came. At least I thought it was a circus, for I saw a red and black sort of cart and ever so many little ponies, and —"

She got no farther, for a general shout made her

pause suddenly, as Archie explained the joke by saying in the middle of his laugh.

"It was our new dog-cart and the Shetland ponies. You'll never hear the last of your circus, cousin."

"But there were so many, and they went so fast, and the cart was so very red," began Rose, trying to explain her mistake.

"Come and see them all!" cried the Prince. And before she knew what was happening she was borne away to the barn and tumultuously introduced to three shaggy ponies and the gay new dog-cart.

She had never visited these regions before, and had her doubts as to the propriety of her being there now, but when she suggested that "Auntie might not like it," there was a general cry of :

"She told us to amuse you, and we can do it ever so much better out here than poking round in the house."

"I'm afraid I shall get cold without my sacque," began Rose, who wanted to stay, but felt rather out of her element.

"No you won't! We'll fix you," cried the lads, as one clapped his cap on her head, another tied a rough jacket round her neck by the sleeves, a third nearly smothered her in a carriage blanket, and a fourth threw open the door of the old barouche that stood there, saying with a flourish :

"Step in, ma'am, and make yourself comfortable while we show you some fun."

So Rose sat in state enjoying herself very much, for the lads proceeded to dance a Highland fling with a spirit and skill that made her clap her hands and laugh as she had not done for weeks.

"How is that, my lassie?" asked the Prince, coming up all flushed and breathless when the ballet was over.

"It was splendid! I never went to the theater but once, and the dancing was not half so pretty as this. What clever boys you must be," said Rose, smiling upon her kinsmen like a little queen upon her subjects.

"Ah, we're a fine lot, and that is only the beginning of our larks. We haven't got the pipes here or we'd sing for you—we'd play for you—a ducy melody," answered Charlie, looking much elated at her praise.

"I did not know we were Scotch; papa never said anything about it or seemed to care about Scotland, except to have me sing the old ballads," said Rose, beginning to feel as if she had left America behind her somewhere.

"Neither did we till lately. We've been reading Scott's novels, and all of a sudden we remembered that our grandfather was a Scotchman. So we hunted up the old stories, got some pipes, put

on our plaids, and went in, heart and soul, for the glory of the clan. We've been at it some time now, and it's great fun. Our people like it, and I think we are a pretty canny set."

Archie said this from the other coach-step, where he had perched, while the rest climbed up before and behind to join in the chat as they rested.

"I'm Fitzjames and he's Roderick Dhu, and we'll give you the broadsword combat some day. It's a great thing, you'd better believe," added the Prince.

"Yes, and you should hear Steve play the pipes. He makes 'em skirl like a good one," cried Will from the box, eager to air the accomplishments of his race.

"Mac's the fellow to hunt up the old stories and tell us how to dress right, and pick out rousing bits for us to speak and sing," put in Geordie, saying a good word for the absent Worm.

"And what do you and Will do?" asked Rose of Jamie, who sat beside her as if bound to keep her in sight till the promised gift had been handed over.

"Oh, I'm the little foot-page, and do errands, and Will and Geordie are the troops when we march, and the stags when we hunt, and the traitors when we want to cut any heads off."

"They are very obliging, I'm sure," said Rose, whereat the "utility men" beamed with modest pride, and resolved to enact Wallace and Montrose as soon as possible for their cousin's special benefit.

"Let's have a game of tag," cried the Prince, swinging himself up to a beam with a sounding slap on Stevie's shoulder.

Regardless of his gloves, Dandy tore after him, and the rest swarmed in every direction as if bent on breaking their necks and dislocating their joints as rapidly as possible.

It was a new and astonishing spectacle to Rose, fresh from a prim boarding-school, and she watched the active lads with breathless interest, thinking their antics far superior to those of Mops, the dear departed monkey.

Will had just covered himself with glory by pitching off of a high loft head first and coming up all right, when Phebe appeared with a cloak, hood and rubbers, also a message from Aunt Plenty that "Miss Rose was to come in directly."

"All right; we'll bring her!" answered Archie, issuing some mysterious order, which was so promptly obeyed that, before Rose could get out of the carriage, the boys had caught hold of the pole and rattled her out of the barn, round the oval and up to the front door with a cheer that brought two caps to an upper window, and caused Debby to cry aloud from the back porch:

"Them harum-scarum boys will certainly be the death of that delicate little creter!"

But the "delicate little creter" seemed all the better for her trip, and ran up the steps looking rosy, gay and disheveled, to be received with lamentation by Aunt Plenty, who begged her to go and lie down at once.

"Oh, please don't! We have come to tea with our cousin and we'll be as good as gold if you'll let us stay, Auntie," clamored the boys, who not only approved of "our cousin," but had no mind to lose their tea, for Aunt Plenty's name but feebly expressed her bountiful nature.

"Well, dears, you can; only be quiet and let Rose go and take her iron and be made tidy, and then we will see what we can find for supper," said the old lady as she trotted away, followed by a volley of directions for the approaching feast.

"Marmalade for me, Auntie."

"Plenty of plum-cake, please."

"Tell Debby to trot out the baked pears."

"I'm your man for lemon-pie, ma'am."

"Do have fritters; Rose will like 'em."

"She'd rather have tarts, I know."

When Rose came down fifteen minutes later with every curl smoothed and her most beruffled apron on, she found the boys loafing about the long hall, and paused on the half-way landing to take an observation, for till now she had not really examined her new-found cousins.

There was a strong family resemblance among them, though some of the yellow heads were darker than others, some of the cheeks brown instead of rosy, and the ages varied all the way from sixteen-year-old Archie to Jamie, who was ten years younger. None of them were especially comely but the Prince, yet all were hearty, happy-looking lads, and Rose decided that boys were not as dreadful as she had expected to find them.

They were all so characteristically employed that she could not help smiling as she looked. Archie and Charlie, evidently great cronies, were pacing up and down, shoulder to shoulder, whistling "Bonnie Dundee." Mac was reading in a corner, with his book close to his near-sighted eyes. Dandy was arranging his hair before the oval glass in the hat-stand. Geordie and Will investigating the internal economy of the moon-faced clock, and Jamie lay kicking up his heels on the mat at the foot of the stairs, bent on demanding his sweeties the instant Rose appeared.

She guessed his intention and forestalled his demand by dropping a handful of sugar-plums down upon him.

At his cry of rapture the other lads looked up and smiled involuntarily, for the little kinswoman standing there above was a winsome sight with her shy, soft eyes, bright hair and laughing face. The black frock reminded them of her loss, and filled

the boyish hearts with a kindly desire to be good to "our cousin," who had no longer any home but this.

"There she is, as fine as you please," cried Steve, kissing his hand to her.

"Come on, Missy; tea is ready," added the Prince encouragingly.

"I shall take her in." And Archie offered his arm with great dignity, an honor that made Rose turn as red as a cherry and long to run up stairs again.

It was a merry supper, and the two elder boys added much to the fun by tormenting the rest with dark hints of some interesting event which was about to occur. Something uncommonly fine they declared it was, but enveloped in the deepest mystery for the present.

"Did I ever see it?" asked Jamie.

"No, but Mac and Steve have, and liked it immensely," answered Archie, thereby causing the two mentioned to neglect Debby's delectable fritters for several minutes, while they cudged their brains.

"Who will have it first?" asked Will, with his mouth full of marmalade.

"Aunt Plenty, I guess."

"When will she have it?" demanded Geordie, bouncing in his seat with impatience.

"Some time on Monday."

"Heart alive! what is the boy talking about?" cried the old lady from behind the tall urn, which left little to be seen but the topmost bow of her cap.

"Does n't Auntie know?" asked a chorus of voices.

"No; and that's the best of the joke, for she is desperately fond of it."

"What color is it?" asked Rose, joining in the fun.

"Blue and brown."

"Is it good to eat?" asked Jamie.

"Some people think so, but I should n't like to try it," answered Charlie, laughing so he spilt his tea.

"Who does it belong to?" put in Steve.

Archie and the Prince stared at one another rather blankly for a minute, then Archie answered with a twinkle of the eye that made Charlie explode again:

"To Grandfather Campbell."

This was a poser, and they gave up the puzzle, though Jamie confided to Rose that he did not think he could live till Monday without knowing what this remarkable thing was.

Soon after tea, the clan departed, singing "All the blue bonnets are over the border," at the tops of their voices.

"Well, dear, how do you like your cousins?" asked Aunt Plenty, as the last pony frisked round the corner and the din died away.

"Pretty well, ma'am; but I like Phebe better."

An answer which caused Aunt Plenty to hold up her hands in despair and trot away to tell sister Peace that she never *should* understand that child, and it was a mercy Alec was coming soon to take the responsibility off their hands.

Fatigued by the unusual exertions of the afternoon, Rose curled herself up in the sofa corner to rest and think about the great mystery, little guessing that she was to know it first of all.

Right in the middle of her meditations, she fell asleep and dreamed she was at home again in her own little bed. She seemed to wake and see her father bending over her; to hear him say, "My little Rose;" to answer, "Yes, papa;" and then to feel him take her in his arms and kiss her tenderly. So sweet, so real was the dream, that she started up with a cry of joy to find herself in the arms of a brown, bearded man, who held her close and whispered, in a voice so like her father's that she clung to him involuntarily:

"This is my little girl, and I am Uncle Alec."

(*To be continued.*)

MERRY Christmas, dear Papa!

Merry Christmas, good Mamma!

Don't you hear me knocking?

Don't you know the morning's here?

Wake up, Papa! Mamma dear!

Oh! oh! see my stocking!



ELSIE'S WINTER WALK.

BY L. G. W.

THE spring before, Elsie had had a present of a vase. It was made of clouded glass, and shaped like a basket. From that day there were always fresh flowers or leaves or grasses on the little corner table in the parlor; for there was

something," said Elsie, with a sudden determination.

"But it's all snow," said Edgar.

"What's the use?"

"Oh, we'll see. The sun shines; and I don't believe *every* thing's dead. Who'll go with me?"

"Not I," said Fred. "Better fun for me—going to get my skates

newly strapped, ready for the pond. Who cares for green things! Besides, they're all gone, I know."

Edgar had some important whittling to keep him at home. But Ralph wanted to go, and was running off for his coat and cap, poor little fellow, with a hole in his boots. But Elsie could not take him, and so she consoled him with a big piece of paper and a pencil, and started off alone.

She went out through the north gate upon the road, and then close along by the fence down the hill. The snow was pretty thick and hard, but around every fence-post was a little green island. The sun was clear, and the air would have been almost warm if it could have blown over grass instead of snow. How pleasant it was, after all! And there, in one of the small green islands, was a clover-leaf, and, stooping to get it, she found another and another; real Spring clover-leaves, with little white marks in them, and fresh and sweet when they came to be lifted out of their cold bed and carried in her hand.

Her eyes were wide open now, and soon caught

where the vase stood, and it was never empty.

So many beautiful things it had held; hepaticas and violets and apple-blossoms, and then the roses and wild honeysuckles of June, and then, as her own little garden grew to blossoming, sweet peas and geraniums and mignonnette. At last there were asters and golden-rod and brown ferns, and the fringed gentians from down by the brook under the hill—the dear good-by flowers that staid so late.

She used to get up early all the Summer mornings and have it freshly filled before breakfast. But now the mornings were short and dreary, the last of the tender ferns had dried away out of sight, and the little flower-bed was filled only with bare earth and patches of snow. The basket was empty at last, and looked lonely and forlorn. Elsie said this was too dreary; it would never do in the world.

But Fred said, a little teasingly, "Well, El, what are you going to do about it, I should like to know?"

"Going to walk; and you'll see if I don't find

a glimpse of something green and brown and glossy. It was a bunch of blackberry leaves, and, feeling for the stem and pulling hard, up came a long vine, delicate and fresh, and every leaf perfect. Then she found more, and the farther they had trailed off under the snow, the greener and more perfect they always were. "Could it be true that the cold snow has been keeping them warm?" Elsie said to herself, and her heart quite warmed up to the snow as she gathered the long, graceful vines and thought of the little basket waiting at home.

Then there was a wild rose-bush all bare of leaves; but what pretty yellow and red stems,—she had never noticed before,—and on the end of many of them a bright red berry. How bright they were in among the blackberry leaves!

Not many fence-posts farther on, a little brown and yellow bunch of yarrow leaves lay leaning over each other in a sleepy sort of way, but quite fresh, and those deepest down as green as Summer. So the feathery little things also went on in Elsie's hand. Wild strawberry leaves, green and brown and red, lay at almost every step; delicate grasses, bleached white, waved above the snow, making a faint fluttering sound; and soon she came upon something really wonderful. It seemed to be a bunch of white daisies, but, on looking closely, they proved to be the dry calyxes of some summer flowers, quite white and shining. Elsie laughed out for joy.

On she went, crossing the bridge at the foot of the hill, and then creeping through the bars into the winter-green lot. There she found treasures, indeed; great beds of partridge-berry vines under the snow, all bright with berries, and tufts of hardy ferns, and the glossy winter-green leaves. How *could* anybody want more? How little Fred knew about it all! He should go with her next time, and not pretend any longer that he did n't care for such things; for she knew it was only pretense. Her left hand ached, it was so full of beautiful things. Next time she would bring a big basket, and it should be next time very soon, for she had found out now what a dear secret the snow had been keeping from her. Thanks to that little empty vase of hers at home.

Just then such a soft bed of moss gleamed up before her out of the dazzling snow. She had to stop short. At first she thought she would not touch it,—it would be too bad to tear away the least bit,—but she wanted it so much she soon decided it

would be right, after all. So she laid down her treasures and began to dig with both hands, but, finding a whole family of bugs and worms packed away for the winter under its shelter, she laid it carefully back and tucked down the edges to keep them warm. "What a nice bed," she said, "only I'd rather have it under me than on top of me, I think."

Then she came to a stump, all covered with lichens and cup-moss and small clumps of scarlet-headed gray moss and, running all over the big roots, more of the partridge-berry vine, a little greener and finer and more abundant than what she had found before. Everything that grows in the woods seems to love old trees so. What a splendid tree that must have been, and when it had to be cut down, how lovely of all the little red and gray and green things to come and cover up the poor stump so as to make things less lonesome!

Elsie knew it was time to go home, but it was hard to get away. She liked to think of all the hepaticas and anemones asleep down just a little way in the ground under her feet, for here was where she always found the first Spring flowers. And down there, in the alders, how soon the birds would be building their nests again!

Fred was just passing by on his way back from the store as Elsie turned to go home. He stooped down out of sight to see how she would get through the fence with her load,—a great bunch of leaves in one hand, a handkerchief full of moss in the other, and long vines hanging over her left shoulder and down her back. A little mean of Fred not to try to help her; but he did so like to tease!

The first she knew of his presence she heard a voice behind her, as she trudged along, call out, "Stop thief!" When he caught up with her he said, very meekly, "Will you allow me the pleasure of carrying the winter-green lot for you, Miss?" But she could n't trust him with anything but the handkerchief.

So the little basket was full again; blackberry and partridge vines hanging off and running over the handle, and yarrow and ferns leaning out, and bright berries peeping up between, and the queer little snow-daisies, as Elsie called the calyxes, in a bunch on one side. And there was so much left that the pictures on the mantel were trimmed, and a flat dish was filled with moss for the big table, and everybody said it was about as good as Summer, after all.

JESSIE.

BY BRET HARTE.

JESSIE is both young and fair,
Dewy eyes and sunny hair;
Sunny hair and dewy eyes
Are not where her beauty lies.

Jessie is both fond and true,
Heart of gold and will of yew;
Will of yew and heart of gold—
Still her charms are scarcely told.

If she yet remain unsung,
Pretty, constant, docile, young,
What remains not here compiled?
Jessie is a little child!

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

BY FLORENCE SCANNELL.

It was Christmas Eve. The night was very dark and the snow falling fast, as Hermann, the charcoal-burner, drew his cloak tighter around him, and the wind whistled fiercely through the trees of the Black Forest. He had been to carry a load to a castle near, and was now hastening home to his little hut. Although he worked very hard, he was poor, gaining barely enough for the wants of his wife and his four little children. He was thinking of them, when he heard a faint wailing. Guided by the sound, he groped about and found a little child, scantily clothed, shivering and sobbing by itself in the snow.

"Why, little one, have they left thee here all alone to face this cruel blast?"

The child answered nothing, but looked piteously up in the charcoal-burner's face.

"Well, I cannot leave thee here. Thou would'st be dead before the morning."

So saying, Hermann raised it in his arms, wrap-

ping it in his cloak and warming its little cold hands in his bosom. When he arrived at his hut, he put down the child and tapped at the door, which was immediately thrown open, and the children rushed to meet him.

"Here, wife, is a guest to our Christmas Eve supper," said he, leading in the little one, who held timidly to his finger with its tiny hand.

"And welcome he is," said the wife. "Now let him come and warm himself by the fire."

The children all pressed round to welcome and gaze at the little new-comer. They showed him their pretty fir-tree, decorated with bright, colored lamps in honor of Christmas Eve, which the good mother had endeavored to make a *fête* for the children.

Then they sat down to supper, each child contributing of its portion for the guest, looking with admiration at its clear, blue eyes and golden hair, which shone so as to shed a brighter light in the

little room ; and as they gazed, it grew into a sort of halo round his head, and his eyes beamed with a heavenly luster. Soon two white wings appeared at his shoulders, and he seemed to grow larger and larger, and then the beautiful vision vanished,

place where he had found the fair child, he saw a cluster of lovely white flowers, with dark green leaves, looking as though the snow itself had blossomed. Hermann plucked some, and carried them reverently home to his wife and children, who



HERMANN BRINGS HOME A CHRISTMAS GUEST.

spreading out his hands as in benediction over them.

Hermann and his wife fell on their knees, exclaiming, in awe-struck voices : " The holy Christ-child ! " and then embraced their wondering children in joy and thankfulness that they had entertained the Heavenly Guest.

The next morning, as Hermann passed by the

treasured the fair blossoms and tended them carefully in remembrance of that wonderful Christmas Eve, calling them Chrysanthemums ; and every year, as the time came round, they put aside a portion of their feast and gave it to some poor little child, according to the words of the Christ : " Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. "

JOKKOREE.

(An Old-fashioned Fairy Tale.)

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

ONCE upon a time there lived a miller by the name of Jok, and his wife's name was Ko, and his mare's name was Rik, and his dog's name was Ree, and his cat's name was Rorum. When his first child was born, and he found it was a girl, he called her Jokkorik; and when his second child was born, as it was a son, he called it Jokkoree. His wife complained very much of these names, saying that they were not fit to be given to children; but the miller, who was as whimsical as he was tyrannical, bade the good woman to hold her tongue, and declared if another child were born, be it boy or girl, he would name it Jokkororum.

The boy and the girl grew up, the girl being very beautiful and the boy very ugly. Jokkorik was tall and slender, with eyes of a violet blue, a pure red and white complexion, and long, golden hair. Jokkoree, on the contrary, was short, stout and muscular, with large feet and hands, steel-gray eyes, reddish-brown hair that was bushy and stiff, and a manner that was awkward and constrained. But if he was ungainly he was also active and fearless. There was not a horse, however wild, that he could not ride, nor a wild beast, however fierce, that he feared to meet; indeed, his father complained that he was fonder of riding and hunting than of attending to the mill. But Jokkoree did not neglect his duty. He rose early and toiled late, and whenever the great mill-wheel was turning he was busy. And he was as kind-hearted and frank and indifferent to praise or censure, as his sister was cruel and deceitful and vain. Yet, because Jokkoree was so very ugly and had a wide mouth and a big nose, his mother disliked and neglected him, and lavished all her love upon his sister; while his father only looked upon him as one who was strong enough to help him in the mill-work, and was easy to manage.

Out in the forest near the mill,—a forest which belonged to the Grand Duke of Kleinerberg, and where his Serene Highness and the nobles of the Court often came to hunt, there lived an old hermit with a beard as white as snow, and a body so thin that its owner looked like a living skeleton in a serge gown. To this hermit Jokkoree had always been kind when the old man came to the mill to beg a little flour, and in return the hermit taught him not only to read and write, but to do a great many other things. He showed him how to use a sword and handle a lance, for the hermit had been

a learned man as well as a knight of renown in his time. He grew kinder and kinder to the boy every day, and at length, finding death about to overtake him, gave him three things which he said might prove of use as he grew older: the Sword of Potency, the Staff of Extension, and the Shoes of Endurance. The sword would cut through anything, no matter how hard it might be; the staff, at the will of the wearer, would enlarge or diminish, or change itself into any article ever fashioned out of wood; and the shoes had this quality, that he who wore them was never tired, no matter how long he walked or how fast he might run, nor was he bent down no matter how heavy the burthen he might bear. Having explained all this, the hermit died, and Jokkoree buried him in his cave, in a spot which the hermit had hollowed out long before for this very purpose.

When Jokkorik was about ten years old, there was born a little sister, and the miller, according to his promise, named her Jokkororum. And the little girl grew up to be the most beautiful girl that was ever seen, and to be as amiable in disposition as she was lovely in person. But before she was quite sixteen years old, the father and mother both died within a month of each other, leaving their estate to Jokkorik and Jokkoree, and commending Jokkororum to the joint care of her brother and sister; and Jokkoree, a week after the death of his mother, leaving his share of the property for the support of his younger sister, took with him the sword and staff and shoes of the hermit, and mounting the best horse in the stable, went forth to seek his fortune.

So soon as he was gone, Jokkorik, who hated her younger sister because every one preferred her, insisted that Jokkororum should go into the kitchen, and become a scullion there, and Jokkororum had to submit. But, one day, the son of the Grand Duke, the Prince Prettyboi, fatigued with his hunting, stopped with his attendants at the mill, and asked for a glass of water. Jokkorik curtsied and blushed, and ordered Jokkororum to fetch it, which she did. Though the young girl was meanly clad, and marked with the tokens of her menial service, she was so beautiful and graceful, that when she had retired the Prince asked who she was.

"Only my scullion," answered Jokkorik.

Every day afterward the Prince came to hunt in the forest, and every day stopped to crave a drink

of water. Jokkorik thought that she had fascinated him by her own charms; but one day, when Jokkororum happened to be absent, the Prince inquired after her so very anxiously that the elder sister at once saw her error. After the Prince had gone, when Jokkororum returned, her sister met her with reproaches and abuse, and, after beating her, drove her from the house, and told her never

quired of the peasant with whom he had lodged what building that was.

"That," said his host, "is the castle of the giant Steelbody, the great enchanter. He is the terror of all Dunderland, and the King would share his kingdom with the man who would destroy him."

"Why has he not been killed before this, by some stout knight of the kingdom?"



THE HERMIT'S THREE GIFTS

to come back again. And when the Prince returned next day, and learned of this, he caused inquiries to be made, and found that the young girl, after being traced into the country of Dunderland, had entirely disappeared.

Wishing to fathom this mystery, and anxious again to see Jokkororum, whose true condition he now discovered, he left Court and set out all alone upon his travels.

Meanwhile, Jokkoree had gone from one country to another without meeting any remarkable adventures, and, finding his purse was getting lighter, had returned by a different way. When he was about two days' journey from Kleinerberg, he stopped for the night on the edge of a huge forest, at the cottage of a woodman. In the morning, as he was preparing to go, he looked upward and saw in the distance a high rock, on which stood a huge castle, with three slender towers in front, which glittered in the rays of the morning sun. He in-

"It is easy to see, young sir, that you are a stranger," replied the peasant. "Not only is the castle impregnable, and built on an inaccessible rock, but whoever ventures into the valley around it falls within the power of his sorcery, and is obliged to do his will. He pretends to treat them fairly too. It is said that he sets them three tasks, and if they do these, he will give them all his possessions; but if they fail, then he changes them to statues of brass, to adorn his great hall. Only the other day, a beautiful young girl, though she was meanly dressed, wandered there, and was changed to a statue; and when I described her to a young cavalier who stopped here, he went madly in pursuit of her, and perished too, doubtless, as nothing was seen of him afterward. The King's daughter once ventured there, or strayed there by some accident, but never returned."

"And did not the King send his soldiers to the castle to rescue her?"

"It would be useless, even if he came out to meet them. He has made his body, by magic, as hard as steel,—whence his name,—and swords and lances only shiver when they strike him."

"I will seek this giant, and destroy him," said Jokkoree.

The peasant endeavored to dissuade him, but in vain. The young man mounted his horse, and spurred on toward the castle, staff in hand, while his sword jingled at his side in the scabbard, as though it were calling him to the enterprise.

Jokkoree soon arrived at a high stone wall, along which he rode for some time without discovering any entrance. At last he came to a gap where the stones had fallen, and thus was enabled to pass. He found himself in a beautiful garden, filled with choice fruit-trees, parterres of flowers, and beautiful fountains. As he gazed around him, he saw a huge giant advancing, whom he rightly conjectured to be no other than Steelbody himself.

The giant, who was attended by a number of servants, put on a friendly air, and welcomed Jokkoree as though he were exceedingly pleased by his visit, inviting him to enter the castle.

"It shall not be my fault," said he, "if you do not stay with me a very long time."

Jokkoree understood the hidden meaning of these words, but he followed the giant to the rock, where a huge door opened of its own accord, and revealed a flight of stone steps, which they ascended, and which led them into the main hall of the castle.

The youth had never even dreamed of anything so splendid. The walls, the pillars that supported the roof, and the lofty ceiling were of ebony inlaid with gold, and studded with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and other precious stones; and the floor was laid in agate and lapis lazuli. On either side of the hall were pedestals, each bearing a statue of bronze. In one of these Jokkoree recognized the figure of Jokkororum, and he started.

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The giant noticed his surprise, but mistook the cause. "Ah! I see you notice one vacant pedestal. It lacks one statue to complete the collection, but I expect to have that in three days."

He then led Jokkoree to the great banquetting-room, where they found a collation ready, which was served by numerous servants richly attired. When this was over, there was a concert of music; after which, Jokkoree was shown to a chamber of equal richness with the other apartments, and here, without any fear of harm, he went to sleep.

The next morning, after he had eaten breakfast, which was served to him in bed, and dressed himself, the giant entered the chamber.

"I hope you have been pleased at your entertainment," he said. Jokkoree bowed in reply.



JOKKOREE AND THE GIANT.

"There is a price to be paid for it," continued Steelbody. "I shall be compelled to ask you to do me three favors—to set three tasks for you, in

fact. If you succeed in all these, you are master of this castle and all it contains. If you fail in either, you will change into a statue of bronze, and stand upon the vacant pedestal."

"I am ready," answered Jokkoree.

"Come with me, then," said the giant, "to the valley below."

Jokkoree followed him, and when there the giant went on to say:

"Ten miles from this, on my grounds, are six stones, each as heavy as you can carry. You must go there and bring them, one by one, to this place, between now and sunset. The road is plain—the path is before you. I leave you to your labor, while I return to the castle. At sunset I will be here."

The giant left him, and Jokkoree, lacing the Shoes of Endurance tightly on his feet, ran directly on the path that stretched straight before him. He soon arrived where the stones lay, and grasping one, put it on his shoulder. It was certainly heavy, but the quality of the shoes he wore, as the hermit had told him, prevented fatigue, and he readily brought it to the foot of the rock, running all the way with the greatest ease. In this way he made six journeys to and fro, and it was not yet noon-day when he had completed his labor. When he had done it, he knocked loudly at the great door in the rock. As he did so, he heard a crash, and looking up he found that one of the three towers which made the front of the castle had fallen, and the fragments of stone had poured down on the very spot where he had stood a few moments before.

The giant made his appearance, with a vexed look.

"So you have completed your task early. That gives you a chance to do the second before the sun sets. You see yonder tree, with golden fruit in the upper branches? A basket hangs up there. You will be kind enough to get to the top, fill the basket with the fruit, and when you have brought it down carry it up to the great hall of the castle, where I shall await you."

So saying, the giant entered the portal, and the door closed.

Jokkoree looked at the tree, and found the trunk, which was slender and lofty, was studded thickly with bright steel points, as sharp as razors, extending in every direction, rendering it impossible to climb. But the youth was nowise daunted at that. He remembered his Staff of Extension. Placing that before him, he wished it to become a ladder long enough to reach to the first branch of the tree. The staff split in two, and went upward, rounds appearing between the two parts as it climbed, until it finally rested where desired. Up

this ladder Jokkoree ascended, and, taking the basket, speedily filled it with the golden fruit. Then he descended, the ladder shrank back again into a staff, and Jokkoree, with his basket on his arm, knocked at the great door in the rock, which opened as before. As it did this, there was a great crash, and a second tower of the castle fell.

The giant met him in the hall, and took the basket of fruit which Jokkoree offered. He was very pale, and said:

"You have performed two of the tasks; but the third is more difficult. Take the sword which I see you wear by your side, and strike off my head. If you fail in that, you are lost."

Jokkoree drew his sword, and the giant bent his head low that it might be reached, while a malignant twinkle in his eye showed his faith in the invulnerability of his body to all weapons. The youth trembled, for he remembered what the peasant had told him; but he also remembered what the hermit had said, and how the shoes and the staff had proved themselves. So he drew his sword and smote lustily.

There was a crash, and the last of the three towers fell, as the head of the giant rolled upon the floor. At the same moment the statues changed into living forms, stepped from their pedestals, and crowded around their deliverer. Jokkororum threw herself in the arms of her brother, while Prince Prettyboi gazed at her in admiration.

There were knights and dames, nobles and burghers, who pressed around to thank Jokkoree; and one of the ladies, whom the rest recognized and paid deference to, gave him her hand to kiss. This was the Princess Brytize, the only daughter of the puissant Woodenhed, King of all Dunderland. And the servants all hastened to acknowledge Jokkoree as their master, and as heir, by the terms of the three achieved tasks, to the titles and estate of Steelbody, Count of Aircastle and Lord Nozoo.

King Woodenhed fulfilled his promise, and gave over half of Dunderland to Jokkoree, who reigned as king there. But as the old king had no son, he made his co-king marry the Princess Brytize, that the whole realm might be kept in the family.

Jokkoree and Jokkororum, who was afterward married to Prince Prettyboi, forgave Jokkorik, and King Jokkoree invited her to his Court, where she married a great noble, Count Henpekt, with whom she became tolerably happy. At least, the noble Count seemed very proud of her; for he said she was of that amiable disposition that he did not believe there was any one in the world, excepting King Jokkoree, and the Crown Princess of Kleinerberg, and himself, whom she hated very intensely. Considering the former character of the Countess Jokkorik, this was very high praise indeed.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

BY A. S. W.

PEEPSY and Weepsy, after a pretty tough scramble, make their entrance into this big selfish world, and evidently wish they could go back again.

Weepsy's heart is filled with dismay; timid tears fill his eyes; he turns his little round fluffy back on the early worm, and feels inclined to give up.



THEY WISH THEY COULD GO BACK.



THE PROUD BLOOD STIRS IN PEEPSY.

They collect their scattered faculties, and put their heads together to consult as to what is best to be done about it.

Peepsy puts one tender claw around his neck, and wipes his weeping eyes, but cannot comfort him. Weepsy droops lower and lower and lower,



THEY PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.



WEEPSY DROOPS LOWER AND LOWER.

The proud blood of his forefathers stirs in Peepsy's breast. He plants his feet firmly on his native heath, blinks defiantly with his right eye, and thinks matters may not be so very bad. But

smiles faintly, his breast heaves with short sighs, and his little lamp of life goes out.

Poor Peepsy! Bereft, but plucky, he mournfully determines to "go it alone."



PEEPSY DETERMINES TO "GO IT ALONE."

TOMMY, THE SOPRANO.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.



HE was very small. Only ten years old, and just as tall as the top of the chancel rail. When he put on his white robes and stood up to sing, he looked like a young angel with blue eyes and very bright brown hair. He had no wings. This some people thought a pity. It was not, for then he might have flown away. Besides, a clever boy is better than two angels in a picture-book.

On this particular morning he had no white robe, and he did not feel much like singing. It was cold and stormy out of doors, and one could n't be quite sure whether it was night or morning. The clock on the wall said five minutes past eleven, but that was a mistake. The clock had stopped. And the fire was out, and the water had frozen in the tea-kettle, and the cat was dead. Poor old blind pussy! She had just died. Tommy looked at the old cat stretched out beside the cold stove. He looked at the heavy frost on the windows. He looked at his hands, red with the cold, and he wondered what would happen next.

Far away over the snowy house tops came the sound of bells. The chimes! How merrily they rang! He listened to the jangling music. Such a queer old song! Tommy took up the tune and sang softly:

"God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born upon this day."

That was all he could sing; he let the bells say the rest.

He was not a very merry gentleman. The poor old cat was dead, and the fire had gone out. That was not all. There were no coals, nor any breakfast, and upstairs—ah! upstairs in the cold and the dark lay his mother, sick, feeble, poor and old before her time.

"Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour —"

How the chimes rang out on the frosty air! "It must be nearly time to go to church." Tommy looked at the clock. It only stared at him, with both hands lifted up in mute despair.

Tommy spread a rug over the poor old cat, and, putting on a cloth cap and a faded coat, he prepared to go out of doors.

He could do nothing more. The world seemed to be quite upside down, and Christmas Day all out of place, as if the year had stopped with the clock. He could do nothing more. The dispensary doctor said he would call soon. He would not wait for breakfast, for there was nothing to eat in the whole house. At least, he could get warm at the church, and, by the time the service was over, perhaps something would happen. Surely, if it were really and truly Christmas Day, something would happen. What might happen he could not guess. It would be something better, for things were quite as bad as they could be.

Ah! It was pleasant to get into the warm church out of the cold wind and the snow. The choir were nearly all there, and the service was about to begin. Tommy hung up his poor old hat and coat, and carefully crept into his white robe. One of the alto boys buttoned it up behind for him, and gave him his music-book. There was a little stir among the white-robed men and boys, and then they formed in a procession and marched two and two through a small door into the great church. How the loud organ pealed! The music seemed to thrill him through, and he took his seat in the choir with trembling knees. How full the church! Every seat seemed to be taken, and he looked around on the great company in a kind of dull surprise. It was in all the papers, but Tommy did n't know it, that the famous boy soprano, Thomas Sterry, would sing that morning, and many had come to hear him. As for Tommy Sterry, he knew there was a solo somewhere in the service; he had studied it carefully, but now he almost forgot where it came or what it was about.

Small time for thought. The choir stood up, and in a moment away they went in the opening anthem. How Tommy's voice rolled out the sonorous Latin:

"Gloria in excelsis Deo!"

It was a delight to spring through the lively measures of Mozart's great Twelfth Mass, and Tommy took up the high sustained notes in the soprano part as if he were really an angel, after all. There was a great picture of an angel, standing on a gold cloud and with a trumpet in his hand, in one of the windows, and one lady in the congregation thought it looked just like Tommy. After the anthem, the service began and went on in the usual fashion. Tommy forgot all about the dead cat, and the

breakfast that he did not eat, and he almost forgot his mother. The music seemed to carry him away to another country, where there was no snow, nor sickness, nor poverty, nor tears. He thought how many months his mother had denied herself everything that he might learn to sing; and now that he could sing, perhaps the church people would give him a little something, for really he was so very, very poor! The church people were well able to pay something, and they ought to do it. He must speak to them on the morrow —

One of the singers whispered in his ear :

"Look out, Tommy! Here comes your solo."

How the organ caught up the brilliant music! He had hardly time to open his book and stand up before the symphony was over. How his silvery voice rang through the great church! The people listened in silence while he sang from old Handel's "Messiah:"

"Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice greatly,
O daughter of Zion!"

How like "a robin racing down a brook of music" he ran through the sparkling measures! The music seemed to spring in long roulades on the word "rejoice," as if it were too glad for words.

"O daughter of Zion!
Rejoice greatly, shout,
O daughter of Jerusalem!
Behold thy King cometh unto thee."

Then it changed to smoother, sweeter measures:

"He is the righteous Saviour,
And he shall speak peace."

How softly Tommy's limpid voice gave the words:

"Peace! And he shall speak — Peace——"

What was the matter? Had the organ stopped? The church seemed to swim round and round, and the angel in the window was dancing madly! What —

* * * * *

"Do you feel better, Tommy?" asks a pretty lady bending over him.

"Better! Where is this?"

"This is my home. Do you feel better now?"

Such a soft bed! And the room—it was so beautiful! And the lady! Who was she?

"Guess I'm dead. It's heaven, is n't it?"

The lady smiled. "No; it's only my house. You fainted away in the church, and I brought you here in my carriage."

"Oh! I remember. It's Christmas. Well, you see, I did n't have any breakfast, and the cat is dead, and mother's sick, and the church was so warm, and there was so much music, and I was tired, and ——"

"We will not talk about that now. You will not sing in that church again."



"A PRETTY LADY BENDING OVER HIM."

"Why not? I like to sing."

"You are to sing in our church after this. I'm the organist's wife, and we are going to give you four hundred dollars a year, and ——"

"Four hundred dollars! What an awful lot of money. Oh! now you're joking a fellow 'cause it's Christmas Day."

"Oh! Tommy's better, I'm sure. Come, my boy, sit up. There's your breakfast."

It was all a piece of magic. A girl brought in a tray with such a noble breakfast that Tommy did n't really know where to begin. The lady took the tray and the girl arranged the pillows, and the royal feast began.

The lady talked and even sang a Christmas song called :

"The boar is dead,
Lo! here is his head."

Tommy laughed till he cried, for it was a most amusing song. But, in the midst of the festivity, he stopped abruptly.

"By cricky! I forgot. There's mother all this time, and she's had no breakfast."

"Such language, Tommy! I am surprised!"

"I forgot, ma'am. It slipped out 'fore I knew it. I don't use such words much; but, then, mother's sick, you know."

"No; I did n't know. Let us go home and see her."

So they did. They rode away in a beautiful covered sleigh, and soon reached Tommy's home. And they made a fire and thawed out the tea-kettle, and started the forlorn clock, and called a nurse

ing service every day in the year. He even paid Tommy a part of the salary in advance, that he might help his mother.

Then they went to the piano and sang Christmas carols—"The Manger Throne," "I Saw Three Ships," "The Holly and Ivy," and many others quite as beautiful. Then they told Tommy how in England on Christmas Day the children, dressed in thick shoes and warm clothing, go from house to house and stand out in the snow singing carols; and how the good people open their doors and invite them in to partake of good cheer. Last of all, Tommy started to walk home alone. He had not gone far before the bells in St. Mary's—his church now—began to chime, and, with a happy heart, he sang aloud with them:

"God rest you, merry gentlemen."

Then he turned back softly till he came to the



CHILDREN SINGING CAROLS.

for Tommy's mother, and brought Christmas Day right into the wretched house. Tommy could n't believe it all. If it had not been for the poor, old cat folded up in her rug, Tommy could not have believed that he had passed through such a doleful experience that morning. All seemed so bright now, that the past was like a dream.

Then they made Mrs. Sterry comfortable, and the lady took Tommy away again in her sleigh. This time the organist was at home, and he then and there explained to Tommy how selfish the church people had been in refusing to pay him anything for singing so long, and that now it was all changed, and he was to be first soprano in the boys' choir at St. Mary's, and that they would pay him a fine salary, and that he was to sing at morn-

ing service every day in the year. He even paid Tommy a part of the salary in advance, that he might help his mother.

"God bless the master of this house,
Likewise the mistress too,
And all the little children
That round the table go.

"And all your kin and kinsfolk
That dwell both far and near,
I wish you a merry Christmas
And a happy New Year."

And the people in the houses round about heard the music in their dreams and said:

"Hark! The angels are singing!"

But the watchman in his big coat knew it was only Tommy, the soprano.

THE HORNBILL.

BY FRED BEVERLEY.

IT is not strange that Africa, the home of the gorilla and hippopotamus, should possess the most curious specimens of the great class of birds; for it has been found to contain within its tangled jungles the rarest and most grotesque forms of animal life, though we must except the island of Australia, where the laughing jackass and the kangaroo are found.

One of the most interesting and attractive families of birds is that of the hornbill, one species of which is shown in the illustration on the next page. Although this bird is found in India, it is much more abundant in Africa.

If we may believe report, the bill of the hornbill is nearly one-fourth the length of its body. The bill is very long, curved, deep and thin, and has a helmet upon its crown, of various shapes and sizes; and this helmet is used to give to many species their specific, or proper, names. Thus, there is the *Buceros bicornis*, or two-horned hornbill; the *Buceros rhinoceros*, or rhinoceros hornbill, so called from the immense helmet resembling the horn of a rhinoceros. *Buceros* is the generic name applied to them from some peculiarity they all possess in common; the *specific*, or individual, names being derived from the shapes of their helmets.

Though seemingly heavy and unwieldy, the bill of the hornbill is very light, being composed of light cellular tissue, resembling in this respect the skull of the elephant; and the walls of thin bone are so fragile, that in dried specimens it may be crushed in the hand. The edge of the mandibles, or beaks, are very sharp, frequently breaking off and being renewed. It is said that the age of the bird may be ascertained from the wrinkles on its bill, as the age of a cow is sometimes told from the wrinkles around her horns.

Before proceeding further, it may be well to notice a family of birds, inhabiting South America, often confounded with the hornbills, from their resemblance. These are the toucans. They are confined to the warmer portions of the New World, as the hornbills are to those of the Old. Their bills are large, of the same structure, but lack the helmet; they are brighter-colored and more gaudy of plumage. Their voices are loud and harsh, and can be heard a long way.

It is from the cry of the Brazilian species, "toucano," that they derive their name. When feeding, they post a sentinel. They have a habit of

sitting upon the topmost branches of trees, chattering, lifting their heads at regular intervals, clashing their bills together, and crying out so loudly as to be heard at the distance of a mile. From this the natives have given them the name of "preacher birds." They have great antipathy to any bird uglier than themselves, and will mob an owl with the zest of crows, nearly frightening the poor bird to death with their clashing beaks and loud cries.

To return to our friends, the hornbills. From the great size of their bills, they cannot walk easily upon the ground, but hop along awkwardly. The trees are their homes, and they hop from limb to limb with great ease, climbing to the tree-tops, where they remain for hours shouting gleefully in their bravest tones.

They feed upon pulpy fruits, small animals, reptiles and insects, and make their nests in hollow trees.

The largest species is the rhinoceros hornbill, which has a stretch of wing of about three feet, and a bill ten inches in length. The general color of this bird is black, the tail tipped with white. The bill is black at the base, reddish in the middle, and yellow tipped.

The most attractive species, as to plumage, is the crested hornbill, which has a crown of feathers, like the spread crest of a cockatoo, and a long, beautiful tail.

But the most interesting species is one noted, not for its plumage, but for a habit of nesting and living peculiarly its own. This is the red-billed hornbill, the *Buceros erythrorhynchus* of naturalists. We have been told by Livingstone, the African explorer, that this bird breeds, like the other members of its family, in hollow trees; that it makes its nest in holes in the trunks of these trees; that the female lines its nest with feathers from her own body, and lays four or five eggs, white, and of the size of pigeons' eggs.

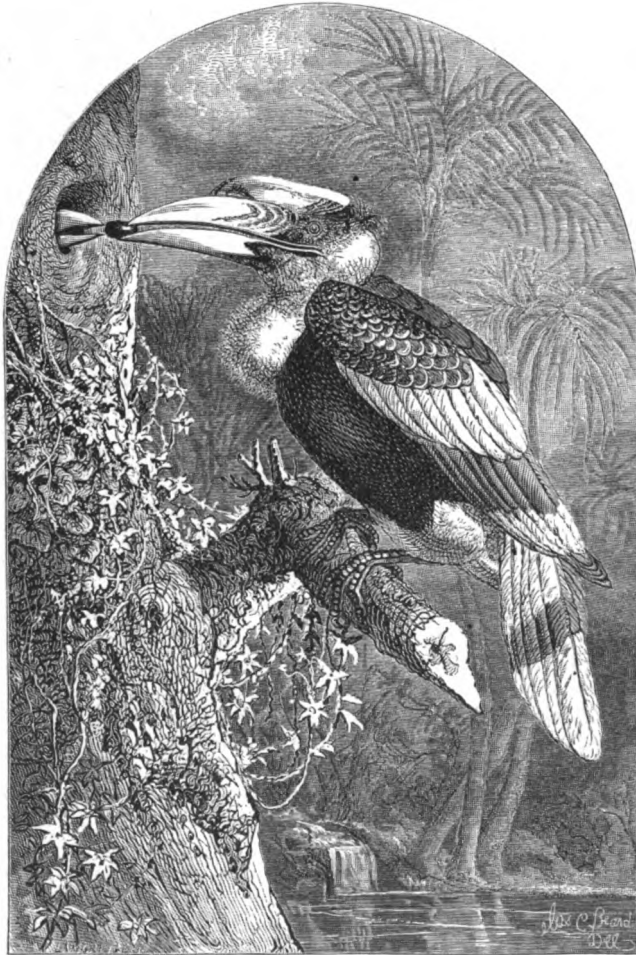
In this there is nothing remarkably noteworthy; but we are astonished when we read further and find that, after the nest is prepared to the satisfaction of the female, she is shut up a close prisoner for weeks; that the entrance to the hole is plastered over with mud, until only a little slit is left, three or four inches long and half an inch wide—just large enough to admit the beak.

The male bird, who has walled up the hole, feeds the female through this slit until the young are

hatched and fledged—a period of eight or ten weeks. In this time the female has become very fat, and is often hunted out and eaten by the negroes of the country, who esteem her a great delicacy.

Sometimes the female hatches out two young ones, that are nearly able to fly before the other two appear. Then, with the two older birds, she leaves the nest and walls in the younger ones, which are

prison her, and becomes lean and emaciated in his labor of love, in procuring food for her and their little ones during those two long and weary months. It is more than probable that the object sought is to prevent the entrance of noxious reptiles, which could easily destroy mother and young, did not that formidable bill so effectually fill the hole. But one thing is certain, the mother hornbill is obliged



THE HORNBILL FEEDING HIS WIFE.

fed, through the slit, by their father and mother until able to take care of themselves.

Many writers have speculated upon the reason for this peculiar style of hatching out and bringing up the young hornbills; but, although they cannot tell exactly why the plan is adopted, there is no doubt but that the old birds know what they are about.

It is certainly not to prevent the escape of his mate that the male works so industriously to im-

to stay at home and attend to her domestic duties; although she must be very different from almost any other bird if she does not, of her own free-will and desire, hatch out her little ones and take care of them until they can look out for themselves.

If we all attended to our duties as earnestly and conscientiously as mother-birds (and sometimes father-birds too) attend to theirs, it would be better for most of us.

THE FUNNY KINGS.

(Some Christmas Stories of "Ye Olden Time.")

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.



ROBABLY from very early times—we suspect even before “the golden prime of good Haroun al Raschid,” under whose delightful caliphate most of the wonderful things of which you read in the “Arabian Nights” are supposed to have taken place, or to have been first related—it has been all the fashion with story-tellers and ballad-makers to repre-

sent favorite kings as putting on various disguises, and playing clever, good-humored jokes on the humblest of their subjects. Nearly all of the English kings are so represented, and there were no stories that the people loved better to tell than these. They were the old Christmas stories, told by the Yule-log in the bleak old days of the English barons, when swords and helmets were thick and books were few. Thus we have the tales of King Henry VIII. and the Miller of Dee; of good Duke Philip of Burgundy and Sly the Tinker; of James I. and the Tinker; of William III. and the Forester, and so on all through the reigns of the Scottish James and English Georges. Some of these stories were fiction, like that of

“Old King Cole,
That jolly old soul.”

But most of them were true. The wandering harpers used to relate them in verse; and as delightful as the bringing in of the Yule-log and the mistletoe, the fiery sport of “snap-dragon,” or the rollicking play of “blind man’s buff,” were the holiday tales of the funny doings of these merry old English kings.

One of the oldest of these ballad stories relates to

KING HENRY AND THE MILLER,

and starts off briskly with:

“Henry, our royal king, would ride a-hunting
To the green forests so pleasant and fair”

The forest was Sherwood, where once lived Robin

Hood and his merry men. King Henry (Plantagenet) was young then, and he took with him a great retinue of young princes and nobles. So the horses cantered over the hills of Nottingham, and plume after plume danced out of sight among the green leaves. The King separated himself from the gay party, and dashed off with spirit into the heart of the forest.

At last the day began to decline, and the shadows grew long and thick in all the forest. The King blew his horn. There was no answer. He was lost.

He rode on. As the forest grew dark, he heard the flow of water, and discovered a cool stream just reflecting the light of the rising moon. Presently he heard a mill-wheel. Then his heart took courage. He soon reined his horse before the door of the mill.

“Good miller,” said the King, “is this the road to Nottingham?”

“I guess you know as well as I,” answered the miller. “You look as though you had been there before.”

“Who do you take me for?” asked the King in astonishment.

“For some gentleman thief or other; no honest man, sure.”

“But I must lodge with you to-night. I have gold at hand.”

At the word “gold” the miller began to prick up his ears. Just then the miller’s wife, a large, fat, brawling woman, looked over her husband’s shoulder. She too had heard the word “gold,” but was still cautious.

She delighted in the sweet name of Bymyrotroth. No one delights in that name now.

“Are you *sure* that you are no runaway?” piped Bymyrotroth.

“I am no runaway,” said the King.

“Then show us your passport,” said Bymyrotroth, who had a very logical turn of mind.

“From whom?”

“From the King!”

The King had no passport, and still finding Bymyrotroth suspicious and defiant, he began to flatter her, and he bowed so very politely that she was at last induced to say:

“You may come in.”

Bymytroth became very much pleased with the

King, so much so that she told him that, if he was tidy enough, he might sleep with her own son.

"If the King would never hear of it, I would get you some venison for supper," said Bymythroth.



"THE KING BOWED SO POLITELY.

"We do rob the King's forest of venison sometimes. Will you promise?"

"Yes, on my word," said the King; "*the King shall never know any more about it than he knows now.*"

The King was very hungry after his anxiety and long ride, and as his poor, weak human nature was quite like that of some other men whose heads were never topped with a crown, he made a large supper off of the unlawful venison.

"You will never tell about this?" said the cautious Bymythroth, looking keenly at her guest.

"The King shall be none the wiser for this from me," said the King, looking very profound.

With this strong assurance, Bymythroth slept very comfortably that night, but was awakened in the morning by a right royal retinue at the door. The miller and his wife then began "shaking and quaking," to use the graphic language of the old song, and the poor miller kneeled down and shut his eyes, we suppose, in order to decently make his last prayer. But—how charmingly it all ends!—the King,

"His kind courtesy for to requite,
Gave him a living and dubbed him a knight."

The above story was in its day very popular, because the game laws of England at that time were very severe and very hard on the poor. It showed what the King himself would do when he was

hungry, and it seemed a concession to the cause of the suffering poor.

Next in order comes a very clever story of King John and

THE JOLLY OLD ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

The minstrels used to sing of the former as "Good King John," but the poets seem to be the only people who have had anything to say of King John's goodness. His forgiveness of the crafty old Abbot of Canterbury, we are sorry to note, is the only good thing we ever heard of him, and we are a little suspicious that this incident may be too good to be true.

The Abbot of Canterbury was a thrifty old prelate, a lover of good cheer, and he lived right sumptuously, as the old prelates were wont to live during the reign of the Plantagenet kings. King John heard of the Abbot's easy estate, and it made him very uneasy, for, being a sadly jealous man, he was always unhappy when he thought that another was better off than himself.

One day, there came to King John certain busy people, who said:

"Do you know how many servants the Abbot of Canterbury keeps in his house?"

"No."

"An hundred."

"That is more than I keep in a palace!"

"Do you know how many gold chains the Abbot has to hang over his coats of velvet?"

"No."

"Fifty."

"That is more than can be found among the jewels of the Crown! I will visit the Abbot of Canterbury. He has lived so long in luxury that he has lived long enough."

Then King John put on a terrible face, which must have been terrible indeed, for at the best he wore no merciful countenance, and he rode over to the grand old Abbey, and summoned before him the luxury-loving Abbot.

"How now, Father Abbot?" said the King sternly. "I hear that thou keepest a better house than I. That, sir, is treason—high treason against the crown."

"My liege," said the Abbot, "I never spend anything but what is my own. I trust that your Grace would do me no hurt for using for the comfort of others what I myself have earned."

"Yes, Father Abbot, thy offence is great. The safety of the kingdom demands thy death, and thou shalt die. Still, as thy learning is great, and as thou art esteemed a man of wit, I will give thee one chance of saving thy life."

"Name it, my liege."

"When I come again to this place, and stand among my liegemen with my crown on my head, thou shalt answer me three questions."

"Name them, my liege."

"Thou shalt tell me, first, how much I am worth, and that to a single penny."

"Thou shalt tell me, secondly, how long a time it would require for me to ride around the whole world."

"Thou shalt tell me, thirdly, what I am thinking."

"O, these are hard questions—hard questions for my shallow wit," said the Abbot, with a fallen face. But if you will give me three weeks to consider them I think I may answer your Grace."

"I give thee three weeks' space; that is the longest thou hast to live. If then thou canst not answer well these questions three, thy lands and thy livings shall become the Crown's."

The King departed, and the poor Abbot sat down with a clouded brow and a heavy heart, and was at his wit's end.

At last, in utter despair of forming any answer himself, he ordered his horse, and rode over to Oxford and Cambridge to consult the doctors. Here he tarried many days, but

"Never a doctor was there so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise."

With a heart more heavy, and a brow more dark, then

"Home rode the Abbot of comfort so cold."

As he was riding slowly, near the grounds of the old, old abbey, and marked the golden crosses gleaming above the great shadows of the trees, and reflected that he soon would cease to enjoy the pleasures of the place, his head dropped upon his breast, and the tears wet his cheek. As he dismounted, he saw a jolly shepherd—one of his own servants—going to the fold.

"How now, my Lord Abbot?" said the shepherd; "right welcome you are home. What news do you bring from the King?"

"Sad, sad news, shepherd. I have but three days more to live, if I do not answer him questions three."

"And what are the questions three?"

"First, to tell him, as he stands in yon place among his liegemen with the gold crown on his head, what he is worth, and that to a single penny."

"Secondly, to tell him how long it would take him to ride around the world."

"Thirdly, to tell him what he is thinking."

"Then cheer up, cheer up, my Lord Abbot. Did you never hear that a wise man may learn wit of a fool? They say I much resemble you. Lend

me your gown and a horse and a serving-man, and I will stand in your place and will answer the King's questions."

The Abbot brightened a little at this, and answered:

"Horses and serving-men thou shalt have, and sumptuous apparel, with crozier and mitre, and rochet and cope, fit to appear before the Roman Pontiff himself."

The appointed day came, and the King stood in the appointed place with his golden crown on his head and a great retinue of nobles glittering around him. The supposed Abbot soon made his appearance, and took his position in the presence of the Court.

"Now welcome, Sir Abbot," said the King.



"I WILL STAND IN YOUR PLACE."

"Thou dost faithfully keep the appointed day. Now answer correctly my questions three, and thou shalt save both thy life and thy livings."

"Well, my liege, but to answer correctly I must speak the truth."

"And that thou shalt. Now tell me what I am worth, and that within a single penny."

"Twenty-nine pence. Judas betrayed his Lord for thirty, and since thou art willing to betray the Church, I think that thou must be one penny the worse than he."

The King received the answer with unexpected good humor. He laughed heartily and exclaimed:

"Why, why, my Father Abbot, I did not think that I was worth so little!"

"And now, jolly priest," he continued, "tell me just how long it would take me to ride around the world."

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same until it riseth on the next morning, when you will have ridden the circuit of the world in just twenty-four hours."

The King laughed again, and said:

"I did not think I could do it so soon. But now comes the question that will put your wits to the test. What do I think?"

"You think I am the Abbot of Canterbury, but I am not. I am a poor shepherd, and that you may see (throwing off his cloak), and I have come to beg pardon for the Abbot and for myself."

Then the King laughed more heartily than ever, and he sent the jolly shepherd back to his master with a full and free pardon.

"Four nobles a week
Will I give to thee,
For this merry jest
Thou hast shown unto me.
And tell the old Abbot
When thou com'st home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon
From good King John."

Skipping over a dozen good stories of kings who played the part of a peasant in some generous way or other, we come to

"JAMIE THE SCOTCHMAN" AND THE TINKER.

In introducing this King, the old holiday ballad-singer used to say:

"A pleasanter monarch never was known."

He, too, went to hunt "the swift fallow deer," and, like other monarchs of old English history, he cast himself loose from the royal hunting party in search of an adventure. He at last came to an ale-house, in front of which was a tinker, doubtless mending a kettle."

"My good friend," said the King, "what is the news in these parts?"

"I know of no news, except that the King is hunting on the border."

"That is news, indeed," said the King.

"I wish I might be so happy as to see His Highness," said the tinker; "for though I've roamed the countries around for many years, I never saw a king in my life."

Then, as the old ballad runs,

"The King, with a hearty, brisk laughter, replied:
'I tell thee, good fellow, if thou canst but ride,
Thou shalt get up behind me, and I will thee bring
To the presence of Jamie, thy sovereign King.'"

"But how shall I know him from the nobles who surround him?" asked the tinker.

"The King's head will be covered; the heads of the nobles will be bare."

Then the tinker mounted the horse,

"— and likewise his sack,
His budget of leather and tools on his back,"

and rode away, greatly pleased with the idea that he was to see the King.

They came at last to a beautiful spot in the green wood, where the nobles were reclining after the chase. As soon as they made their appearance, the latter arose, and gathered around them with uncovered heads.

The tinker tapped the King on his shoulder, and whispered in his ear:

"They all look very gay; but which of them is the King?"

The King laughed most heartily again, and replied:

"The man who wears his hat." He then added, "Why, my good fellow, seeing that all the rest are uncovered, it must be *you or I!*"

There was a short silence. The poor tinker's heart quaked within him, and

"With his bag and his budget he fell to the ground."

He rose upon his knees at last, and begged the King for mercy.

"What is your name?" asked the King.

"John o' the Dale. I am a mender of kettles."

"Rise up, Sir John o' the Dale," said the King. "I will make thee a knight." And

"Sir John o' the Dale, he has land, he has fee;
At Court of the King who so happy as he?
Yet still in his hall hangs the tinker's old sack,
And the budget of tools he bore on his back."

There is another and more famous story of a monarch and a tinker. You may have heard of it, how Christopher Sly, as Shakespeare named this odd character in the introduction to "The Taming of the Shrew," woke one fine morning to find himself a grand gentleman. Here is the veritable account of

THE FROLICSOME DUKE AND SLY THE TINKER.

There was to be a grand ducal wedding in Bruges, in Burgundy, and the festivities were to last a week. Philip the Good was to marry Eleonora, sister to the King of Portugal.

Christopher Sly was a tinker; and a tinker was a man who used to "roam the countries around," crying "Old brass to mend?" and who repaired the good people's broken pots and kettles.

Christopher heard of the great wedding in his

travels, and came to Bruges to enjoy the merry-making with the rest.

He had only one pair of breeches, and they were made of leather. He deemed them suitable for all occasions. He had never arrived at the luxury of a coat, but in its place he wore a large leather apron, which covered his great shoulders like the armor of a knight.

Christopher had one bad habit. He loved ale

weather chilled not only his blood but his spirits. He wandered about in the storm, going from ale-house to ale-house, and receiving hospitality, until the town of Bruges seemed to revolve around him as its inhabitants around the Duke. Still he plodded away through the streets, longing to see the warm fires glow and the torches gleam in the ducal palace. When he had nearly reached the palace, the town began to spin and whirl around him at



"WITH HIS BAG AND HIS BUDGET HE FELL TO THE GROUND."

overmuch, and he used to drink so deeply on festive occasions as to affect the steadiness both of his mind and body.

Christopher enjoyed the gala days. He mingled in the gay processions that followed the ducal pair to the tournament; he gazed with loyal pride on the horses with their trappings of crimson and gold; he followed the falconers to the hunting parks, and listened to the sprightly music that led the dance at night in the torch-lit palace. Among the voices that cheered the glittering bride as she appeared on public occasions, no voice roared more lustily than Christopher Sly's.

The ducal wedding took place in the deep of winter, and one night soon after the joyful event, and while Bruges was yet given up to festivities, there fell a great snow-storm, blocking the streets and silencing the town.

Christopher's money was gone, and the falling

such a rate that presently he sank in the chilly snow and knew no more.

Philip the Good loved to roam about Bruges in disguise, and this night he started with a few of his confidential courtiers, also disguised, for a fun-seeking expedition about the city.

The party had not been out long when they came upon poor Sly.

"He will perish before morning," said the kind-hearted Duke.

"What is to be done with him?" asked a courtier.

"We will take him to the palace and have some sport with him. I will cause him to be washed and dressed and perfumed, and to be laid in a chamber of state. He will awake sober in the morning, when we will persuade him that *he* is the Duke, and that we are his attendants. To-morrow the whole Court of Burgundy shall serve a poor tinker!"

The attendants carried the unconscious tinker to the palace, where they washed him, and, putting upon him an elegant night-dress, laid him on a silk-curtained bed in a very gorgeous chamber.

The poor tinker, on waking in the morning, looked about the room in wonder. He concluded that he must be dreaming, or that he had become touched in mind, or that he had died the night before and had been so happy as to get to heaven.

At last, the Duke entered the apartment in the habit of the ducal chamberlain.

"What will your Worship have this morning?" asked the Duke.

The tinker stared.

"Has your Worship no commands?"

"I am Christopher Sly—Sly, the tinker. Call me not 'your Worship.'"

"You have not fully recovered yet, I see. But you will be yourself again soon. What suit will your Worship wear to-day? Which doublet, and what stockings and shoes?"

"I have no 'more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, and no more shoes than feet, and more feet than shoes sometimes.' I tell you I am Christopher Sly, and I am a tinker," was the puzzled reply.

But the ducal chamberlain only bowed the more.

Sly continued to look about him in amazement.

At last he said, with much hesitation:

"You may bring me my best suit. The day is pleasant—I will dress becomingly."

"Now you are yourself again. I must hasten to inform the Court of your recovery. I must fly to her Grace the Duchess, and say: 'The Duke, the Duke is himself again!'"

"The Duke! I tell you I am Christopher Sly,—old Sly's son, of Burton Heath,—by birth a peddler and by trade a tinker. Duke Sly! No. Duke Christopher! or, better, Duke Christophero! Marry, friend! would n't that sound well? It may be I am a duke, for all. Go ask Cicily Hacket, the buxom inn-keeper of Wincot, if she don't know Christopher Sly—Duke Christophero; and if she

say I do not owe her fourteen pence for small ale, then call me the biggest liar and knave in Christendom!"

The servants presently brought the poor tinker a silver basin, "full of rose-water and bestrewn with flowers." Then they brought him a suit of crimson, trimmed with lace and starred. The bewildered fellow stared awhile in silence; then he slowly put on the gorgeous apparel.

The tinker next was conducted to a magnificent banquetting-hall, where was spread a rich feast. The tables smoked with the venison and sparkled with the wine. He was led to a high seat beneath a canopy of silk and gold, the Duchess following, and seating herself by his side. Knights and ladies filled the tables, and the tinker began to feast and to sip wine like a duke indeed.

"I wish ——" said he, suddenly.

"What is your wish?" asked the Duchess.

"I wish that old Stephen Sly was here, and John Napes and Peter Turf, and my wife Joan, and Cicily Hacket,—would n't it be jolly?"

That night the reign of Duke Christopher came to a sudden end. But the Duke Philip kindly remembered him, and

"Thou shalt never," he said,
"Range the countries around,
Crying, 'Old brass to mend!'
For I'll be thy good friend,
And Joan, thy sweet wife,
Shall the Duchess attend."

Those rude times, when acts of mercy and kindness on the part of a ruler were so rare and so dearly prized by the poor people, have changed now—faded and gone. The golden Christmases have brightened along the centuries, answering more and more that prayer of all good people: "Thy kingdom come." The Bethlehem story has more and more a sweeter meaning, and He whose lowly and gentle life mellowed even the hearts of kings and barons at the green Christmas-tides, more and more fills the earth with His law of love, which makes all men merciful, just and kind.



"THY KINGDOM COME."

IN THE DORY.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

Now, if there 's anything I hate,—
And there is some, perhaps,—
It's the way you have with you,
You city chaps!

But, then, I did n't ask you out
(You pull the dory round!)
For a chance to blow you up;
(She 'll run aground!)

Because I think that would n't be—
It's an idea I have—
Just the way a gentleman
Would like behave.

Fact is, I'd like to show you how,
Before we're squared off quits,
All the gentlemen aint grown
In Boston streets.

But here! You called me that, just now,
I've heard you say before
This summer—— (Look out there!
You hug the shore!)

It's really more than I can stand—
A pretty word! "Dock-rat!"
Just because a fellow don't
Wear such a hat.

And does n't wear a fancy shirt,
With anchors to the sleeve;
And don't wear his stockings weeks .
You'd best believe

That all this living round the wharves,
And picking drift-wood up,
And such like vacation chores——
(Just see that pup

Those there ladies took to bathe,
With patent corks tied on!)——

I tell *you* this sort o' life
Aint such a one

As needs be sarsed at specially
To be uncomf'table,
Though I like it, on the whole,
Tolerable.

Perhaps the boarding-folks round here
May have a sprucer look;
May be, now, you Boston chaps
Can read a book

That's bigger by an inch or so
Than I can easy steer;
You may clean up more than me—
But now look here!

In all my life I never did—
And I'm just square gone ten—
Put the name of "Paddy" on
To Irishmen.

Nor called a boy a "nigger," just
Because his face was black;
Nor I don't hail sailors round:
"Oh, here you, Jack!"

If so a chap is not exact
So nice or smart as I,
I don't make an impurence
To know him by.

Now, don't you see, this dory here
Don't need to hold two men?
Just duck *you* under! Who'd be
The "dock-rat" then?

But, sir! I *asked* you out to row;
Now tell me, if you can,
Which of *us* two is most like
A gentleman?

[Fac-simile of Original MS.]

A visit from St. Nicholas

It was the night before Christmas, when all through
the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And Mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny rein-deer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

"A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS."

If any of us should happen to have an old friend whom we had never seen, we would be delighted to have his photograph, that we might know exactly how he looked.

On the opposite page is the likeness of an old friend—certainly an old friend to most of us. It is a *fac-simile*, or exact imitation, of the original manuscript of that familiar poem which is now as much a part of Christmas as the Christmas-tree or the roast turkey and mince-pies. No matter who writes poetry for the holidays, nor how new or popular the author of such poems may be, nearly everybody reads or repeats "'T was the night before Christmas" when the holidays come round; and it is printed and published in all sorts of forms and styles, so that the new poems must stand aside when it is the season for this dear old friend.

Just think of it! Jolly old St. Nicholas, with his sleigh and his reindeer and his bags full of all sorts of good things, made his first appearance to many of us in this poem. Until we had heard or read this, we did n't know much about him, except that on Christmas Eve he shuffled down the chimney somehow, and filled our stockings.

Now here is a part of the poem,—as much as our page will hold,—exactly as the author, Mr. Clement C. Moore, wrote it. Here we see just how he dotted his i's and crossed his t's, and how he wrote some of his lines a little crookedly.

If we knew nothing about Mr. Moore but what we read in the biographical notices that have been written of him, we would never suppose that he troubled his brain about St. Nicholas and his merry doings, or thought of such things as reindeer and sleighs and wild gallops over house-tops. For he was a very able and learned man. He was the son of Bishop Benjamin Moore, and was born in New York, July 15, 1779. He was graduated at Columbia College (of which his father was at one time president). He was a fine Hebrew scholar, and published a Hebrew and English Lexicon and a Hebrew grammar. He was afterward Professor of Hebrew and Greek literature in the Protestant Episcopal Seminary in New York. He was a man of property, and had something of the St. Nicholas disposition in him, for he gave to this seminary the plot of ground on which its buildings now stand. Mr. Moore wrote many poems, which were collected and published in a book in 1844, and he did other good literary work; but he never wrote anything that will keep his memory green so long as that delightful poem on the opposite page.

The original manuscript of these famous verses is in the possession of the Hon. R. S. Chilton, United States Consul to Clifton, Canada, whose father was a personal friend of Mr. Moore, and who very kindly allowed us to make this *fac-simile* copy of a page of the manuscript for ST. NICHOLAS.



PUSSY'S LESSON. (DRAWN BY MISS SCANNELL.)



THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

BY NOAH BROOKS.

MORE than six hundred years ago, there began and ended a movement among the children of France and Germany, of which the world seems now to remember very little. It was a crusade to recover the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. It is hard to understand in these days how an army of men could be raised for such a purpose. It is more difficult to explain why thousands of children, without arms, provisions or equipments for so long a journey, should leave their native land and try to reach far-off Palestine to rescue the tomb of Our Saviour from the hands of unbelievers. But this was attempted by the Children of the Crusade, in in the year of Our Lord 1212.

The Saracens, under the Caliph Omar, took possession of the Holy Land, A. D. 637. Although the places held most sacred in the eyes of the Christians of that time thus passed into the possession of people of a hostile faith, devout pilgrims were still permitted to visit the spots made memorable by tradition. To worship at spots believed to be hallowed by Our Lord's birth, suffer-

ings and death, men journeyed across continents, suffered untold hardships, forsook home and friends, often lost their lives, and thus earned, as they thought, the especial favor of God and an abundant entrance into heaven.

But, as the centuries moved on, the Saracen rulers were less favorably disposed toward the Christian pilgrims, who now were worried in various ways, were shamefully treated, and forbidden to keep the sacred places in repair. This ill news spread throughout Europe. In all the Roman Catholic courts there was much indignation. The Pope, then the great potentate of Christendom, was deeply stirred by the tidings brought him by returning pilgrims. Peter the Hermit, a zealous man, who had seen with his own eyes the indignities practiced by the Saracens, began to preach a crusade. He traversed many Christian kingdoms, calling on rulers and people to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of unbelievers. Urban II., then Pope of Rome, sanctioned the movement. The multitude took up the cause,

crying "God wills it! God wills it!" And thus the first crusade began.

Those who entered the enterprise wore a cross of cloth on the breast or shoulder. Bearing thus the sacred emblem, they became crusaders—cross-bearers.

Several hundred thousand people—nobles, knights and soldiers—finally marched upon the Holy Land in 1096. These were divided into four armies. They met with divers fortunes, and out of the vast body of crusaders, only 21,500 soldiers at last reached Jerusalem. The Holy City fell into their hands, and Godfrey of Bouillon was chosen head of the Latin kingdom of Palestine. This power melted away in the lapse of time, and in 1145 another crusade became necessary to restore the Holy Sepulcher to Christian keeping. This was begun in 1146. It was undertaken by France and Germany. It was unsuccessful, and a third crusade was soon after resolved upon. In this great movement all Christendom was engaged. Of those whose names are most prominent in the history of the time, Richard I., King of England, surnamed "The Lion-Hearted," has been longest remembered as a chivalric sovereign and a puissant crusader.

A fourth crusade was thought necessary in 1200, the victorious results of the third crusade having faded away by that time. In this the French, assisted by the Venetians, were chiefly concerned. The ultimate effects of a long campaign were not satisfactory. The Holy Land was overrun once more by the Mohammedans, and the new Turkish power became firmly established on the border of Europe in Asia Minor.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century, Europe was jarred by numerous wars; some of them were domestic, and others had been undertaken by royal or noble adventurers, greedy for conquest. Fire and the sword had passed from kingdom to kingdom; the people were impoverished and sick of violence and war. Civilization was at a low ebb, and men everywhere were weary of their long struggles for peace. Into this condition of society came wayworn pilgrims from the Holy Land, bringing tidings of the wretched plight of the shrines which Christian hands had reared, and telling harrowing tales of the indignities heaped on holy men who went to worship or pay their vows at the birthplace and sepulcher of Our Lord.

To these appeals for succor there was no response. The country was poor and the people tired of wars. We can suppose that the preaching of the excited pilgrims fell on the ears of men who sullenly asked themselves, "Will it pay?" There could be but one answer. Europe was filled with outlaws; the people were sore distressed; robber

barons dwelt in strongholds, whence they issued to ravage vast tracts of country; and only in the crowded, want-stricken cities was there any security for life and property. A crusade would not pay. The popular religion of the times was not much better than heathenism; and the threats and entreaties of priests were alike unheeded.

In the gloomy old town of Cloyes, situated in the part of France now known as the Department of Eure-et-Loire, in 1212, lived a young lad named Stephen. The scant history of the times tells us only that he was a shepherd boy, that he was about sixteen years old, and that he tended a flock on the hills of the Loire, which flows through the town. His family name is not recorded; he is known in history only as Stephen of Cloyes.

Stephen had heard the passionate appeals of the priests, and had seen the tears of returning pilgrims as they recounted the perils of the way to the Holy Land and pictured the sufferings which Our Lord had endured through his disciples at Jerusalem. His heart had been stirred within him as he saw that there was not one to help the distressed Church and her faithful cross-bearers. He had talked of these things in his rude companionship; he had mused over them in his solitude among the hills of the Loire. As he mused, the fire burned.

There to him appeared, one day, a strange man, who commended his zeal and pious tears. To the wonder-stricken, rapt youth he announced himself as Jesus Christ. He gave him a commission to preach a crusade to the children, promising that he should lead to Palestine an army that should occupy the land and restore the Holy Sepulcher. Into his hand he delivered a letter to the King of France, commanding the monarch to aid the Heaven-appointed apostle of the new crusade. Filled with rapture, Stephen flew to his parents, told his marvelous story, and exhibited his celestial letter to the king. The simple people listened with amazement and perplexity. They asked for the heavenly visitant; but he had disappeared as mysteriously as he came. We can only guess who and what he was. Probably, he was a priest of the neighborhood, who, hearing of Stephen's kindling enthusiasm, had disguised himself in pilgrim garb, and had thus visited and misled the simple boy.

Stephen soon proved how apt a pupil he was. Fired with strange ardor and gifted with great natural powers of oratory, the lad kindled innumerable hearts with burning zeal. Leaving Cloyes, he went to the city of St. Denys, then famous as the burial-place of the martyr Dionysius. Placing himself before the shrine of this early victim to the rage of the heathen, he addressed the multitudes who came thither to worship. In glow-

ing language, he pictured the desolation which the Moslems had wrought in the sacred city, and contrasted with it the comfort and ease with which his hearers were surrounded. Here were gilded shrines, costly vestments, and clouds of incense. Yet the person of Christ was once more wounded in the bodies of those who would bow at His manger; and no pious hand restored the ruin which wicked men had wrought upon His tomb. Men had failed, he said, to redeem Jerusalem. Proud barons and powerful kings had been defeated in their attempts to regain for Christendom the holy places. Now Christ had promised the children that they should recover the Holy Land and restore the Holy Sepulcher. The armies of the Lord, led by the power of kings and princes, had been overthrown by the Mohammedan. At last, out of the weakness of children, God had ordained strength.

The people heard with awe, not unmixed with doubt. The religion of the time was overlaid with much ridiculous superstition. Legends of heathen deities were intermingled with monkish tales and lies. Divine appearances and angelic visitations were believed to be common; and not a few were ready to accept Stephen as a divinely-appointed prophet. He is said to have healed the sick by his touch; and the fame of his youth, piety, and high mission spread far and wide. Nevertheless, there was no movement of the people toward his banner. Men were disturbed by the civil wars that then rent France. There were many rulers, and the fertile provinces of that beautiful land were trampled by hostile forces. But the children were caught up by this strange enthusiasm. Like a contagion, the crusading spirit spread from Brittany to the Rhine. Stephen traversed the country, speeding from city to city, and everywhere calling on the children to hear the voice of God commanding them to save the Holy City from the defilement of the Moslems.

The young apostle must have been a youth of rare power. His appearance was in all places hailed with wild enthusiasm. He fascinated the children and youth. Inspired by his words, these young people seemed to be transfused with an unaccountable zeal. They passed into a state of spiritual exaltation not now easily to be understood. Boys and girls, of ten or twelve years of age, left their games and toys, or their tasks and homes, and joined the three-pointed, blood-red banner of the young crusader. Here and there, minor prophets sprang up, preaching the sacred mission of Stephen and avowing him as their leader. Like a flame the movement spread, sweeping children of tender years, and even maturer youths, into the ranks of the augmenting army. Children escaped

from the confinement in which parents thought it necessary to put them; they were deaf to the voice of authority and the call of affection. They flew, they ran, they poured, they tumultuously streamed to the banner of the Children's Crusade, reëchoing once more the cry which had followed the fiery cross of Peter the Hermit, "God wills it! God wills it!"

The King of France was forced to turn his attention from his ambitious and selfish plans, and to regard attentively this phenomenon. Not daring to suppress a crusade, he asked the opinion of the University of Paris. The learned doctors of that conclave very sensibly, we must think, advised that the matter be stopped. This was not so easy. The infatuation had grown too strong in volume. The government was powerless against these elusive streams of singing, praying children. Like a rolling snowball, the vast mass grew as it moved, until countless numbers had poured into the columns of Stephen's army. People were aghast at their own inability to lay a straw in the way of this wonderful army. It was currently reported and believed to be the work of evil spirits in the guise of heavenly visitants. Some said that this was the result of a scheme of the King of the Mountains, a mysterious potentate who was believed to live somewhere in Syria. This person was supposed to be chief of the Assassins, a band of trained secret murderers, from whose name and occupation we derive our word "assassin." The credulous French common-people believed that the chief of the Assassins had instigated this movement in order to procure recruits for his service.

Yet, many grown people embraced the faith preached by Stephen; they fed his followers, encouraged their children in their resolution to join the crusade, and not a few followed the army. There were also abandoned and wicked persons who joined themselves to the host; they saw an opportunity to practice their vile arts, or they concealed themselves in the throng while they plundered the country through which the army passed. Their evil influence pervaded the ranks; many youths were ruined in body and soul; demoralization and discontent spread; and, before the throng was out of France, the seeds of destruction were terribly sown.

News of this strange uprising sped swiftly throughout Europe. Pilgrims returning to Germany from the sacred shrines of France, told the story of the boy prophet as they trudged wearily up the fertile lands of the Rhine. Near the old city of Cologne, where lie the fabled bones of the three wise men of the East, lived a boy named Nicholas. He was then ten years old. His family, like that of Stephen, was humble; and we only

know him now as Nicholas of Cologne. He heard of the great success of Stephen, and, incited by his father, who is said to have been a bad man, he began to preach in Germany the Children's Crusade. He also pretended to have a divine commission; and this, he related, came to him in a blazing picture in the sky, where he saw a fiery cross and a command to go and rescue the Holy Sepulcher.

His success was immediate and very great. Youths of all stations and ranks came at his call. Sons of nobles and high-born lads from the castles of knightly renown hastened to join his banner. Expostulation was in vain; and, as in France, the strange madness spread until Cologne was overflowing with an army, and tens of thousands were camped in the country outside the walls.

Early in the summer of 1212, Nicholas marshaled his army. It was twenty thousand strong; and on its skirts hung the dissolute and bad, who, as in France, were eager to embrace this opportunity to plunder, mislead, and corrupt. Heedless of these evil influences, the children,—gentle and simple, noble and serf-born,—ennobled by a common inspiration, formed themselves into three columns, and began their march to Palestine.

With banners fluttering in the soft summer air, songs joyfully ringing as they moved, and crosses borne aloft, they passed down the banks of the Rhine. These twenty thousand children could find no place large enough to lodge them; they had no stores of provisions, except where some of the sons and daughters of nobles had been provided with supplies and attendants by their parents. For the most part, therefore, they camped in forests, by running streams, or sought lodging in cattle-sheds and rude cottages by the way. They begged their scanty repast from the inhabitants of the country, fed on roots and berries, and often went forth hungry in the morning and lay down to sleep at night pursued by gnawing hunger. Many wasted away and fell among the rocky paths before they had left German soil. Others were received into houses on the route, and so roamed no more.

Passing into Switzerland, then a collection of little principalities without any central government, they were inhospitably received. Even Southern Germany was a rude country and sparsely peopled by half-savage men. But the country now called Switzerland was even less civilized. Moreover, the people who inhabited the valleys of the Alps (into which they now passed) were unfriendly toward the Germans. The land was full of savage beasts; wolves, bears, and other frightful creatures prowled along the margin of this moving human stream, snatching off the stragglers, picking up the

wounded, or dashing into the night encampment in pursuit of their prey.

Still, the devoted band pressed on toward Italy. Their songs were exchanged for sighs, but up the Alps they climbed. With wounded and bleeding feet, they crept over the rocky ledges or plunged into the icy torrents. At night, drenched with chilly rain, they lay down on stony pillows or sank upon the ground. Some who sought rest on these inhospitable couches never woke again, but slept away their hapless lives amidst Alpine snows. Others stripped themselves of their tattered garments to shelter a freezing brother, sister or companion, and so perished nakedly, the unnamed heroes of the Children's Crusade.

Singly or in straggling bands, many turned their faces homeward. But even these were too far spent to reach Germany again. They perished miserably in their feebleness; and the comfortable homes of Fatherland knew them no more. So great was the mortality among the children of the German nobility, that a century passed away before the effects of this great inroad upon the flower of the nation had ceased to be apparent.

At length, reaching the last declivity of the Alps, the German children beheld the superb city of Genoa. Its marble palaces and cathedral spires gleamed in the warm sunlight; around rolled the verdurous valleys and hill-sides; and beyond sparkled the blue Mediterranean. Filled with joy, they forgot their hardships and raised a song of triumph. Neglected banners were once more unfurled; crosses waved on high; and, renewed by the brightness of the moment, this strange inundation precipitated itself upon the plains of Italy.

Of the twenty thousand fair-haired youths who had left Germany, only seven thousand were left to knock at the gates of Genoa. The rest—well, we know how they had perished by the way. We can guess how, as their young lives went out, their sufferings must have pained the very ear of a merciful God. We can imagine the dreadful story of their woes as they sank beneath the afflictions of hunger, cold, and disease, along the paths which these seven thousand had threaded. The army of the crusaders has long since melted away. We know very little of the young enthusiasts, or even of the people who must have known them; but, while time endures, the pathetic story of their journey across the Alps shall be told with wonder and with tears.

Seven thousand German boys, the flower of the Rhine lands, rugged survivors of an army of children, demanded one day's rest in Genoa. On the morrow, they confidently said, God would open a path through the sea. They wanted neither arms nor transportation. They were on the way to

preach Christ to the Moslem. God had promised to cleave the waters of the Mediterranean for them, so that they might go over dry-shod to convert the cruel Saracen to the Christian faith. They were granted their request by the wondering senators. And the strange procession of ragged, shoeless and sun-browned children passed into Genoa, singing their wild crusading hymns.

The people were greatly moved, and knew not what to make of this strange spectacle. It was

by the shore, longing and expecting a marvelous deliverance. But it never came. The sun sank toward the horizon. Their brief allowance of time had passed; and, with weary steps and slow, they passed out of the city and gathered in the fields.

It was impossible to go back. It were better to die in Italy than to reascend the Alps. Some found homes in Genoa and thereabouts; but the main body passed along the sea toward Pisa, then one of the great free cities of Italy—rival of Genoa



THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE UNDER STEPHEN OF CLOVES.

feared that so many pilgrims would bring a famine into the city. The effect of their example was dreaded by parents of impressible children. Moreover, Genoa sided with the Pope, who was then at war with the Emperor of Germany, Otho the Superb. These children must not long stay in the city. On the morrow (Sunday, August 26, 1212), they rose in haste and rushed to the seaside. Alas! the tide rose and fell, lapping the marble walls and quays as before. There was no path through the sea. All day they waited, but no divine miracle came to relieve them. They sat down in groups

and Venice. Here they were doubtfully received; and a few, giving up their hope in a miraculous passage of the sea, accepted an offer to take ship to the Holy Land. We cannot follow these. It is believed that they finally reached Ptolemais, the only port in Asia Minor then in the hands of the Christians. They went no further. The city was beleaguered by the Moslems; and into the motley population of Ptolemais this detachment of the Children's Crusade melts away and is heard of no more.

The remnant of the army of Nicholas pursued

their way to Rome, the seat of the papal power being their only source of light and counsel. The Pope (Innocent) received them kindly, but without encouragement. He told them that they must give up their crusade; but, with curious hardness, he said that they were still bound to their vows, and when they had reached maturer years they must recommence the undertaking that he now declared futile.

Here, then, the last of the followers of Nicholas found rest. In Rome, where so many modern pilgrims have thought they gained their nearest glimpse of the glories of Heaven, the boys of Germany ended their crusade. They disappear in the thronging multitudes of the Eternal City, and find no more place on the pages of history.

Another body of German children followed that led by Nicholas. These were about ten thousand in number; but why they were not included in the previous army we cannot tell. There is no explanation of their course; no record of the names of their leaders. We only know that they pursued a slightly different course from that of their predecessors; that they met the same privations; suffered also from hunger, thirst and exposure; and that they finally reached Italy reduced in numbers, and that they rested at last at Brundisium. From this port, at the extreme edge of the Italian peninsula, they expected to cross to the Holy Land. They found means of transportation; and, embarking on board several ships that were offered them, they sailed away into oblivion. All trace of them is lost. We cannot tell whether they suffered shipwreck and so were swallowed up in the sea, or whether they were sold into slavery in distant pagan lands. Their tragical story has perished out of the records of the past.

The French children, under the leadership of Stephen of Cloyes, left Vendôme during the latter part of June, 1212. Thirty thousand, mostly boys, set out with the same demonstrations of joy and enthusiasm with which the German children had begun their march to Palestine. There were huzzas, songs of lofty cheer, anthems to God, and hopeful predictions of victory in the Holy Land. There were weeping mothers holding out in vain their beseeching hands to the departing children whom they should see no more. The procession, gay with banners and shouting with joy, passed down the Loire and so journeyed toward Marseilles.

Their route was not beset by the same hardships that had broken the ranks of the German children. There were no Alps for them to scale; no mountain torrents to chill their young blood. But the summer of 1212 was one of severe drought in France. The fields were parched, the streams were dry, and food was hard to get.

Nevertheless, the bulk of Stephen's army passed on undismayed. Stephen assumed the airs of a young king. He rode in a chariot adorned with gorgeous trappings, and surrounded himself with an armed body-guard. He was luxuriously clad, and his person was held so sacred that a touch from him was a priceless boon. His deluded followers paid him divine honors; when he spoke, they thronged about his chariot in such numbers that many of the weaker boys were trampled to death. He seems to have passed from a deluded victim of priestcraft into a wily, selfish impostor.

The terrible heat prostrated many. Their corpses strewed the way; and it is said that the country through which they passed was afflicted by the scourge their mortality inflicted. Barefoot, emaciated, and greatly reduced in numbers, the army reached Marseilles. Stephen's authority was gone, the crowd having long since refused to own him as their chief. They reached the sea at last, a demoralized and disorganized rabble.

Here the sight of the Mediterranean revived them, and they waited for the Lord of Hosts to open a path for them. In vain! Days and weeks passed and no relief came. The citizens of Marseilles grew weary of feeding them; and their prospects of reaching the Holy Land daily darkened. Thousands sought homes in the city or in the country round. Groups straggled off homeward, and a remnant only remained to wait.

Two merchants of Marseilles, when the number of the children was reduced to about five thousand, offered to carry them to the Holy Land. The offer was gladly accepted; and in seven small vessels the joyful young crusaders finally set sail. Two of these craft were cast on the rocky shores of the Isle of Falcons, a small island in the Mediterranean. All on board perished miserably, their comrades looking on in horror while the cruel sea swallowed up their forms forever.

The rest of the fleet sailed away. Their banners disappeared down the horizon, and for eighteen years they were lost to the world that had known them as the young crusaders. In due time, there came tidings—at first uncertain, then more positive—of the hapless boys. The two merchants of Marseilles—Porcus and Ferreus—were disguised slave-dealers; the young crusaders were carried to Bujeiah, an Algerine port, and there sold into pagan slavery. A few were taken to Alexandria, where they were bought by dealers from Bagdad, Cairo, and other Moslem cities. The children who had been born on the Seine, the Loire, or in the lovely valleys of Southern France, wore their lives away in the hot fields of Syria, Mesopotamia and Egypt. Cruel Algerines drove to their daily tasks the tender young ones of mothers who sorrowed in

distant homes for the children whose fate was unknown, and on whose dear faces they should look no more.

Centuries have gone since this strange crusade was preached. Kings and mighty men who then filled a great space in the world have gone their way. The little actors in this moving drama have long since become dust. Their burial-places, scattered from Central Europe to farther Asia, are unknown. In the crowded chapters of the history of humanity this doleful tragedy is but a little point.

Even we who read it wonder vaguely at the marvelous religious enthusiasm that awakened this mass of children; and we close the story with a sigh.

But God has doubtless wrought out some lesson from these pathetic events. So soon this dream was over; so soon this pitiful struggle was ended; so rapidly into the dim past melted the story of the Children's Crusade—who shall tell why it was ever begun so strangely, or why it ended in such a cloud of woe?

SANTA CLAUS AND HIS MEN.

BY C. A. LYNDE.



A CURIOUS place is Old Santa Claus' den,
All stor'd full of treasures; where queer little men,
No larger than drumsticks, yet active and bright,
Are busily working from morning till night.

These queer little fellows, these workmen so small,
All answer with pleasure Old Santa Claus' call
For "Fifty more bonbons, one hundred more toys!
More names on my list of good girls and good
boys!"

"Here, merrily ho!" he gleefully cries;
"My sled is all ready—make haste, the time flies!

My reindeer are prancing and pawing the snow;
Make haste there, make haste, we're impatient to go!"

Soon the bundles are packed with the greatest of care,
Then off spring the reindeer, on! on! thro' the air,
Till they stop at some home, where snug in their bed
Sleep Cora and Mabel, or Willie and Fred.

When the children awake at dawn's early light,
And steal from their beds, how they'll scream with
delight
On beholding their stockings, they hung on the wall,
With treasures o'erflowing, and something for all.

THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER I.

"NOTHING BUT A BOY."



YOUNG fellow in a light buggy, with a big black dog sitting composedly beside him, enjoying the ride, drove up, one summer afternoon, to the door of a log-house, in one of the early settlements of Northern Illinois.

A woman with lank features, in a soiled gown trailing its rags about her bare feet, came and stood in the doorway and stared at him.

"Does Mr. Wiggett live here?" he inquired.

"Wal, I reckon," said the woman.

"Is he at home?"

"Wal, I reckon."

"Can I see him?"

"I dunno noth'n' to hender. Yer, Sal! run up in the burnt lot and fetch your pap. Tell him a stranger. You've druv a good piece," the woman added, glancing at the buggy-wheels and the horse's white feet, stained with black prairie soil.

"I've driven over from North Mills," replied the young fellow, regarding her pleasantly, with bright, honest features, from under the shade of his hat brim.

"I 'lowed as much. Alight and come into the house. Old man 'll be yer in a minute."

He declined the invitation to enter; but, to rest his limbs, leaped down from the buggy. Thereupon the dog rose from his seat on the wagon-bottom, jumped down after him, and shook himself.

"All creation!" said the woman, "what a pup that ar is! Yer, you young uns! Put back into the house, and hide under the bed, or he 'll eat ye up like ye was so much cl'ar soap-grease!"

At that moment the dog stretched his great mouth open, with a formidable yawn. Panic seized the "young uns," and they scampered; their bare legs and exceedingly scanty attire (only three shirts and a-half to four little barbarians) seeming to offer the dog unusual facilities, had he chosen to regard them as soap-grease and to regale himself on that sort of diet. But he was too well-bred and good-natured an animal to think of snapping up a little Wiggett or two for his luncheon; and the fugitives, having first run under the bed and looked out, ventured back to the door, and peeped with scared faces from behind their mother's gown.

To hide his laughter, the young fellow stood patting and stroking his horse's neck until Sal returned with her "pap."

"Mr. Wiggett?" inquired the youth, seeing a tall, spare, rough old man approach.

"That's my name, stranger. What can I dew for ye to-day?"

"I've come to see what I can do for *you*, Mr. Wiggett. I believe you want your section corner looked up."

"That I dew, stranger. But I 'lowed 't would take a land-surveyor for that."

"I am a land-surveyor," said the young fellow, with a modest smile.

"A land-surveyor? Why, you're noth'n' but a boy!" And the tall old man, bending a little, and knitting his gray eyebrows, looked down upon his visitor with a sort of amused curiosity.

"That's so," replied the "boy," with a laugh and a blush. "But I think I can find your corner, if the bearings are all right."

"Whar's your instruments?" asked the old man, leaning over the buggy. "Them all? What's that gun to do with land-surveyin'?"

"Nothing; I brought that along, thinking I might get a shot at a rabbit or a prairie hen. But we shall need an axe and a shovel."

"I 'lowed your boss would come himself, in place of sendin' a boy!" muttered the old man, taking up the gun,—a light double-barreled fowling-piece,—sighting across it with an experienced eye, and laying it down again. "Sal, bring the axe; it's stickin' in the log thar by the wood-pile. Curi's thing, to lose my section corner, hey?"

"It's not a very uncommon thing," replied the young surveyor.

"Fact is," said the old man, "I never found it.

I bought of Seth Parkins's widder arter Seth died, and banged if I've ever been able to find the gov'ment stake."

"May be somebody pulled it up, or broke it off, to kill a rattlesnake with," suggested the young surveyor.

"Like enough," said the old man. "Can't say 't I blame him; though he might 'a' got a stick in the timber by walkin' a few rods. He could n't 'a' been so bad off as one o' you surveyor chaps was when the gov'ment survey went through. He was off on the Big Perairie, footin' it to his camp, when he comes to a rattler curled up in the grass, and shakin' his 'tarnal buzz-tail at him. He steps back, and casts about him for some sort of we'pon; he had n't a thing in his fist but a roll of paper, and if ever a chap hankered arter a stick or a stun, they say he did. But it was all jest perairie grass; nary rock nor a piece of timber within three mile. Snake seemed to 'preciate his advantage, and flattened his head and whirled his rattle sassier 'n ever. Surveyor chap could n't stan' that. So what does he dew, like a blamed fool, but jest off with his boot and hurl it, 'lowin' he could kill a rattler that way. He missed shot. Then, to git his boot, he had to pull off t' other, and tackle the snake with that. Lost that tew. Then he was in a perdicament; snake got both boots; curled up on tew 'em, ready to strike, and seemin' to say, 'If you've any more boots to spar', bring 'em on.' Surveyor chap had n't no more boots, to his sorrow; and, arter layin' siege to the critter till sundown, hopin' he 'd depart in peace and leave him his property, he guv it up as a bad job, and footed it to the camp in his stockin's, fancyin' he was treadin' among rattlers all the way."

The story was finished by the time the axe was brought; the old man picked up a rusty shovel lying by the house, and, getting into the buggy with his tools, he pointed out to his young companion a rough road leading through the timber.

This was a broad belt of woodland, skirting the eastern side of a wide, fertile river-bottom, and giving to the settlement the popular name of "Long Woods."

On the other side of the timber lay the high prairie region, covered with coarse wild grass, and spotted with flowers, without tree or shrub visible until another line of timber, miles away, marked the vicinity of another stream.

The young surveyor and the old man, in the jolting buggy, followed by the dog, left the log-house and the valley behind them; traversed the woods, through flickering sun and shade; and drove southward along the edge of the rolling prairie, until the old man said they had better stop and hitch.

"I don't hitch my horse," said the young surveyor. "The dog looks out for him. Here, old fellow, watch!"

"The section corner, I ca'c'late," said the old man, shouldering his axe, "is off on the perairie thar, some'er's. Come, and I'll show ye the trees."

"Is that big oak with the broken limb one of them?"

"Wal, now, how did ye come to guess that?—one tree out of a hundred ye might 'a' picked."

"It is a prominent tree," replied the youth, "and, if I had been the surveyor, I think I should have chosen it for one, to put my bearings on."

"Boy, you're right! But it took me tew days to decide even that. The underbrush has grewed up around it, and the old scar has nigh about healed over."

The old man led the way through the thickets, and, reaching a small clear space at the foot of the great oak, pointed out the scar, where the trunk had been blazed by the axemen of the government survey. On a surface about six inches broad, hewed for the purpose, the distance and direction of the tree from the corner stake had, no doubt, been duly marked. But only a curiously shaped wound was left. The growth of the wood was rapid in that rich region, and, although the cut had been made but a few years before, a broad lip of smooth new bark had rolled up about it from the sides, and so nearly closed over it that only a narrow, perpendicular, dark slit remained.

"What do you make of that?" said Mr. Wiggett, putting his fingers at the opening, and looking down at his companion.

"I don't make much of it as it looks now," the young surveyor replied.

"Did n't I tell you 't would take an old head to find my corner? T' other tree is in a wus shape than this yer. Now I reckon you 'll be satisfied to turn about and whip home, and tell your boss it 's a job for him."

"Give me your axe," was the reply.

"Boy, take kere what you're about!"

"Oh, I will take care; don't be afraid." And, grasping the axe, the young surveyor began to cut away the folds of new wood which had formed over the scar.

"I see what you're up tew," said the old man, gaining confidence at every stroke. "Give me the axe; you aint tall enough to work handy." And with a few strokes, being a skillful chopper, he cleared the old blaze, and exposed the blackened tablet which nature had so nearly enclosed in her casket of living wood.

There, cut into the old hewed surface, were the

well-preserved marks of the government survey :

N. 48° 15' W.
18 R. 10 L.

"What does that mean?" asked the old man, as the youth made a copy of these marks in his note-book.

"It means that this tree is eighteen rods and ten links from your corner stake, in a direction forty-eight degrees and fifteen minutes west of north."

"I can understand your rods and links," said the old man; "for I know your surveyor's chain is four rods long, and has a hundred links. But banded if I know anything about your degrees and minutes."

"All that is just as simple," replied the young surveyor. "A circle is supposed to be divided into three hundred and sixty degrees. Each degree is divided into sixty minutes; and so forth. Now, if you stand looking directly north, then turn a quarter of the way round, and look straight west, you have turned a quarter of a circle, or ninety degrees; and the angle where you stand—where the north line and the west line meet—is called an angle of ninety degrees. Half as far is forty-five degrees. Seen from the corner stake, wherever it is, this tree bears a little more than forty-five degrees west of north; it is forty-eight degrees and a quarter. Where's the other tree?"

That was ten or eleven rods away, still in the edge of the timber; and it bore on its blazed trunk, facing the open prairie, the inscription—laid bare by the old man's ready axe—

N. 82° 27' W.
16 R. 29 L.

"Eighty-two degrees twenty-seven minutes west of north, and sixteen rods twenty-nine links, from your corner," the young surveyor read aloud, as he copied the marks into his note-book. "The other tree is so surrounded by undergrowth, it would take you and your axe an hour to cut a passage through so that I could run a line; and I am going to try running a line from this tree alone. Be cutting a few good stakes, while I go and bring up my horse and set him to eating grass."

CHAPTER II.

OLD WIGGETT'S SECTION CORNER.

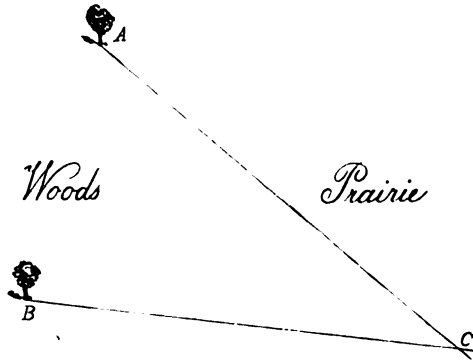
THE horse was driven to a good shady place on the edge of the woods, relieved of his bridle, and left in charge of the dog. In the meanwhile the old man cut a few oak saplings and hewed them into stakes.

"Now, I want ye to give me a notion of how you're gwine to work," he said, as the youth

brought his compass and set it up in its tripod at the foot of the tree. "For, otherwise, how am I to be sure of my corner, when you say you've found it?"

"O, I think we shall find something to convince you. However, look here, and I'll explain."

While waiting for the wavering needle to settle in its place, the youth made a hasty diagram in a page of his note-book.



"Here we are on the edge of the timber. *A* is your first tree. *B* is the one where we are. Now if the bearings are correct, and I run two lines accordingly, the place where they meet will be the place for your corner stake; say at *C*."

"That looks cute; I like the shape of that!" said the old man, interested.

"If the distance was short,—feet instead of rods,—all the instruments we should want," said the young surveyor, with his peculiarly bright smile, "would be a foot measure and two strings."

"How so?" said the old man, who could not believe that science was so simple a thing as that.

"Why, for instance, we will say the tree *A* is eighteen feet from the corner you want to find; *B*, sixteen feet. Now take a string eighteen feet long, and fasten the end of it by a nail to the center of the blazed trunk, *A*; fasten another sixteen feet long to *B*; then stretch out the loose ends of both until they just meet; and there is the place for your stake."

"I declar'!" exclaimed the old man. "That's the use of the tew trees. Banded if I dew see, though, how you're gwine to git along by runnin' a line from jest one."

"If I run two lines, as I have shown you, where they cross will be the point. Now if I run one line, and measure it, I shall find the point where the other line ought to cross. We'll see. Here on my compass is a circle and a scale of degrees, which shows me how to set it according to the bear-

ings. Now look through these sights, and you are looking straight in the direction of your section corner."

"Curi's, aint it?" grinned the old man. "'Cordin' to that, my corner is out on the perairie, jest over beyant that ar knoll."

"You're right. Now go forward to the top of it, while I sight you, and we'll set a stake there. As I signal with my hands this way, or this, move your stake to the right or left, till I make *this* motion; then you are all right."

The young surveyor had got his compass into position, by looking back through the sights at the

"But it's noth'n' but a bog this time o' year; ye can't navigate a boat thar. And it'll take till middle o' next week to build a brush road across. Guess we're up a stump now, hey?"

"O, no; stumps are not so plenty, where I undertake jobs! Let's have a stake down there, pretty near the *slew*; then we will measure our line, and see how much farther we have to go."

The old man helped bear the chain; and a careful measurement showed that the stake at the edge of the slough was still four rods and thirty links from the corner they sought.

"Banged if it don't come jest over on t'other



"AND SIGHTING FORWARD, DIRECTED THE OLD MAN WHERE TO SET HIS STAKES."

tree. He now placed himself between it and the tree, and, sighting forward, directed the old man, who went on over the knoll, where to set his stakes.

On the other side of the knoll, it was found that the line crossed a slough,—or "*slew*," as the old man termed it,—which lay in a long, winding hollow of the hills. This morass was partly filled with stagnant water; and the old man gave it a bad name.

"It's the wust slew in the hull country. I've lost tew cows in it. I would n't go through it for the price of my farm. Could n't git through; a man would sink intew it up tew his neck."

"Then we may have to get a boat to find your section corner," laughed the young surveyor.

side of the slew!" the old man exclaimed, computing the distance with his eye. "But we can't measure a rod further; and yer we be stuck."

"Not yet, old friend!" cried the young surveyor. "Since we can't cross, we'll measure the rest of our distance along on this shore."

The old man looked down upon him with indignation and amazement.

"Think I'm a dog-goned fool?" he cried. "The idee of turnin' from our course, and measurin' along by the slew! What's the good of that?"

Finding that the old man would not aid or abet what seemed to him such complete folly, the young surveyor made another little diagram in his note-

book, and explained: "Here is the end of our line running from the direction *B*,—theoretically a straight, horizontal line, though it curves over the knoll. You noticed how, coming down the slope ahead of you, I held my end of the chain up from the ground, to make it horizontal, and then with

sight across and stop you when I see you at *C*. There stick your last stake."

"Banged if that aint cute! Young man, what mout be your name?"

"I was only boy a few minutes ago," said the young surveyor, slyly. "Now, if you are ready, we'll set to work and carry out this plan."

The line from *D* to *E* was measured off. Then the youth set his compass to obtain the proper angle at *E*; while the old man, with his axe and a fresh stake, tramped around to the eastern side of the slough. Having got the range of the stakes, he was moving slowly back toward them, holding his stake before him, when the youth signaled him to stop just in the edge of the quagmire.

The new stake stuck, the young surveyor, taking up his tripod and compass, went round to him.

"That stake," said he, "is not far from your corner. Are there any signs?"

"I've been thinkin'," said the old man, "the 'arth yer looks like it had been disturbed some time; though it's all overgrown so with these clumps of slew-grass, ye can't tell what's a nat'ral hummock and what aint. Don't that look like a kind of a trench?"

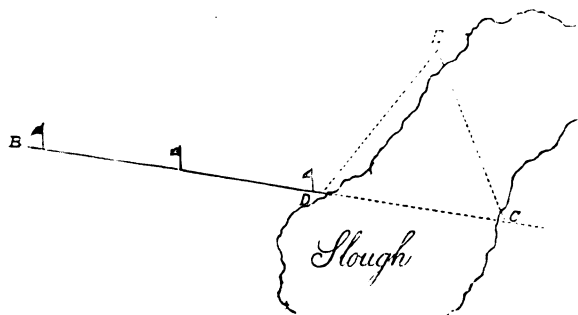
"Yes; and here's another at right angles with it. Surveyors cut such places on the prairies, pile up the sods inside the angle, and drive their corner stakes through them. But there must have been water here when this job was done, which accounts for its not being done better. We'll improve it. Go for the shovel. I'll get the bearings of those trees in the meanwhile, and see how far wrong they make us out to be."

When the old man returned with the shovel, he found his boy surveyor standing by the compass, with folded arms, looking over at the woodland with a smile of satisfaction.

Sighting the trees, the tall, straight stems of which were both visible over the knoll, he had found that their bearings corresponded closely with those copied in his note-book. This proved his work to his own mind; but the old man would not yet confess himself convinced.

"We may be somewhar *nigh* the spot, but I want to be sure of the *exact* spot," he insisted.

"That you can't be sure of; not even if the best surveyor in the world should come and get it from these bearings," replied the youth. "Probably the bearings themselves are not exact. The Government surveyors do their work in a hurry. The common compass they use does n't make as fine angles as the theodolite or transit instrument does; and then the chain varies a trifle in length with



my plumb-line found the corresponding point in the ground, to start fresh from. That was to get the measurement of a horizontal line; for if you measure all the ups and downs of hills and hollows, you'll find your surveying will come out in queer shape."

The old man scratched his bushy gray head, and said he had n't thought of that.

"Well," the young surveyor continued, "we are running our line off toward *C*, when we come to the slew. Our last stake is at *D*—say this little thing with a flag on it. Now, what is to be done? for we must measure four rods and thirty links farther. I measure that distance from *D* to *E*, along this shore, running my new line at an angle of sixty degrees from the true course. Then, with my compass at *E*, I sight another line at an angle of sixty degrees from my last. I am making what is called an equilateral triangle; that is, a triangle with equal sides and equal angles. Each angle must measure sixty degrees. With two angles and one side, we can always get the other two sides; and the other angle will be where those two sides meet. They will meet at *C*. Now, since the sides are of equal length, the distance from *D* to *C* is the same as from *D* to *E*—that is, four rods and thirty links, just the distance we wish to go; *C*, then, is the place for your corner stake."

"It looks very well on paper," said the old man, "but"—casting his eye across the bog—"how in the name of seven kingdoms are ye ever gwine to fix yer stake thar?"

"That is easy. Go round to the other side of the slew, get yourself in range with our line from the tree, by sighting across the stakes, and walk down toward the slew—that is, on this dotted line. Having got my angle of sixty degrees at *E*, I will

every variation of temperature; the metal contracts and expands, you know. Surveying, where the land is worth a dollar and a-quarter a foot, instead of a dollar and a-quarter an acre, is done more carefully. Yet I am positive, from the indications here, that we are within a few inches of your corner."

"A few inches, or a few feet, or a few rods!" muttered the old man crossly. "Seems like thar's a good deal of guess-work, arter all."

"I am sorry you think so," replied the young surveyor, quietly removing his tripod. "If, however, you are dissatisfied with my work, you can employ another surveyor; if he tells you I am far out of the way, why, then, you need n't pay me."

The old man made no reply, but, seizing the shovel, began to level the hummock a little, in order to prepare it for a pile of fresh sods. He was slashing away at it, with the air of a petulant man working off his discontent, when he struck something hard.

"What's that ar?" he growled. "Can't be a stone. Aint a rock as big as a hazel-nut this side the timber."

Digging round the obstacle, he soon exposed the splintered end of an upright piece of wood. He laid hold of it and tried to pull it up. The youth, with lively interest, took the shovel, and dug and pried. Suddenly up came the stick, and the old man went over backwards with it into the bog.

He scrambled to his feet, dripping with muddy water, and brandished his trophy, exclaiming:

"Dog my cats! if 't aint the eend of the ol' corner stake, left jest whar 't was broke off, when the rest was wanted to pry a wheel out o' the slew, or to kill a rattler with!"

He appeared jubilant over the discovery, while the young surveyor regarded it simply as a piece of good luck.

CHAPTER III.

THE HOMEWARD TRACK.

THE new stake having been stuck in the hole left by the point of the old one, and plenty of fresh turf piled up about it, the old man wiped his fingers on the dry prairie grass, thrust a hand into his pocket, and brought forth an ancient leather wallet.

"My friend," said he, "shall I settle with you or with your boss?"

"You may as well settle with me."

"Nuff said. What 's yer tax?"

"Two dollars and a-half."

"Tew dollars and a—dog-gone-ation! You've been only tew hours and a-half about the job. I can hire a man all day for half-a-dollar."

"It is an afternoon's work for me," argued the young surveyor. "I've had a long way to drive.

Then, you must understand, we surveyors" (this was said with an air of importance) "don't get pay merely for the time we are employed, but also for our knowledge of the business, which it has taken us time to learn. If I had been obliged to hire the horse I drive, you see, I should n't have much left out of two dollars and a-half."

"Friend, you're right. Tew 'n' a-half is reasonable. And if I have another job of land-surveyin', you are the man for my money."

"A man, am I, now?" And with a laugh the young surveyor pocketed his fee.

"Good as a man, I allow, any time o' day. You've worked at this yer thing right smart, and I'll give ye the credit on 't. How long have ye been larnin' the trade?"

"O, two years, more or less, studying at odd spells. But I never made a business of it until I came to this new country."

"What State be ye from?"

"New York."

"York State! That 's whar I hail from."

"One would n't think so; you have a good many Southern and Western words in your talk."

"I come by 'em honest," said the old man. "I run away from home when I was a boy, like a derned fool; I've lived a'most everywhar; and I've married four wives, and raised four craps of children. My fust wife I picked up in ol' Kaintuck. My next was an Arkansaw woman. My third was a Michigander. My present was born and raised in the South, but I married her in Southern Illinois. She's nigh on to forty year younger 'n I be, and smart as a steel trap, tell you! So you see we're kind of a mixed-up family. My fust and second broods of children's married off, or buried,—scattered to the four winds o' heaven! Tew boys o' the third brood, and that ar Sal, is with me yit. Some of the present brood you've seen. Thar's been twenty-one in all."

"Of the fourth brood?"

"No, of the lot. Whose hoss mout that be?"

"Mine; I brought him from the East with me."

"What do you have to pay for a beast like that, now, in York State?"

"I did n't pay anything for him."

"Somebody gi'n him tew ye?"

"Not exactly."

"Ye gambled for him?"

"No."

"Raised him from a colt, then?"

"No."

"Stole him?"

"Not much."

"Picked him up astray?"

The young surveyor, laughing, shook his head.

"Then how in the name o' seven kingdoms did

ye come by him, if ye did n't find him, nor steal him, nor raise him from a colt, nor buy him, nor have him gi'n tew ye?"

"I borrowed him of a neighbor, and drove him to a show, where the old elephant broke loose and had the handling of him for about a second and a-half. The owners of the elephant paid the damages; and I kept the horse. Nobody thought he would get well; but he is now scarcely lame at all. I can show you the scars where he was hurt."

The two had approached the wagon during this talk; and now the old man examined the horse with a good deal of curiosity.

"That your dog tew?"

"Yes, sir. Here, Lion!"

"Cost ye suth'n, did n't it, to bring your animals West with ye?"

"Not a great deal. When my friends wrote for me to come, they said good horses were scarce and high-priced out here, and advised me to bring mine. I could n't leave my dog behind,—could I, old Lion?"

"Who mout your friends be?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Lanman, at North Mills; and Mrs. Lanman's brother,—my boss, as you call him,—Mr. Felton, the surveyor. They came out last year; and last winter they wrote to me, offering me a good chance if I should come. It was in winter; I drove Snowfoot in a cutter, and crossed the Detroit River on the ice just before it broke up. There the sleighing left me; so I sold my cutter, bought a saddle, and made the rest of the journey on horseback. That was rather hard on the dog, but I got the stage-drivers to give him a lift once in awhile."

"What did you say your name was?" the old man inquired.

"I don't think I said. But I will say now. My name is Ragdon—Henry Ragdon. My friends call me Jack."

"And it aint yer name?"

"O, yes, it is, and yet it is n't. I was brought up to it, my friends like it, and so I keep it."*

"Wal, Jack,—if you'll rank me with your friends, and le' me call ye so," said the old man, with a cordial grip of his great, flat hand,—“I s'pose we part yer, and say good-bye. I'll shoulder my tools, and take a cow-path through the woods; you'll find a better road than the one we come by, further north. Jest keep along the edge of the prairie. I sha'n't forgit this job."

"Nor I," said the young surveyor, with a curious smile.

It was the first work of the kind he had undertaken on his own account, and without assistance;

for which reason he felt not a little proud of it. But he did not tell the old man so.

After parting company with him, he drove in the shade of the woods, along a track so little traveled that the marks of wheels looked like dark ruled lines in the half-trodden grass.

The pleasant summer afternoon was drawing to a close. The peculiar wild scent of the prairie, which seems to increase as the cool evening comes on, filled all the air. The shadows of the forest were stretching in a vast, uneven belt over summit and hollow; while far away beyond, in seemingly limitless expanse, swept the golden-green undulations of the sunlit hills.

Jack—for I trust we shall also be entitled to call him so—kept his eye out for game, as he drove leisurely along; stopped once or twice for a rabbit on the edge of the woods; and, finally, pulled up sharply, as a prairie hen shot whirring out, almost from under his wheels.

He sprang to his feet and faced about, raising his gun; but before he could take aim, the bird, at the end of a short, straight flight, dropped into the prairie grass a few rods away.

Jack followed on foot, holding his piece ready to fire. Knowing the shy habits of the bird, he trampled the grass about the spot where she had alighted, hoping to scare her up. He also sent his dog coursing about; but Lion, though an intelligent animal, had no scent for birds.

Suddenly, from the very ground between the hunter's feet, with a startling rush and thunder of wings, the hen rose. Up went gun to shoulder. But instantly the dog gave chase, and kept so exactly in the line of flight, that Jack durst not fire.

"You silly boy's dog!" he said; "don't you know better than that? You'll get a stray shot some day, if you run before my gun-barrels in that fashion. Now go to the horse, and stay."

The dog, who had fancied that he was doing good service, dropped ears and tail at this rebuke, and retired from the field.

Jack was continuing the hunt, when all at once a strange spell seemed to come over him. It found him on one foot, and he remained on one foot, poisoning the other behind him, for several seconds. Then, softly putting down the lifted leg, and lowering his gun, he stole swiftly back, in a crouching attitude, to his wagon by the woodside.

Taking his horse by the bridle, he led him down into a little hollow. Then, piercing the undergrowth, he hastened to a commanding position, where, himself hidden by the bushes, he could look off on the prairie.

His heart beat fast, and his hand shook, as he

* See "Fast Friends;" also the previous volumes of this series—"Jack Hazard and His Fortunes," "A Chance for Himself," and "Doing His Best," which give a full account of the young surveyor's early life and adventures.

drew the bird-shot out of the two barrels of his fowling-piece, reloading one with buck-shot, the other with an ounce ball.

All the while his eye kept glancing from his gun to the shadowy slope of a distant hill, where were two objects which looked like a deer and a fawn feeding.

CHAPTER IV.

A DEER HUNT, AND HOW IT ENDED.

THEY were a long way off—more than half-a-mile, he thought. Evidently they had not seen him. Though marvelously quick to catch scent or sound, deer have not a fine sense of sight for distant objects.

"They have left the covert early, to go out and feed," thought he. "If not frightened, they will browse around in the hollows there until dark."

He was wondering how he should manage to creep near, and get a shot at the shy creatures, when the dog barked.

"That wont do!" he muttered; and, hurrying to silence Lion, he saw a stranger loitering along the prairie road.

Jack stepped out of the bushes into the hollow, and beckoned.

"I've sighted a couple of deer that I'm trying to get a shot at; if you go over the hill, you'll scare 'em."

The stranger—a slender youth in soiled shirt-sleeves, carrying a coat on his arm—looked at him saucily, with his head on one side and a quid turning in the cheek, and said:

"Well! and why should n't I scare 'em?"

"I can't hinder you, of course; but," said Jack, "if *you* were hunting, and I should be passing by, I should think it a matter of honor——"

"Honor is an egg that don't hatch in this country," interrupted the stranger; and the quid went into the other cheek, while the head went over on the other side, as if to balance it. "But never mind; 't aint my cut to interfere with another feller's luck. Show me your deer."

Jack took him through the thickets to his ambush. There were the deer still feeding; the old one lifting her head occasionally as if on the lookout for danger. They seemed to be moving slowly along the slope.

The dark eyes of the strange youth kindled; then he said, with a low laugh:

"I'd like a cut-bore rifle for them fellers! You never can get 'em with that pop-gun."

"I believe I can if you'll help me. You notice there's a range of hills between us and them; and they are on the north slope of one. I've been surveying a little of the country off south, and I

think you can get around the range that way, and come out beyond the deer, before they see you. There's everything in our favor. The wind blows to us from them. At the first alarm, they'll start for the woods; and they'll be pretty sure to keep along in the hollow. I'll watch here, and take them as they come in."

Quid and head rolled again; and the strange youth said jeeringly, with one eye half-closed, looking at Jack:

"So you expect me to travel a mile or two, and drive the deer in for you?" He then pulled down the nether lid of the half-closed eye, and inquired, somewhat irrelevantly, whether Jack saw anything green there. "Not by this light!" he answered his own question, as he let up his eyelid and snapped his thumb and finger. "Ye can't ketch old birds with chaff. I've been through the lot. Parley-voo frongsay?"

Jack regarded him with astonishment, declaring that there was no catch about it. "Only help me, and we will share the game together."

Still the fellow demurred. "I've walked my legs off to-day already; you'll find 'em back in the road here! Had nothing to eat since morning; wore myself down lean as a rail; felt for the last two hours as though there was nothing but my backbone between me and eternity! No, sir-ree! I would n't walk that fur out of my way for a herd of deer. If I had a horse to ride, I would n't mind."

Jack was greatly excited. He had never yet had a good shot at a deer; and if, at the end of his day's work, he could carry home a good fat doe, and perhaps a fawn, of his own shooting, it would be a triumph. So, without a moment's reflection, he said:

"You may ride mine. Then, if you don't want a share of the game, I'll pay you for your trouble."

The strange youth took time to shift his quid and balance it; then replied, in a manner which appeared provokingly cool to the fiery Jack:

"I'll look at him. Does he ride easy?"

"Yes. Hurry!"

Jack ran down to the horse, led him into the bushes, where the wagon could be left concealed, and had already taken him out of the shafts, before the stranger came lounging to the spot.

"Pull off the harness," said the latter, with the easy air of ordering a nag at a stable. "And give me that blanket out of the buggy. I don't ride bare-back for nobody."

Jack complied, though angry at the fellow for being so dilatory and fastidious at such a time. The strange youth then spread his coat over the blanket, laid his right hand on it, and his left on

bridle and mane, and with a leap from the ground threw himself astride the horse—a display of agility which took Jack by surprise.

"I see you have been on horseback before!"

"Never in my life," said the stranger, with a gleam in his dark eyes which belied his words. And now Jack noticed that he had a little switch in his hand.

"He wont need urging. Be sure and ride well beyond that highest hill before you turn; and then come quietly around, so as not to frighten the deer too much."

The fellow laughed. "I've seen a deer before



"JACK NOTICED THAT HE HAD A LITTLE SWITCH IN HIS HAND."

to-day!" And, clapping heels to the horse's sides, he dashed through the bushes.

Jack followed a little way, and from his ambush saw him come out of the undergrowth, strike across the prairie, and disappear around the range of hills.

The deer were still in sight, stopping occasionally to feed, and then, with heads in air, moving a few paces along the slope. Jack waited with breathless anxiety to see his horseman emerge from among the hills beyond. Several minutes elapsed; then, though no horseman appeared, the old deer, startled by sound or scent of the enemy, threw high her head, and began to leap, with graceful, undulating movements, along the hillside.

The fawn darted after her, and for a minute they

were hidden from view in a hollow. The stratagem had so far succeeded. They had started toward the woods.

Jack, in an ague of agitation, waited for the game to show itself again, and, by its movements, guide his own. At length, the fawn appeared on the summit of a low hill, and stopped. The doe came up and stopped too, with elevated nostrils, snuffing. For a rifle, in approved hands, there would have been a chance for a shot. But the game was far beyond the range of Jack's gun.

To try his nerve, however, he took aim; or, rather, attempted to take aim. His hands—if the truth must be confessed—shook so that he could not keep his piece steady for an instant. Cool fellow enough on ordinary occasions, he now had a violent attack of what is called the "buck fever."

Fortunately, the deer had not seen the horseman; and, while they were recovering from their first alarm, they gave the young hunter time to subdue, with resolute good sense, his terrible nervous agitation.

They did not stop to feed any more, but moved on, with occasional pauses, toward the woods; following the line of the hollows, as Jack had foreseen.

All this time the dog lay whining at his young master's heels. He knew instinctively that there was sport on foot, and could hardly be kept quiet.

The deer took another and final start, and came bounding along toward the spot where the wagon had stood. But for the excitement of the moment, Jack must have felt a touch of pity at sight of those two slender, beautiful creatures, so full of life, making for their covert in the cool woods. But

the hunter's spirit was uppermost. He took aim at the doe, followed her movements a moment with the moving gun, then fired. She plunged forward, and dropped dead.

The fawn, confused by the report and by the doe's sudden fall, stood for an instant quite still, then made a few bounds up toward the very spot where the young hunter was concealed. It stopped again, within twenty paces of the leveled gun. There it stood, its pretty spotted side turned toward him, so fair a mark, and so charming a picture, that for a moment, excited though he was, he could not have the heart to shoot. Ah! what is this spirit of destruction, which has come down to us from our barbarous forefathers, and which gives even good-hearted boys like Jack a wild joy in taking life?

The dog, rendered ungovernable by the firing of the gun, made a noise in the thicket. The fawn heard, and started to run away. The provocation was too great for our young hunter, and he sent a charge of buck-shot after it. The fawn did not fall.

"Take 'em, Lion!" shouted Jack; and out rushed the dog.

The poor thing had been wounded, and the dog soon brought it down. Jack ran after, to prevent a tearing of the hide and flesh. Then he set up a wild yell, which might have been heard a mile away on the prairie,—a call for his horseman, who had not yet reappeared.

Jack dragged the fawn and placed it beside its dam. There lay the two pretty creatures, slaughtered by his hand.

"It can't be helped," thought he. "If it is right to hunt game, it is right to kill it. If we eat flesh, we must take life."

So he tried to feel nothing but pure triumph at the sight. Yet I have heard him say, in relating the adventure, that he could never afterward think of the dead doe and pretty fawn, lying there side by side, without a pang.

He now backed his buggy out of the woods, set

the seat forward in order to make room for the deer behind, and waited for his horse.

"Where can that fellow have gone?" he muttered, with growing anxiety.

He went to a hill-top, to get a good view, and strained his vision, gazing over the prairie. The sun was almost set, and all the hills were darkening, save now and then one of the highest summits.

Over one of these Jack suddenly descried a distant object moving. It was no deer this time, but a horse and rider, far away, and going at a gallop—in the wrong direction.

He gazed until they disappeared over the crest, and the faint sundown glory faded from it, and he felt the lonesome night shutting down over the limitless expanse. Then he smote his hands together with fury and despair.

He knew that the horse was his own, and the rider the strange youth in whose hands he had so rashly intrusted him. And here he was, five miles from home, with the darkening forest on one side, and the vast prairie on the other; the dead doe and fawn lying down there on the dewy grass, the empty buggy and harness beside them; and only his dog to keep him company.

(To be continued.)

THE DOMINO BRIDGE.

To build a bridge of this kind, you must begin by placing six dominoes flat on the table and four

the four center ones, and then the side ones; referring to Fig. 1 to see how to place them.

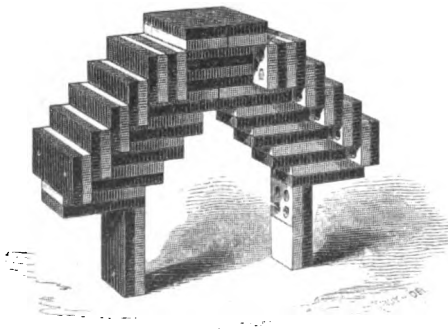


FIG. 1.—THE DOMINO BRIDGE.

upright, as in Fig. 2. Take care to make a close joint, and to keep every piece exactly in line and center. Then lay the pieces in the order numbered, keeping each side equally advanced till they meet in the middle.

The dominoes in the base may now be elevated to the higher positions. First cautiously remove

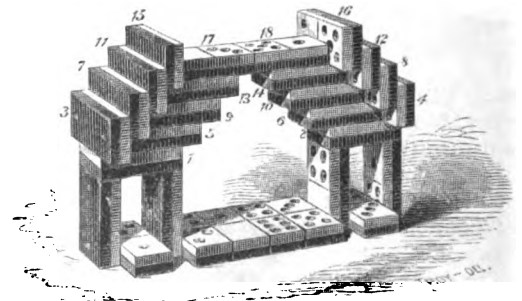


FIG. 2.—METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION.

Lastly, the whole is to be capped by the two outer uprights, and the structure should be so beautifully balanced that they may be gently slid from under, and laid side by side on the very top.

The bridge should be built of the ordinary dominoes, as expensive ones are apt to have a projecting point on the face.

MAY'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

"WHAT do you do on Christmas?" asked a pale-faced little girl in a black dress, of her cousin Jeanie.

"Christmas?" said Jeanie, with a puzzled look on her rosy face. "Why, nothing; only just not go to school."

"Nothing!" returned the first speaker, aghast.

"Don't you have any Christmas-tree?"

"Christmas-tree! What's that?" asked Jeanie.

"Nor hang up your stocking?"

Jeanie shook her head.

"Nor have a single bit of a present?" May went on in utter amazement.

"What for?" asked Jeanie.

"Why, don't you know about Santa Claus, who comes down the chimney on Christmas Eve, and gives everybody a present?" said May, completely bewildered.

"Don't know nothing 'bout him," said Jeanie. "Don't b'lieve there's any such a person in Missouri."

May drew a long sigh. It was not the first time she had sighed since the jolting old wagon, called a stage, had landed her, two weeks before, at her uncle's home, a wretched, penniless orphan.

"What is a Christmas-tree, any way?" asked Jeanie, seeing that May was not going to speak.

"Oh, it's a beautiful green tree, covered with lights and presents and beautiful things! When mamma was alive we always had one on Christmas Eve."

"Does it grow so?" asked Jeanie, curiously.

"Of course not! what a question!" said May. "Do you know what Christmas *is*, anyhow?" she added, with a quick flush of color.

"Of course I do," retorted Jeanie; "but *that* has n't anything to do with Christmas-trees."

"Yes it has," said May, earnestly, "a great deal to do with them, and with every way that we have for having everything just as sweet and lovely as we can on that day. Mother always said so."

Jeanie opened her eyes wider, and then asked softly:

"But what about the Christmas-tree, May?"

"Well, it's cut down and brought into the house, and all the things put on before you see it, and when it's all ready the folding-doors are opened, and—oh! it's beautiful!" May added in ecstasy. "Last Christmas I had such lovely things,—the prettiest blue dress you ever saw—I've got a piece of it in my trunk—and new clothes for my doll; oh, such

nice ones! a whole suit with overskirt, and all in the fashion; and a cornucopia of candies and a box of nuts and raisins and — Oh, I can't think of half the things," added May, brightly, yet half ready to cry.

"I wish I could see one," said Jeanie; "but we don't have such things here. Ma has n't got time, nor anybody."

"I'll tell you what we can do, I guess," said May, who had been revolving an idea in her mind; "we might get up one ourselves,—you could; of course it would n't be so nice as mamma's, but it would be better than none."

"Well, let's!" said Jeanie, "and not tell a single one till it's all done."

"Where can we have it? We need a fire and a door that'll lock," said May.

"Oh, Pa'll let me have the out-room, I know, if I coax him," said Jeanie, "and we can put a nail over the latch to fasten the door."

The out-room, you must know, was a roughly built room, a little apart from the house. It had a big open fire-place and a huge kettle, and when there was any big work, like making up the year's soap, or putting down the year's supply of salt pork, a great fire was built there and the out-room came into use.

"Well," said May, reflectively, "I guess we can do it; we can trim it up, you know."

"How?" asked Jeanie, to whom all Christmas ways were unknown mysteries.

"Oh, I'll show you. We can get evergreens in the woods, and oh, some of that lovely bitter-sweet, and I can make paper flowers," May went on enthusiastically, as ideas rushed into her mind. "We can have it real pretty; but don't let's tell anybody a thing about it."

The next week was a very busy one to the two plotters. Every moment, when out of school, they were whispering in corners, or engaged in some mysterious work, which they would hide if any one came near.

Mrs. Stanley was glad to see the first cheerful look on the face of the orphan, and did not interfere so long as the girls kept out of her way. The boys—of whom there were two younger and one older than Jeanie—were very curious, and Will—the older one—rather teasing about it; but on the whole May and Jeanie succeeded very well in keeping their secret.

Two days before Christmas, Jeanie followed her

father as he started off in the morning to the barn to feed the cattle. How she managed her teasing I cannot say, but in a short time she came into the house, radiant, gave a mysterious nod to May, and they at once disappeared upstairs.

Soon they stole down the back way, armed themselves with brooms, materials for a fire, and a big nail with which to lock the door, and slipped into the out-room.

It was not a promising-looking place, but they were young and enthusiastic; so Jeanie went to work to build up a roaring fire, and May began with the broom.

Well, they worked all day, harder than ever before in their lives, and all the next day, and when at last the room was ready for company, it really looked very pretty.

The bare walls were ornamented with wreaths of the gay bitter-sweet, and evergreen boughs, brightened by an occasional rose or lily neatly made by May, of thin white paper. The big kettle was transformed into a table by means of a board or two across the top, and a white sheet spread over all. The two windows were curtained with old newspapers, concealed by branches of evergreen. In the center of the room stood a tub, and braced up in it by stones and sticks of wood, hidden by sprays of green, stood a very pretty evergreen-tree. There were no candles on it, for the united wisdom of the two workers had not been able to compass that. But the bright flickering light of the fire was enough, and in fact made just the right effect, as it did not reveal too much.

On the tree were hung bits of bright ribbon and other pretty things out of May's trunk,—keepsakes from her old playmates. These were used just for decoration. There were long strings of popped corn besides. There were festoons about the branches, and among them a present for each one of the family.

All this time, one of the girls had been obliged to stay in the out-room every moment to keep the

door locked, for the boys were just wild to find out the mystery. Mrs. Stanley had stopped in her dreary round of drudgery—for this home, you must know, was the temple of work—to ask what all the fuss was about. But Jeanie told her that her father said she might use the out-room; and she was too busy and tired to feel much interest,—so she said, “well, she did n't care so's they did n't do any mischief.”

On the eventful night, when called to supper. May went into the family-room, for Jeanie could



MAY'S CHRISTMAS-TREE.

not tear herself away from contemplation of the wonderful tree. To her it was the embodiment of everything beautiful and enchanting in the world. With no books but school-books, no pictures, no papers, nothing beautiful to be seen in that little grinding prairie home, she had never even conceived of anything so lovely.

When at last they rose from the table, May stopped at the door.

“Aunt,” she began timidly,—for she was rather afraid of the hard-working woman, whose sharp gray eyes seemed to look through her, and whose thin lips never opened but to make some practical remark,—“will you come over with uncle and see our Christmas-tree? Come, boys.” And she started off.

"So that's what the young ones have been up to, is it?" said Mr. Stanley, lighting his pipe. "Come, mother, let's go over and see what they've got. That May's the beater for plans if ever I see one."

"Wall," said Mrs. Stanley, pushing back the table that she had already cleared, "I don't mind if I step over a minute before I get out my dish-water. I never see Jane so took up as she has been this week."

They went over to the out-room. The boys were already there staring in a bewilderment of wonder. May leaned against the unique table, very tired, but happy, and Jeanie fairly danced around with delight.

"Well, well!" said Mr. Stanley, "this looks something like, now! Why, this carries me back to when I was a boy, away down in York State. I'd never 'a' thought you two little gals could fix this old room up so pretty; would you now, mother?"

"Mother" did n't say anything. There was a sort of a choke in her throat, and something suspiciously like a tear in her eye, as she looked at the bright, happy faces of her children—faces such as she had never seen since they were babies, before they were initiated into the regular family grind.

After a moment she recovered herself, went up to May, and, to her utter amazement, gave her a warm kiss, and said:

"It's beautiful, dear, and I thank you for it." And then she looked a few minutes, and said she must go. But Jeanie sprang up.

"Wait, ma; the presents are coming yet."

"Presents!" said Mr. Stanley, "are these presents, then?"

"Oh, of course!" said May, "else how could it be a Christmas-tree?"

"Sure enough!" said Mr. Stanley.

May now went up to the tree and took down first a pretty necktie for Will, made out of some of her bits of silk.

"Why, that's just the very thing I want," said Will, amazed. "How did you know that, you witch? and who made it?"

"Jeanie and I," said May.

"No, May made it 'most every bit," said Jeanie. "I don't know how."

Next came a pair of warm red mittens for Harry.

"Jeanie made these," said May. "I can't knit."

Well, so they went on. Mrs. Stanley had a pretty pin-cushion for her bureau; Mr. Stanley a neat bag for his tobacco; Johnny a pair of wristlets to keep his wrists warm. Each of the children had a little bag of nicely cracked hickory-nuts, a beautiful red apple and a few sticks of molasses candy.

The girls had nothing; they had been so busy they never thought of themselves.

When the presents were all distributed, and the children were busy eating nuts and candy, and having a merry time naming apple seeds, and doing other things that May taught them, Mrs. Stanley stole out, and went back to the kitchen to her dish-washing. But something was the matter, for she moved more slowly than ever before; she let the water run over, put the soap into the milk-cup, and made various other blunders. She was thinking.

And when all the family were in bed that night, and she and Mr. Stanley were sitting alone by the fire, she spoke her thoughts.

"John, that tree has set me a-thinking. We aint doing just right by our children. It's all work and no play, and they're growing old and sober before their time. We're forehanded enough now to let up on them a little."

"You're right, mother," said Mr. Stanley. "I've been thinking the same thing myself. That little gal, with her pretty, lady-like ways, does make me think so much of her mother, only 't wa' n't natural to her to be so downhearted as the little one has been. But see her to-night! I declare I'd do anything a'most to keep that happy face on her. What shall we do, Sally?"

"Well," said Mrs. Stanley, her face unwontedly bright with new thoughts, "it is n't eight o'clock yet, and I've been thinking if you'd go to the village and buy a few things to put by their beds for Christmas it would be good. Children think so much of such things," she added, half apologetically.

"So it would! and I'll do it, wife," said Mr. Stanley, taking his boots out of the corner, and hastening to put them on. "Make out your list, and I'll go down to Kenedy's. He don't shut up till nine."

Kenedy's was a country store, where you could buy everything, from a needle to a thrashing-machine, and about nine o'clock Mr. Stanley came home with a market-basket full of things. There was a gay merino dress for Jeanie, a pair of skates for May, a new knife for Will, a sled and a picture-book for each of the boys.

There was, besides these, a package of real store candy, some raisins, and, down under the whole, where Mrs. Stanley could not see it, a neat dark dress for her, which Mr. Stanley had bought to surprise her.

Well, everybody *was* surprised the next morning, you may be sure, and after the breakfast—of which little was eaten—Will went out and killed a turkey. Jeanie and May put on big aprons and helped; Will chopped stuffing and suet; and, for

the first time in their lives, the children had a real Christmas dinner—plum-pudding and all.

That was the beginning of a new life in the plain farm-house. Little by little, books found their way to the table, an easy-chair or two stole into the rooms, pictures made their appearance on the walls, and in time a wing was added to the house! After awhile a neat-handed farmer's daughter came to help Mrs. Stanley. Shrubbery came up in the yard, vines began to grow over the windows, and

the fence had a new coat of paint. Now that she was not always tired out, Mrs. Stanley began to go out among her neighbors; friendly visits succeeded, then a tea-party. Will joined the book club in the village, and Mrs. Stanley invited them to meet at her house in turn, and, in fact, some innocent pleasures came into these hard-working lives, and all owing, as Mr. Stanley would say, holding the bright, happy May on his knee, "to this little girl's Christmas-tree."

THE DWARF'S MIRROR.

BY W. N. MEES.



THOMAS and Hannah lived quite alone in a little house in the middle of a great forest. Their father was an under-forester, and all day long, in good weather and bad, he had to watch or else shoot birds and hares for the prince's table.

Their mother was dead, and nobody was at home in the little house with the children but their old grandmother, who was almost blind and could hardly hear. When she was not asleep, or hobbling around the kitchen to cook the children's dinner, she sat by the fire and spun. Weeks sometimes passed without anybody visiting the forester's hut; but in summer the children did not care about this, because they went day after day to the village to school, and that was a great pleasure. But in winter it was very gloomy and tedious. Then the snow was deep in the forest, and the children had to keep in the house, like two little mice in a hole. The father had to go out often, and always took Watch, the great spaniel and their only playfellow, with him. The old grandmother used to tell fairy-tales, but now she had almost forgotten them all, and spoke to hardly anybody but herself. Little Hannah sat at her grandmother's side spinning, but it was a tiresome work in the silence. Thomas tried to carve figures of dogs and rabbits out of wood; but they never turned out well, and he cut his fingers so often that he became impatient, and gave up the business as a bad one. He often used to say:

"Ah, how nice the rich children have it. I'd like to be the young lord that I once saw drive in his carriage through the village, or one of the steward's children, who can eat as often as they

want to, or one of the gypsy boys, who can go out whenever they like."

One evening, not long before Christmas, it was particularly quiet and gloomy. The lamp oil, which the grandmother made of beech-nuts, had come to an end; the way to the village was so full of snow that Liese had not been able to come to them. So they were there without any oil, and could not light the lamp. Fortunately the clear moon shone into the room; but the children were half afraid of the deep shadows which lay upon the bright floor.

Little Hannah nestled closely at her grandmother's side, and Thomas stood beside her, and screamed in her ear:

"Grandmother, now tell us only once more a little story. Don't you know any more?"

"Not un, Bubby, not un; f'rgotten all," mumbled the old woman.

"But only one, grandmother; only one about the little dwarf in the quarry."

"In the quarry? Yes; wait, Bubby, let me think and see if I know it." Then she added very quickly, and in her old distinct way:

"Where the quarry is, down there in the glen, long, long ago, the rocks stood fast and just like a wall. There was n't a single stone broken off, and before the rocks was a green, fresh place. Under that the dwarfs used to live. They used to carry things down there to the dwarf-queen's palace, and had a merry little town below. There were not yet any hunters, nor stone-cutters, nor wood-choppers in the still forest. Ah, no; then on sunny days all the little dwarfs came out and sunned themselves on the green moss, and played and danced and were right merry. At last, people who lived on the plain outside of the forest be-

gan to build houses, and they came into the forest and chopped down trees and carried away great stones. The dwarfs became very much frightened, and feared that their beautiful rocky wall, their dancing-green, and their little city would be ruined. So to stop the people from cutting away the stone from their rock, they went by night into the forest and dug up big stones, and rolled them with all their might to the edge of the forest. But the people were not satisfied. They found the beautiful rocky wall, and dug stones from it. The great heavy stones fell upon the dancing-green. Then the little city was destroyed, and there was loud wailing among the dwarfs.

"The dwarfs, who were not killed, dug themselves a way far into the forest. Where they live now, or whether they have built themselves another little town, nobody knows. Ever since then they have, in the night, rolled out many stones, but new ones always fall in again, and every year, on St. Thomas' night, they come to see if so many stones still lie on the ground; and if anybody should roll out three stones on that night, the dwarfs would grant him any wish that he might ask."

That is what the grandmother said. She had not said so much for a long time, and was therefore quite tired. Little Hannah became afraid even of herself, and nestled up more closely to her grandmother; but Thomas, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, wondered if the little dwarfs yet came. Just then they heard Watch barking outside, and the father stalked in, cross and chilled. He sought in the dark for something to eat, for, as usual, the old grandmother had forgotten to keep any supper for him. He found nothing, and so went hungry to bed.

This night Thomas could hardly sleep. He had heard the story more than once, but what the grandmother had said about the dwarfs being able still to come, that he had not known. Now his heart beat wildly with pleasure, as he thought how he could brighten up the melancholy loneliness of their forest life with the treasures of the dwarf world, especially now, while there were yet only two days before St. Thomas' night.

On St. Thomas' night the father came home early, and before the grandmother had put out the lamp he was fast asleep. Thomas waited until Hannah was asleep. He had told her nothing, for he knew she would not go. As for his grandmother, she could not hear him even if she were awake. Soon everything was quiet. He had not undressed himself, so that he had only to draw his fur cap over his ears, and then he slipped out.

The moon shone clearly, and it was so death-like still in the forest that Thomas shuddered at first; but he soon grew brave again, and went

softly but quickly over the well-known road to the quarry. Not even a mouse stirred as he came down into the glen. Hardly a moonbeam shone on the broken stone, which looked really very dreadful. With timid steps, he crept softly to the place where the dwarfs' dancing-green had been, and where yet a great number of large and little stones lay. With trembling hands he grasped the largest ones that he could handle and dragged them away. Just as he had rolled away the third, a thin, little voice called out:

"Who's there?" And on the only spot in the glen where the moonlight fell, stood a mite of a man in green clothing. It was he who had asked the question.

"Thomas, the under-forester's son," answered the boy, very much frightened, and at the same time respectfully taking off his cap.

"What do you want there?"

"Only to take away stones, so that the little gentlemen can come back again."

"That wont help much," said the dwarf, sadly; "but it is very good in you, and you shall not do it for nothing. What do you wish?"

Thomas could not decide upon anything, and yet he knew of so many things that he wished. He thought of a horse, so that he could ride to school; of a whole cask full of oil, so that the little lamp might not go out any more; of a bag full of apples and nuts,—but they were all hardly worth the trouble. At last he stammered out:

"A big purse full of money."

"So," said the dwarf, "do you know the use of that already? What will you do with the money?"

"Oh, lots of things. Instead of our hut, I'll build a great, great house, larger than the forester's house in the village," continued Thomas, somewhat encouraged, "and a stable full of beautiful horses, so that I may ride when it snows, and buy a new cloak for Hannah, and a whole cask full of oil, that we may not be in the dark."

"Ei, ei; what else?" laughed the dwarf. "The house, you shall build, but not in the dark forest. You shall also go out into the world, but you don't need a horse for that. Hannah can get a new cloak without you; and you can get oil enough yourself. If you will come with your little basket to the quarry, you will always find beech-nuts enough to fill your little lamp with oil for two years. So I think that you do not need the purse of money yet awhile. You are too young for it."

"Ah," said Thomas, low-spiritedly, "if it were only not so gloomy and tiresome in the long winter,—if we had only a pretty picture-book while the evenings are so long."

"Now," said the dwarf, "that is better. Only go home and believe what I say, and after Christ-

mas I will come to you and take care that the time shall never be so long in winter. Be only content ; the little dwarfs do not forget to reward those who help them."

The dwarf disappeared. Thomas shivered, and went home more quickly and with a lighter heart than he had come. He opened the door, slipped into the house, into the little chamber, and into his warm bed without being seen or heard. All night long he dreamed of the dwarfs. He made up his mind not to tell little Hannah his secret, but to wait quietly until Christmas.

Christmas came, and there was joy even in the

him to drive away the tediousness of the gloomy winter, suddenly he heard a light knock on the house door. His heart beat quickly, and with trembling hands he lifted the latch. In stepped the little man in green clothes. He brought nothing but a small piece of colored glass.

"Lead me to your room!" said he, and stepped quickly and yet more softly than Thomas could into the little bedroom. By the light that came from his little glass, he looked around the room. There was not much to see ; the old bedstead, a rickety table with three legs, and a couple of chairs. The greatest piece of furniture in the room was a large



little hut. The father brought from the village as many nuts and apples as he could carry. The head forester's maid, who was the children's godmother, brought them two magnificent gingerbread hearts, and gave to Hannah a beautiful new cloak, and to Thomas a good warm jacket. The father spent the day at home, and himself dressed a hare for supper. They had not eaten anything so good for a long time. But Thomas could not enjoy himself so much as he might have done. He thought all the while of something better that was yet to come.

It was night again. Everybody but Thomas was fast asleep. As he sat with his clothes on, wide awake, wondering what his new friend would bring

chest, black with age, which was fastened in the wall, and which often served the children as a hiding-place when they played "hide-and-seek." In the front of this chest was a large round hole, that always seemed frightful to Hannah as often as she saw it, because it looked so black. The dwarf seemed to have perceived it. He slipped into the chest, and after a little hammering: "So," said he, as he came out, "now the tediousness is cared for. Little one, if time becomes long again, then look at the round hole in your chest. Look only mornings and evenings when you are alone. Good night, my boy. God take care of you!" And before Thomas knew what had happened, the dwarf was gone. The boy hardly understood what

it all meant, and not daring to look into the chest immediately, he lay down beside his father. While he wondered whether the dwarf had spoken in jest or in earnest, he fell fast asleep.

The next morning the father went out early. Thomas could not keep his secret any longer, so he whispered the whole story to his sister as she sat and spun beside her deaf grandmother. She listened to it half laughing, half afraid, and told him that he must have dreamt it all. However, he persuaded her to make the first trial that evening. That day was very long to the children, who waited impatiently for the evening. The father was still away in the evening, and the grandmother nodded in her chair. Then the children went timidly but eagerly to the chest, and lifted the lid. Thomas, the bolder-hearted, was the first to look at the hole, where now shone brightly the glass which the dwarf had put in. What a beautiful sight met his eyes! He drew the trembling Hannah down to his side, for the opening was large enough for both to look through at the same time. It was splendid! The children could hardly resist screaming with wonder and delight. They saw a long, wide parlor that was magnificently lighted by golden lights, but mostly by a high, richly decorated Christmas-tree, from which the light of many hundred colored tapers streamed. The table before the tree was covered with beautiful toys—play-soldiers, cavalry and infantry—whole regiments of them, with cannon and wagons; there was a complete royal stable full of all sorts of little horses; there were pretty picture-books, and a multitude of playthings such as the poor little forest children had never before seen, among which were a pair of silver spurs and a horse-whip, a gun and sword, a complete boy-uniform trimmed with gold. All these fine things were neatly arranged on the table, and with them little baskets and plates of the choicest confectionery.

"Oh, dear, who'll get all that?" sighed the children.

Just then the door opened, and a thin, pale boy of ten years stepped into the parlor. Behind him came beautifully dressed ladies and gentlemen. Thomas and Hannah expected that a whole band of children must come to share these splendid presents, and looked for the others. But there was only the one boy. He smiled faintly, and did not seem surprised as he glanced at the beautiful things, and hardly noticed them, while Thomas and Hannah pressed their glowing faces against the glass and almost devoured the splendor with their eyes.

"Where are you, children?" now called the voice of the grandmother. Startled, they drew their heads back, and everything was as dark as

before. The old chest looked as if nothing at all had happened. They were as if in a dream when they came back to the light of the little oil-lamp and sat again in the old sooty room.

"Ah, how well off the young lord is," they often said. "Oh, if we only had what he has," they sighed, even when sleep closed their eyes to show them the splendor yet once more in their dreams.

Before it was yet quite day, Hannah glided into the bedroom. This time the father had not come home, so that they could so much more safely look into the wonderful chest. They wished very much to see again the beautiful parlor. Sure enough, there it was in clear daylight, almost as beautiful as by the light of the festal candles. There were all the fine playthings, but better arranged. The boy who had been there yesterday was lying in a silk dressing-gown upon the sofa. A number of pretty books were scattered around him. He seemed tired and restless. As the children were looking and wondering how any one could not be pleased and happy with such beautiful things, one of the doors opened and an old gentleman came in. The children could hear him say, as if he were far away, but yet distinctly:

"What! already wearied, dear prince? And yet you have so many things that would make other children happy."

"What other children?" asked the prince. "Other children are not alone. I have already seen all of my things. I wish I could go out like other children. I'd like to go out alone, and go where I choose. I'd rather be a gypsy boy than a prince."

Before the astounded children could hear any more, the grandmother called them, and they hastily dropped the lid.

Full of joy and expectation, they chattered all day long, and could hardly wait until evening before their little faces were pressed against the glass. This time they did not see the parlor, but a forest, quite like that in which they lived. They saw a large open place in this forest. In the middle was a cheerful fire, before which some fine game was roasting. Near by sat a number of browned and ragged people, several of whom were playing a lively tune on instruments of music, to which a band of joyful children sprang and danced around.

A young gypsy came with a bag full of dried fruits. The children received him with shouts of joy. He emptied the bag on the ground. The children fell greedily upon the fruits, and, scrambling for them like little pigs, feasted to their hearts' delight, after which they began again all sorts of merry wild games, so that Thomas wished very much to spring in among them, and was quite provoked when his father just then came home and called loudly from the kitchen.

Early the next morning, before his father was awake, he looked at the glass, without waiting for Hannah, who came in lightly after awhile.

Yes, there was once more the open place in the forest, but it did not seem to be so cheerful. It was morning. The fire was out. There was a wild, anxious running hither and thither among the gypsies. Presently the children saw soldiers coming near, and soon after, in the great tumult that still continued, the poor gypsies were captured and led away, because they had been accused of robbery and theft. The children would see no more of it, and turned away from the glass.

That evening the children went to the wonderful chest, and they saw a very handsome room,—not so elegant as the prince's parlor, but yet much more beautiful than their godmother's room,—with brightly colored tapestry and pretty pictures on the walls. It was full of playthings for boys and girls. There was a fine baby-house, with little ladies and gentlemen dressed in handsome clothes and sitting on little sofas and chairs in the parlor. There was a little kitchen full of white china tea services, and more little plates and pitchers than all the crockery and tinware in the old grandmother's kitchen put together. There were dolls, big and little,—some almost as large as Hannah herself,—cradles, little chairs and carriages. On the other side of the room stood a fortress with soldiers; a store well provided with raisins, almonds, sugar and figs; a carrier's wagon with trunks and valises; a pile of picture-books,—in short, almost as much as the prince had. The children were full of admiration and joy. Suddenly the possessors of all these elegant things—two girls and a boy—entered. Evidently they had just returned from a walk. The girls went immediately to the baby-house, and the boy to the store. One of the girls went with bright new pennies to exchange them with her brother for candies, and the other began to dress her dolls out of a little chest full of pretty dresses and hats.

Ah, how sorry were Thomas and Hannah as just then their grandmother called them to supper.

Sleeping and waking, they still dreamed of what they had seen, and hastened early the next morning to see the lucky children again.

The room did not look as beautiful as before. The dolls lay upon the floor, and one of the little girls stood crying and screaming beside them. The evening before she had left them on the floor and the room door open. The cat had come in and had played with the painted dolls, had torn their silk dresses and scratched their pretty faces.

"You're to blame for it," said one of the children. "You left them lying here."

"No, it was you," cried the other.

Then they began to dispute about a little sugar-

loaf that one of the girls had in her kitchen, and which the boy claimed as belonging to his store. In their quarrel the girl pushed against the store, so that many of the little glasses fell down and were broken. In anger and spite, the boy jumped upon the little kitchen and kicked it about, so that all the crockery and tinware were broken to pieces. Then followed such screaming and crying and yelling and quarreling, that the forest children ran gladly away, not wishing to see any more.

"Now what do you think, Thomas," asked Hannah, "that all the children in the world are unhappy?"

"No, indeed," replied he eagerly, "that cannot be; for if the little prince had not been quite alone —"

"And," interrupted Hannah, "the gypsy children had only had good fathers and mothers, and the three children had not been so quarrelsome. Yes, see, when people are good and contented and happy and well and love one another, then they can be happy."

"Even if they are so poor and lonely as we are?" asked Thomas.

Hannah could not really say yes.

That evening the grandmother fell asleep very early. They almost feared to look at the glass again, for everything came to such a sorry ending. However, they made up their minds to try it once more. As they put their faces to the glass they almost screamed out aloud:

"There is our kitchen and our own selves!"

So, in truth, it was—only the room looked lighter and pleasanter than usual. It was much cleaner and in good order. The window-panes were so clean and clear that they shone. On the window-seat stood some forest flowers that looked beautifully green against the snow outside. In a willow cage, such as Thomas had often seen the farmer-boys make, hopped a little bird, that seemed to be better in the warm kitchen than in the snow, for it sang and whistled so sweetly that it was a pleasure to hear it. And there, at her little spinning-wheel, sat the old grandmother, and by her side was Hannah, and Thomas was not far away, but neither was so tired and sorrowful as before. They heard themselves singing a pretty little song which they had already learned at school, but which it had never before occurred to them to sing at home. It sounded lovely, and the old grandmother seemed very much pleased with it, for she kept time by nodding her head in a friendly manner. After they had finished the song, then the Thomas that they saw through the glass reached up to the shelf over grandmother's bed and took down a large old book that had long lain there, covered with dust, ever since she had been unable to read even with

spectacles. The children were astonished. They had learned to read well, but had never thought of such a thing as reading at home. The Thomas in the glass began to read aloud, so loudly that the grandmother could hear. At first he did not read any more distinctly than the real Thomas could have done, but the reading soon became better. He read the story of Joseph, which the children had already heard, but so long ago that it sounded so new and beautiful that they listened eagerly to the Thomas in the glass until they heard a dog bark. That was also just like Watch's bark. Then the Hannah in the glass rose quickly, placed a pair of old shoes near the fire and hung her father's house-coat before it. Soon the father entered with Watch. Thomas drew off his wet coat and carried away his gun, and Hannah brought the warm shoes and dry coat.

The children gazed with surprise at their busy images. Hitherto they had always let their father come and go, and had never even thought that one could care for him also. The father in the picture looked surprised at the little services of his children, and was much more friendly than the real father generally was. He seated himself at the table, and Hannah had a good, warm supper for him, which formerly had generally been forgotten, because the grandmother could never remember to save it. The father patted Hannah on the shoulders, which he had never done before, and began to talk about their saintly mother, who had also cared so kindly for him; and that was so remarkable to the children that they would not have come away from the glass if the grandmother had not called them to go to bed.

The next morning a new life entered into the children. Hannah turned and cleaned the furniture, washed the windows and cleared up the room so thoroughly that the grandmother, as in a dream, asked, "Is it a feast-day?"

There was not time to plant flowers, but Thomas brought a couple of pine branches from the forest, with which they neatly dressed the room. Then they helped the grandmother to prepare the breakfast. Formerly she had always had that trouble alone. It was quite good, and tasted much better to them than ever before. Then Hannah sat down with her grandmother to spin, and Thomas climbed up on a chair and brought the Bible, which was just as dusty as in the picture, and began to spell out the words. The grandmother listened very at-

tentively. As the reading became more and more distinct, and as, for the first time in many years that she had not been able to go to church or even to read at home, she heard from her little grandson's lips the beloved word of God, her old heart became full of joy, she folded her hands on her lap and nodded approvingly, while bright tears gathered in her eyes. He was quite pleased to see what effect his reading had, and read on more earnestly.

Hannah listened and spun, not noticing how the morning passed, until the grandmother arose to cook the potatoes. Thomas immediately sprang up and said, "Wait, Granny; I'll help you." They fetched water from the little well in the yard, washed the potatoes and stirred up the fire. It was a perfect pleasure. The grandmother clasped her hands in wonder. Such potatoes they had never before eaten. In the afternoon, it occurred to them to sing. They tried it at first in a low voice, but soon they sang more heartily and clearly, and the grandmother listened as if dreaming, and smiled more than she had for years. How they enjoyed themselves when the father came home! How astonished he was at the loving attentions of his children, which no one had shown him since his good wife had been carried to her grave. Everything came to pass as in the mirror. His heart warmed under the warm house-coat and from the kindness of his children.

"You must see how beautifully Thomas reads," the grandmother said, and brought her old prayer-book. The father, who for so many years had forgotten the prayers, heard with pride and joy how well his boy read. As the holy words fell from his child's lips they sank deep into his heart.

The children had never before gone to bed feeling so happy as on this evening.

Now every day did not continue so new and fresh as this, but the children continued to work with heartfelt joy. The angel of prayer was drawn in and made this quiet forest-hut a little church full of peace and love. The children took less pleasure now in the wonderful mirror. They felt that it could not show them anything better than their own dear home, especially when the joyful spring came; and they already thought of how they could make their little house pleasant and cheerful for the next winter.

All of us have our house, or cottage, or little room. Shall we not seek to make it as bright and happy as did the forest children their lonely hut?

BY THE HEARTH.

BY CARRIE GERRISH.

WELL, boys, what are you looking at so eagerly? Only a piece of coal, do you say, Charlie? I should n't suppose you could find anything worth looking at in a smutty piece of coal. Ah, well! I am glad my boys have found that only a piece of coal, as Charlie calls it, is worth looking at.

I think I can tell you something about it that will make you open your eyes wider still. You know how astonished and puzzled you were the other night at the tricks of the "magic-man," who turned beans into sugar-plums, and did all sorts of wonderful things before your very eyes. Now this piece of coal is the most wonderful piece of magic in the world. Suppose I tell you that this hard black lump once had life. Yes, it did, Ned, though you need n't look as if you expected it to walk off now. It would n't have done that when it was alive. It grew and moved, yet was not an animal.

Can you guess what it was? That's right; it was a plant—a beautiful green plant. Yes, I'm in earnest. That black lump is really one of the most wonderful things in the world. It was once a delicate little plant, turning ever to the sun, and bending and nodding with every breeze. It is almost beyond belief, and I don't wonder that you shake your heads. Many people older than you would do the same if told that the coal, to which they owe so much, and which they use quite as a matter of course, once made up great forests which covered vast areas. They know it comes somehow out of the earth, and as long as it continues to come, and does n't cost more than so much a ton, they don't bother themselves with questions as to what it is. I have no doubt many regard it as a peculiar kind of rock. I want my boys to know better, and so let us see if we can't explain the mystery about it.

Well, then, in the first place, plants are composed principally of two gases and a substance called carbon. The gases are oxygen and hydrogen. You can easily remember the word carbon. Now when a plant begins to decay, these two gases escape into the air, while the carbon stays and forms coal. So remember that coal is chiefly carbon, and it gets the carbon from plants.

You think, Charlie, that if plants make coal there must be a good lot of it in our big forests? Well, here is another strange thing. You see how one wonderful thing leads to another. You would

find scarcely any coal in those big forests; yet there are tons upon tons of leaves that fall to the ground every year, and I have just said they were precisely what coal comes from. How am I going to explain that? Listen.

I said that coal was formed from vegetable matter. I did n't say that all vegetable matter formed coal. It does so only under certain conditions. As the leaves and plants fall to the ground, they lie exposed to the air, and decay, when the two gases—oxygen and hydrogen—escape. The carbon goes too, so that nothing is left for coal. You don't see, then, how coal ever was made? I am going to tell you.

Since it has been proved that coal does come from plants, and that our vegetation nowadays makes little or no coal, we know that when the great beds of coal were formed everything must have been specially arranged for it. The world was n't then as it is now. It was just sky and water, with here and there patches of land. There were great marshes everywhere. Sometimes these would dry up and become dry land. Then again the sea would come rushing in over the land, and form new marshes. There were no birds in the air; no people upon the land. Only reptiles and marsh-loving beasts roamed around in the soft clay. All was quiet and desolate, yet it was not a dreary time. In the marshes and on the land grew beautiful trees. Plants ran wild everywhere. It was a world of living green. Now, it was simply on account of the marshy land that this vegetation made coal, while our own does not.

I told you that a time was specially planned for coal-making. As the plants and leaves decayed, they fell into the water. The gases could still escape, but the carbon, being covered from the action of the air, was left. This is the simple explanation. Silently, and with no human eye to see, the work went on year after year, century after century.

A few of the plants in those days of gigantic forests were like what we have—beautiful ferns as large as many trees. Such now grow only in the tropics. "Horse-tails," as you call them, which are now seldom over two feet high, grew then as high as twenty feet. Conifers, like our firs and pines and cedars, were very abundant. But the two most important trees in coal-making have entirely disappeared from our forests. One of these

had no branches, but was covered with leaves and crowned with a cluster at the top. Sometimes they were sixty feet high.

But you don't see how we know that trees did make coal? There are several reasons. If you should put a piece of coal under a microscope, and examine it carefully, you would see the vegetable fibers in it. It is the best proof we could have. Then, besides, in many places stems and leaves are found in the coal, and sometimes trunks of trees are standing in the beds. Again, wood contains silica or sand, and this is found also in coal. You

don't understand it as well as I hope you will when you are older; but you can believe it now, and some day prove it for yourselves.

I want you to look at this bright, beautiful diamond. Put that black, smutty piece of coal by the side of it. Would n't you think they had about as little in common as any two things in the world? Yet they are made of the same substance—carbon. And although diamonds are the most valuable of gems, and eagerly sought after, the world could get along without them much better than without their black and often despised relation.



BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

IN the multitude of books for young folks, nowadays, there are so many that are foolish or harmful, it is pleasant to find a really capital and healthy story. Such a story is *Antony Brade*, by Robert Lowell; published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

Mr. Lowell, as some of our young readers may know, wrote a book for grown-up folks some time ago, with the title of *The New Priest in Conception Bay*. That book was very much liked; but *Antony Brade*, we should say, has more heart in it, and it must be a great favorite with the boys. Indeed, Mr. Lowell must have thought so, or he would not have said, as he does at the beginning of his book, that it was written lovingly for those who have been boys, or are boys, or like boys. The story is one of school-days; and the hearty out-door life, the hockey-playing, the trapping and the school-boy quarrels, are just enough seasoned with study and book-learning to make the picture of young life all the more real. There is a harmless little mystery in the story, and a good deal of fun; and if anybody, man or boy, can read the account of the disaster on the ice-pond without some springing of moisture in the eyes, we should not like to make his acquaintance. There ought to be more such bright, fascinating and wholesome books as *Antony Brade*.

The multitude of ST. NICHOLAS readers will be glad to hear that Mr. Trowbridge's story of *Fast Friends*

has been issued in book form by J. R. Osgood & Co. of Boston. It makes a very enticing volume of 282 pages, with many illustrations. This story, as most of our young friends will agree, is one of the very best Mr. Trowbridge ever wrote. It reads like a chapter out of real life; and the reader is led on from page to page, with an affectionate interest in the fortunes of the two lads who were trying their desperate fortunes in a great city. There are a great many young chaps like Jack and George making their way in New York; and it really seems a pity that the tale of their trials and triumphs, sorrows and fun, could not have so delightful a historian as the author of *Fast Friends*.

Hazel Blossoms, by John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.—The true poet is always young at heart, and so this book, though written for grown men and women, will have a charm for you all. Such poems as "Conductor Bradley," "Sumner," and "The Prayer of Agassiz" hardly can fail to stir young souls and bring out the best bravery of boyhood and girlhood. Three-fourths of this volume are filled with Mr. Whittier's recent productions, and the remainder with the poems of his sister, Elizabeth H. Whittier. Of these last, you will be interested, we think, in the lines entitled, "Dr. Kane in Cuba," especially after reading Mr. Whittier's preface.

Mischief's Thanksgiving, and other Stories. By Susan Coolidge. Illustrated by Addie Ledyard. Boston: Roberts Bros.—Now and then, girls, comes a story-book that once read becomes a part of our lives. Such an one is this by Susan Coolidge. When we have said that it is fresh, cheery, bracing, fragrant and clear, we have only told you of the atmosphere that hangs about its living scenes and events. *Mischief*, *Little Roger*, *Ellie*, and *Ricket*, in these stories are real children, almost as real as little *Fredrika Bremer*, *Jeanette Berglund*, and other "Girls of the Far North," of whom our author gives you delightful sketches in this same volume.

The Hanging of the Crane. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. With illustrations. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.—This is not the pathetic story of a poor crane that came to his death by hanging. Not at all. In the days when great chimney-places and open wood fires were in fashion, a swinging iron crane stretched forth from the inner side of the fire-place, like an arm, ready to hold pot or tea-kettle over the blaze. So it came to be understood that to hang the crane in a new house was really to turn the house into a home, and to offer a fit occasion for merry-making and congratulations. Therefore is "The Hanging of the Crane" sung by our great poet Longfellow; and that his verse may have a worthy setting, the publishers have made a superb book filled with such pictures as America has hardly produced before—exquisite in art and beautiful as can be conceived. The artists, Thomas Moran and Mary A. Hallock, are well known to you by their work in *ST. NICHOLAS*, and we heartily congratulate them upon their great success in illustrating Mr. Longfellow's latest poem.

More Bed-time Stories. By Louise Chandler Moulton. Illustrated by Addie Ledyard. Boston: Roberts Bros.—We can speak as heartily of this volume as we did of the first "Bed-time Stories," which is saying a good deal. "Against Wind and Tide" and "Blue Sky and White Clouds" are good stories charmingly told, but, like the others in this volume, they end too soon. Mrs. Moulton could have made two books out of her material.

Lolly Dinks's Doings. By his mother, old Mrs. Dinks (alias Elizabeth Stoddard). Boston: William F. Gill & Co.—Mrs. Stoddard is one of the strongest and best of American novelists, although she does not by any means confine herself to pleasant, heartsome incidents, and model men and women. Therefore, when the same lady writes a book about Lolly Dinks, we do not expect to find a model little boy; and a model boy Lolly Dinks certainly is not. He is simply his own startling little self, bewitching sometimes in his baby way, but not to be imitated on any account. In short, if ever a naughty darling stood glorified in the light of mother-love—if ever a sweet little ruffian wore bright fancies and tender thoughts as naturally as other babies wear pinafores, that naughty darling and sweet little ruffian is Lolly Dinks.

Another new book which boys and girls will welcome is one by our beloved contributor, Olive Thorne, entitled *Little Folks in Feathers and Fur, and Others in Neither*, and published by Dustin, Gilman & Co., of Hartford, Conn. It tells all about a great many of the wonderful little creatures in the world, and in the fresh, clear, simple way that has made its author a favorite among young readers. It has also a large number of interesting illustrations that will help you to remember what you read. We recommend this handsome book, and advise all the boys and girls who want to become acquainted with its "little folks"—and what boy or girl does not?—to read and study it.

Moonfolk, by Jane G. Austin (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is one of those stories of the curious adventures of a little girl in Fairy-land, which would be very interesting and original if *Alice in Wonderland* had never been written. Little Rhoda meets with "The Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe," with "Sinbad the Sailor," with "Margery Daw," and a great many other good folks from Mother Goose, and she has pretty much the same sort of a time with them that Alice had with her friends in "Wonderland." The illustrations to this book are by Mr. Linton, the famous engraver, and they are most excellent; just as quaint and delicate in the drawing and exquisite in the engraving as they can be.

Risen from the Ranks is the seventh of the "Luck and Pluck Series," written by Mr. Horatio Alger, and published by Mr. Loring of Boston. Like the other books of the series, this is a story of an ambitious and straightforward boy, who, after some hard struggles, became a man of influence and importance. Harry Walton's example will fire the heart of many a young reader, who will see how it is possible to achieve a great success in life after a very small beginning. The book is one that can be honestly commended to young folks, though we do really think that Mr. Alger ought to explain to us how Oscar's father, who begins the story as an India merchant, ends it as a Boston editor.

To *Brave and Bold*, another of Mr. Alger's stories, we cannot award like praise. The story is of the "sensational" order, while the characters are such as we do not meet in real life—and we are very glad that we don't meet them. The book appears more hurriedly composed than some of the author's other works, and this may account for its deficiencies.

All children, who are good children, love Hans Christian Andersen, and they will therefore be glad to hear that Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have recently issued an excellent edition of *Andersen's Fairy Tales*. The fairy tales written by the German brothers Grimm have also been issued by the same house. These tales have long been deservedly popular, and this collection, as well as that of the Andersen stories, has been edited and arranged for children by Mrs. Paull.

Childhood Songs. By Lucy Larcom. (Illustrated.) Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.—Our *ST. NICHOLAS* readers need only to be told of a book, written from beginning to end by Lucy Larcom, to be anxious to see it—and a lovely book this is. "Prince Hal and little Queen Maude," to whom it is dedicated, must be very happy little ones with these delightful poems and bright pictures before them. And how fine it is that other wee princes and queens, and all who love little children, may share their enjoyment! Well may their poet say:

"And I, for one, would much rather,
Could I merit so sweet a thing,
Be the poet of little children
Than the laureate of a king."

G. P. Putnam's Sons have issued the first series of *The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines*, by Mary Cowden Clarke—a book which ought to be welcome wherever it goes. The young can gain from it a true appreciation of the great master's works; and older people who have read the plays hardly can find a safer guide than this noted student of Shakespeare in the delightful study of tracing the characters, whose after-life he describes, back to their early beginnings in childhood. The book affords many instructive glimpses into the life and customs of the times, and the stories will interest everybody.

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

(Arranged for Parlor Representation as a Ballad with Living Pictures.)

THE well-known story of "Ginevra," as told in Rogers' poem of "Italy," and in the ballad of "The Mistletoe Bough," is very suitable for parlor representation, especially during the Christmas holidays. To give it with the best effect, a temporary stage and drop-curtain are needed; better still if the curtain be hung at the wide opening between two rooms. As an expedient, two large clothes-horses, draped and stood so as to form the back and sides of the stage—thus, *—thus,* answer the purpose admirably. The flooring of the stage should, if practicable, be raised about fourteen inches. A large pine frame covered with gilt or "black walnut" paper, if placed close to the stage so as to form a picture-frame to each scene, will add very much to the illusion; and the effect will be still finer if a very thin black gauze or tarlatan be stretched across the back of the frame over the entire opening. But both the frame and gauze may be dispensed with if they involve too much painstaking. In any case, a sliding curtain can be hung on a wire stretched across the front, and so arranged as to be drawn back, when necessary, by persons concealed at each side of the screen. A space can be left in the rear, between the two clothes-horses, where the actors, by parting the draperies, may go in and out. Somebody behind the screen recites or sings the ballad, which at proper intervals is illustrated by *tableaux vivants*. Everything must be arranged in advance, and the actors dressed ready to appear. A large wooden chest should be at hand. It may stand in the rear of the stage in the first scene, concealed by gay draperies or the wedding guests. A capital chest may be made of large sheets of pasteboard sewed together and covered with oak wall-paper. Great iron hinges and locks should be painted upon it. The lid, bent down around the edge, can be tied on at the back, so as to open and shut. The mistletoe bough and holly, if necessary, can be made of green paper; or almost any green boughs with small leaves will answer the purpose. The costumes, which in detail may be left to the taste of the performers, should have an old-time effect and be in harmony with each other. The chief requirements are powdered heads, knee-breeches, and great shoe-buckles for the gentlemen; high-heeled and rosetted slippers, farthingales, trains, puffed, curled and powdered heads, with flowers, wreaths and showy jewelry for the ladies. Twenty-five cents' worth of tinsel paper, crinkled and creased, will greatly assist in the jewelry and shoe-buckle effects, when better things are not at hand. Old chintz curtains for the guests, and muslin or lace curtains for the bride, will make capital trains and mantles; white wool-wadding and horse-hair will serve for the ladies' and gentlemen's wigs, when powder is not used, and knee-breeches may be easily produced by cutting the bottoms off of old trousers, lapping them tightly at the knee, and concealing the lap by a rosette. Two persons may be required to represent Lovel—one as a young, the other as an old man. For the latter part, a long white beard may be made of goats-hair fringe or white wool-wadding. A few charcoal shadows about the face (studied from nature) will produce the look of old age. In the last scene, the wedding guests, with a few slight changes of costume, and with charcoal shadows on some of the faces, will serve as the old man's friends. Children can personate all the characters as easily as grown persons.

A spinning-wheel and a few old-style pieces of furniture will be found useful.

Very pleasing results, however, can be secured with far less preparation than we have suggested. The main thing is to try for harmonious effects of color and grouping, and the proper lighting up of the tableaux. All the lights should be in front of the performers, and hidden from the spectators. If the scenes are carefully rehearsed, there will be no difficulty in arranging each tableau silently and swiftly in its proper succession. Actual experiment will be the best guide in deciding at which points the curtain is to be raised and lowered. When practicable, the singing or reciting of each stanza should accompany its tableau to the fall of the curtain, and the musical accompaniment can run on between the stanzas during the brief time allowed for arranging each scene.

TABLEAU I.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday.
The baron beheld with a father's pride
His beautiful daughter, young Lovel's bride,
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be
The star of that goodly company.

Oh! the mistletoe bough!
Oh! the mistletoe bough!

Tableau. Scene.—The castle hall. The happy old baron and baroness are seated in state; the bride and

groom, with the wedding guests, may be represented as dancing, or in the act of playing some merry game.

TABLEAU II.

"I'm weary of dancing now," she cried;
"Here tarry a moment—I'll hide, I'll hide!
And Lovel be sure thou'rt the first to trace
The clue to my secret lurking-place."
Away she ran, and her friends began
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan;
And young Lovel cried, "Oh, where dost thou hide?
I'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."
Oh! the mistletoe, &c., &c.

Tableau. Curtain rises at "*Away she ran.*" *Scene.*—A dim old garret. When there are no painted scenes, this effect is produced by lowering the lights and displaying dimly a few old chairs, garments, and stray articles, crowded together at one side; while at the other, nearer to the center, stands the large open chest. The floor should be of dark boards or covered with some dull material. Ginevra, drawing her wedding drapery around her, and looking merrily back, is about stepping into the chest. The light should be arranged so as to fall only upon the form of Ginevra.

TABLEAU III.

They sought her that night, and they sought her next day,
And they sought her in vain when a week pass'd away;
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
Young Lovel sought wildly, but found her not.
And years flew by, and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
And when Lovel appeared, the children cried:
"See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride!"
Oh! the mistletoe, &c., &c.

Pantomime. Curtain rises at "*And years flew by.*" An out-of-door scene. (If the trunk and various articles are pushed back and covered with green baize, and groups of children, with hats on, are arranged to partially conceal the background, a painted scene can be dispensed with.) Lovel, now an old man with long white beard, with cocked hat, and big cane, is seen walking slowly across the stage from L. His head is bowed and his manner very sad. The children, looking pityingly at him, whisper together, and, finally, two or three steal up to him, as if to attract his attention, as the curtain falls.

TABLEAU IV.

At length an oak chest, that had long lain hid,
Was found in the castle—they raised the lid,
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there,
In the bridal wreath of the lady fair!
Oh! sad was her fate! in sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest.
It closed with a spring, and her bridal bloom
Lay withering there in a living tomb!
Oh! the mistletoe, &c., &c.

Tableau. Curtain rises at "*Sad was her fate.*" *Scene.*—The garret as before. Lovel, the old man, stands near the open chest, grief-stricken, with a necklace in his hand. A group of friends stand by in amazement and pity. One young girl has her arm on Lovel's shoulder, as if to gently draw him away. (*Curtain falls while the music is playing.*)

THE BELL-RINGERS.



DING-DONG ! ding-dong ! ding !

The bell-ring-ers in the pict-ure are re-al cats. Their names are Jet, Blanche, Tom, Mop and Tib. Jet is all black ; Blanche is white as snow ; Tom stands in the mid-dle ; Mop is next ; and Tib, who has the small-est bell, has to reach high-est to ring it.

Like the Bright-on cats of which we once told you, these pus-sies have

been trained to do won-der-ful tricks. They can stand up and beg like dogs; they can lie down and play that they are fast a-sleep; they can march in a row like sol-diers; more than all, they can ring the bells in good time, so soft-ly and sweet-ly that the music is pret-ty e-nough for Christ-mas chimes.

Mr. Bow-en tells a-bout them in a Lon-don book called "The Children's Friend." He says the mas-ter who taught them to ring the bells was al-ways ver-y kind and gen-tle. They knew that he loved them, and that when-ev-er they tried to learn their les-son well, he would give them a nice meal of fish.

Cats like fish as well as you like can-dy,—bet-ter than you like a can-dy fish; so you see they must have felt, when they gave the ropes a good pull, that, some-how, they were ring-ing their own din-ner-bell. At first the pus-sies found it ver-y hard to catch hold of the bell-rope; but when their mas-ter put soft bunch-es of wool up-on the cord, so that the pus-sies could fast-en their sharp lit-tle claws in-to it, they took hold with a good will.

"Ding-dong! Thank you, Mas-ter," they seemed to say. "This is some-thing like!"

Some-times the pus-sies would not a-gree ver-y well. Tib would get tired of her short rope, and try to get hold of Jet's. Then Blanche and Tom would join in the fight; the ropes would get twisted; all the bells would ring out of tune, and Mop would "me-ouw" with all her might. But the dread-ful noise would soon bring them to their senses; and the mo-ment they were good, the sweet mu-sic would come a-gain and make them hap-py.

When the pus-sies were not do-ing their fun-ny tricks, they would walk a-bout just like any oth-er cats, or lie down on the rug and doze. Some-times, in their sleep, they would wave their tails slow-ly, and then their mas-ter would say:

"Bless 'em! They are dream-ing of the bells."

If he called to them, they would spring to his side and rub their cool noses a-gainst his hand, or, jump-ing up-on his knee, they would look up in-to his face, as if to say:

"Good mas-ter! you look tired. Poor dear! you are on-ly a man. But you may de-pend up-on our help. We know ver-y well that if it were not for us cats there would be no bells rung in the world."

The mas-ter would smile at this, and stroke them fond-ly; then the fire-light would play a-bout their forms as, one by one, they would set-tle soft-ly up-on the rug for an-oth-er nap.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

A MERRY Christmas and a glad New Year to you, my darlings! And may nothing check your daily growth in kindness, strength and love, in all sweet and holy ways throughout this new year 1875! Now to business. Here, to begin with, is

A TELEGRAM TO JACK.

North Pole, December 20th, 1874.

TO JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Expect me very soon. Important business. If any of your young breezes wish to have their own way, send them here; no rival societies. Have only one opposition firm. A. Borealis & Co. Will outdo them yet. They only care for brilliant display, while I believe in trumpeting. They are as silent as the ice itself.

Any foolish young greens trying to grow in your vicinity? I'll soon stop that. Business is not at all dull. There is much work to be done, and sending out of iceberg agents. Magnificent display of ice in our warerooms. Unequaled this side the equator.

I must get away for a tour among your pines; their backs need bending a trifle. Will give you a call if you are "at home."—Yours,
N. W. WIND.

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THEY have sweet Christmas music in Norway—Norway, that far-off country, with the steel-blue sky and frozen sea. It is a song in the air. The simple peasants make the birds that inhabit those rude coasts and icy valleys so very happy on this one day of the year that they sing of their own accord a glad carol on Christmas morning, and all the people come out of their houses and rejoice to hear it.

On Christmas Eve, after the birds have sought shelter from the north wind, and the still night is bright with stars, the good people bring from their store-houses sheaves of corn and wheat, and, tying them to slender poles, raise them from every spire, barn, gate-post and gable. Then when, after the long night, the Christmas sun arises, crowning the mountains with splendor, every spire and gable bursts into sudden song.

The children run out to hear the old church-spire singing; the older people follow; the air is

filled with the flutter of wings and alive with carols of gladness. The song of the birds fills every village with happiness, and to this living, grateful anthem the people respond in their hearts, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace; good-will to men."

CARELESS ENGLISH.

A LADY and gentleman were crossing our meadow one cloudy day, when suddenly it began to rain.

"Wont you be kind enough to hoist my umbrella?" said the lady.

"Certainly," said the gentleman.

I was astonished at this, for if "wont" means anything at all it means will not; and therefore, according to my translation, the gentleman really had told the lady that certainly he *would not be kind enough to hoist her umbrella!*

But no. Even while he spoke he opened that useful article and held it gracefully over his companion.

"Thank you!" said she earnestly.

"Not at all," said he still more earnestly. And on they went.

"Why, the fellow flatly contradicted the lady," said I to myself. "How outrageous!"

But no, again, for they were on the best of terms, and the lady smiled sweetly at his words.

Yet the birds tell me that this sort of talk is quite usual among genteel human beings.

JACK AS A POSTMAN.

A LETTER FROM OUR TRAILING ARBUTUS TO THE SCOTCH HEATHER.

YOU remember, my dears, how, last spring, the bonny blue Scotch Heather sent a letter through your Jack to our own Trailing Arbutus. Well, Arbutus has sent an answer to that letter, and I take this way of forwarding it to Scotland. ST. NICHOLAS goes there regularly every month, I'm happy to say. It's a pretty compliment to the Heather for the answer to be in Scotch, is n't it? By the way, I'm quite sure, from what T. A. says in a message to me, that you needn't mind reading the letter, though it's not worth while to mention its contents out of the family.

New England, Autumn of 1874.

DEAR CAPE HEATH: Ye bonny purple blooms, a' oor herts gae out in answer to yer frienly letter, an' since a' oor simmer wark is done—ilka wee bud tucked tenderly awa', an' a' oor roots taught how to tak' firm hold o' Mither Earth's warm han's—we ha'e the time to sen' ye greetin' before the winter snaws mak' oor beds.

Oor winsome wee daughters will na open their een afore May, an' lest ye should grow tired waitin', we, their carefu' mither, sen' ye a letter. We learned yer ain sweet mither-tongue lang years ago, frae Highland lads an' lassies wha come here to live. Indeed we think a' flooers maun use the sweet soundin' words, for they are purer and easier-like for flower-lips to utter than ony ither.

Of course, Sir Heather, ye never meant yer letter to be a luv-letter, sae ye will be as glad to hae it answered by Mistress Arbutus as by her lassies; besides, ye will ken yersel that nae discreet lass wad be writin' to lads far ower the sea.

An' noo we maun tell ye a' about oor life an' wark in this country. A' simmer we are busy, as we told ye, wi' oor bairnies, an' ilka fall the trees aboon us—wha seem to ha'e kind herts—throw down their wee bit plaids o' green an' gold an' scarlet to cover us warmly frae auld Winter's cruel winds. Ye may be sure we gi'e them kin'ly welcome.

It is wonnerfu'—the great hert o' kin'ness which lies under a' things, like a wheel aye turnin' an' turnin', an' at ilka turn throwin' up glimmerin' bits o' spray, white an' pure, an' destined to water some droopin' thing. Sae it seems oor seasons are turnin' round for aye, and forever tossin' some treasure to ilka created thing. Ye can a' maist see the hert-beats in streams wha run down the burnies, and in the gentle clouds wha wander overhead.

Sometimes the braw auld Sun himsel' seems but a smile o' kin'ness, an' aft at evenin' time the moon an' stars are smilin' too. We can only offer sma' payment by pourin' out oor sweetness an' showin' oor color, which we maun mak' as rich an' delicate as possible, an' sae we are busy frae year's end to year's end weavin' brightness an' distillin' sweet incense. We a'maist envy the birdies' their thankful voices. The marvel o' the world, as made known to flower-herts, is the deep, aye lastin' love which has provided a' things needfu' for ilka livin' creature.

We shake yer han's, dear Heather, an' we wish for ye a' noble things o' which yer life is capable. May a' yer bloomings content ye!

If ye will convey oor warmest love to ilka spry o' heather in auld Scotland, an' to a' growin' in Ireland an' on rugged German mountains as weel, ye will confer a favor upon—Your lovin' friends,

THE WHOLE CLAN O' TRAILING ARBUTUS.

CRABS IN OYSTERS.

I SAW an oyster once—about as flabby and limp a fellow as one could wish to meet. To be sure he had just been turned out of house and home, poor thing, and the spirit was pretty well out of him! But that's nothing here nor there. I'm told that oysters often are found with tiny crabs in their houses. How can this be? and how does the case stand? Does the crab go in to catch the oyster, or does the oyster catch the crab? Is it a peculiar kind of crab warranted never to grow big, or, if not, what happens? That is to say, if it's only a baby crab of the ordinary sort, what becomes of that oyster when the crab grows up? Which encompasses the other?

I'm a stay-at-home body, so I hope you children will please find out all you can on this crab-and-oyster business, and let your Jack know the facts of the case.

LITTLE TRUTHFUL.

YOU'VE all read "Grimm's Fairy Tales," or, if not, you'll be pretty sure to read them before you are much older. They are very apt to be found in Christmas stockings, and being the production of two German brothers, who know well how to delight young folk, they are always very welcome. Jack heard the pretty schoolma'am one day repeat to her out-door class a pretty story that old Jacob Grimm, the brother who put these stories in a book, tells about one of his little readers.

He was told one fine morning that a little girl wished to see him in his reception-room, as she had something to say to "Herr Professor."

Stepping down to the room, he found a little miss, looking very grave and very wise.

"Is it thou," she said, "who hast written these fine fairy tales?"

"Yes, my dear; my brother and I have written them."

"Then the tale of the clever little tailor is thine; and it says at the end that he who will not believe it must pay a thaler (a German dollar)."

"Yes, I have written that too."

"Well, sir, I do not believe it."

"Ah!"

"Here, sir, is a quarter of a thaler. It is all I have now, but I will call and leave the rest at some other time."

The kind old man laughed, and declined the quarter-thaler. He offered, however, to see the honest little one home, and I have no doubt that the two became in time the best of friends.

AND now since it's holiday times, and we are speaking of the great tellers of fairy tales, you shall hear about

THE UGLY LITTLE DUCK THAT THE CHICKENS DROVE AWAY.

YOU have read about it, perhaps? But did you ever know that that "ugly little duck" was dear old Hans Andersen himself?

Well, it was. I have just heard all about it.

He was born in a poor little hut, on the wind-swept Island of Odense, one of the possessions of Denmark. He was a neglected child; his father made shoes, and could not attend to him; his mother left him to follow his own will, and the little children laughed at him, and said that he was a fool, "just like his grandfather."

Hans' only comfort was to build castles in the air. He fancied he was a prince, who had been changed at his birth, and that the angels came and talked with him in the garden. He was almost, but not quite, right, and yet most people in his neighborhood agreed with the children that he was a "fool, just like his grandfather."

One day he said:

"Mother, I am going to Copenhagen, and shall become famous."

"But, Hans, what will you do?"

"Suffer adversity till I become famous." And the "ugly little duck" waddled away to the bleak open sea, and when he came back he was the famous Hans Christian Andersen! He was indeed born a prince, and good angels talked with him.

You must read the "ugly duck" again.

ANCIENT HOUSES IN COLORADO.

HOW'S this, my children? I've always had an idea that if ever there was a new country it was Colorado, here in America, and now, if they're not finding antiquities in it,—the remains of good two-story stone houses, away down in its deep ravines; not one house, but groups of houses, towers and temples, and other signs that there were civilized settlements there long before the days of Indians and wigwams! I must see the birds about it. Meantime, you may ask your fathers and mothers, who read the newspapers, for further particulars. This is a great country, my dears, and the half has not yet been told. It's Jack's opinion that, as a country, America is young-looking for her age.

A NEW YEAR'S VERSE.

LEARN these lines, my boys and girls, on New Year's Day, and carry them with you all the rest of your lives. They are very, very old, but not so old as the truth they tell:

"Devoutly look, and naught
But wonders shall pass by thee;
Devoutly read, and then
All books shall edify thee;
Devoutly speak, and men
Devoutly listen to thee;
Devoutly act, and then
The strength of God acts through thee."

THE LETTER-BOX.

HERE come some verses from E. S. F., floating so lightly and brightly toward the Letter-Box that we must not turn them away.

SOAP-BUBBLES.

I blew bubbles once for Kitty.
As they sailed about,
Kitty cried, "They are so pretty!
Don't let them go out!"

Then I tossed them hither, yonder,
Low, high, every way;
Kitty's eyes grew wide with wonder:
"Mamma, make them stay!"

"Let me catch one!" she entreated,
As they flitted past;
"Let me have one!" she repeated;
"I will hold it fast!"

So I tossed a bubble at her;
Light it touched her hands,
Broke, and left a soapy splatter:
All abashed she stands.

Said I, "What is it that troubles
Mamma's darling pet?"
Cried she, "Wish you'd *wipe* these bubbles,
So they *won't be wet!*"

WILLIAM B. S.—If you send your monthly copies of the first volume of ST. NICHOLAS—all in good order—to Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway, N. Y., and send also one dollar to pay for binding, you will receive, by express or mail, the beautiful bound volume for 1874. You must pay the express charges on the numbers you send, and on the volume when you receive it; or, if you wish the volume sent by mail, you must send thirty-two cents to pay postage on it.

HOSTS of our boys and girls will be glad to know that Mr. Stockton's delightful story, "WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED," with all its pictures, has just been published in book form by Dodd & Mead, of New York, and that it already has had a very large sale. We are proud to think that this noble story, with its wealth of incident and pure, true spirit, entered the world through the pages of ST. NICHOLAS; and we are sure it will be good news to you all that Mr. Stockton has promised to write as much as he can for this magazine during the coming year.

TURTLE-CLOVES.—Alice Donlevy writes:

"Turtle-cloves are funny little fellows that may be placed with fine effect on Christmas sugar-cakes, or set down beside each plate at the Christmas dinner. And this is the way to make them. Take for each turtle-clove a large, plump raisin and six cloves. Push a clove



in the end of the raisin until but little more than the bud is seen; this forms the head of this turtle-like object. Two cloves on each side form the feet. For the tail, fasten the bud part of the clove in the under side of the raisin, letting only the tapering end of the clove be seen."

A NEW GAME.—J. S. S. offers an original fireside game to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS. He calls it "Rhymes and Trades." Any number may play. No. 1 starts a line, which he says aloud, such as "The mason *builds*." No. 2 must rhyme it with a similar remark concerning some other tradesman; for instance, "The gilder *gilds*." No. 3 in turn must give a new trade and rhyme if he can. If not,

he starts a fresh line, such as, "The binder *folds*." No. 4 follows with "The sculptor *molds*," or "The lawyer *solds*," or whatever fitting line may occur to him, and so the game goes on. Anyone failing to give a rhyme, or, if the latest couplet is complete, a fresh line, when his or her turn comes, must pay a forfeit. It is considered a good point to keep up the same rhyme as long as possible, and in the effort to do this the comical or extravagant rhymes suggested will make a good deal of fun.

"It is surprising," says J. S. S., "how easy the game is when once it is fairly started. Fitting rhymes seem to spring naturally from the trades and professions: The miller *grinds*, the gleaner *binds*, the hunter *finds*; the barber *shaves*, the doctor *saves*, the beggar *craves*; the cobbler *mends*, the broker *lends*; the surgeon *hurts*; the fireman *squirts*; and so on.

JOHN SCOTT, R. L. M. and "CATO" ask for a "good, short speaking-piece." Try "Conductor Bradley," by John Greenleaf Whittier. You will find it in his latest book, *Hazel Blossoms*.

WILLIE and CHARLIE, who send a double letter from Brünn, Moravia, and who "find the monthly visits of ST. NICHOLAS a great compensation for being so far from home," write:

"A fortnight before Christmas, one sees in the windows here, and also being carefully carried in the streets, a curious figure of an old man in long, flowing robes, who looks kindly at the children. He is supposed to be St. Nicholas, a friend of all good young folks, and well supplied with candies for their benefit; but following closely behind him is a gloomy figure in black, bearing a bundle of sticks with which to flog the bad boys and girls; and naughty children are quite sure that he will find them out. All through the country St. Nicholas Day is observed religiously, and great preparations are made for its celebration."

We find that our article in the October number, describing the shipment of ice from Boston to India, did not state the matter altogether correctly. Great quantities of ice are sent from Boston to India, but it is not cut on Lake Ontario, but from the ponds around Boston. We here give a short account, kindly sent us by a Boston ice-merchant, of the manner in which the ice is obtained from these ponds:

"The ponds from which the ice is cut lie within twenty-five miles of the city. The process of cutting may be briefly described. When clear ice of sufficient depth—say fourteen inches—is formed, all snow, which is opaque and of inferior value, with what snow there may be upon the ice, is removed by scrapers drawn by horses. The surface which is to be cut is then marked out by cutting long grooves with a "hand-plow." A horse-plow follows, cutting the grooves deeper, and at the same time, by a guide-marker, marking a second line parallel to the first, and twenty-two inches from it. This is in turn deepened, and a third groove cut, until the entire field is marked out into twenty-two inch squares. Cutters with longer and stronger teeth, and finally saws, cut the ice into rafts. It is then ready to be housed. The ice nearest the houses, being taken out first, an open space is formed over which the rest is floated, and thus through channels and over the miniature ponds the blocks and rafts are conducted to elevators of various kinds, which carry them up to the doors, through which they are pushed into the ice-house until the last is stored."

From these houses the ice is taken to the ships at the wharves, and in them carried to India, where, as the writer says, it "sends a chill of gratitude through the community."

JESSIE F. D.—The sketch you send us is taken from an old print, a copy of which is given here for the benefit of all who are interested in the good saint after whom this magazine is named.

St. Nicholas lived over 1400 years ago in the city of Patara, in Asia Minor. He is said to have been from the first a wonderfully saintly child, and when he became a man, though he was but a simple citizen, he rose, through his active piety, to be Bishop of Myra. Wonderful stories are related of his good deeds, and some of them are commemorated to this day in the various churches of Europe. Over the altar in the Church of St. Nicholas at Ghent, is a large painting of the very scene shown in this old wood-engraving.

A wealthy gentleman in Asia, the story runs, sent his two sons to Athens to be educated. He charged the boys at parting to stop at Myra on their way and pay their respects to his reverence, the bishop. The boys reached the city at night, and took lodgings in an inn, intending to make the promised call in the morning.

Now the landlord was a very wicked man, and when he saw the boys' rich store of baggage he resolved to rob and murder them. So when the poor boys were asleep, he crept up to their room and dispatched them, and, to conceal his terrible deed, he cut up their bodies and packed them in a pickling-tub with some pork, intending to sell the whole to some ship in the Adriatic.

Now good St. Nicholas that night saw it all in a dream, and in the morning he put on his pontifical robes (for he was now an archbishop), and, with his crozier in his hand, went in holy indignation to the inn.

The landlord was greatly frightened when he saw the archbishop, and on being accused, fell upon his knees and confessed his crime.

St. Nicholas next went to the tub in all his pontificals, and he passed his hands over the boys, who at once hopped up out of the pickled pork alive and whole. The happy fellows began to sing praises to

saint St. Nicholas was, and what a pity he died so long ago! After awhile, the Saint visited the nobleman's premises again, and did the same mysterious kindness to the second daughter. The nobleman now began to keep watch at night, in order to discover whence his sudden good fortune came. As good St. Nicholas was about to throw another rounded purse at the feet of the third daughter, he was discovered by the grateful father, who threw himself at his feet, saying: "O St. Nicholas, servant of God, why seek to hide thyself?"

St. Nicholas made the nobleman promise never to tell the discovery he had made; but the secret escaped in some unaccountable way; and after St. Nicholas died, the nuns of the convents in the East used to imitate him on certain holidays in making secret gifts to their friends. They used to put silk stockings at the door of the abbess at night, and label them with a paper invoking the liberal aid of good St. Nicholas. In the morning the stocking would be found full of presents.

In time, as you know, children began to imitate this custom, especially at Christmas.

St. Nicholas used annually to be honored in the old English churches by the election of a boy-bishop, whom the whole church were accustomed to obey for a short time, because St. Nicholas was the patron of boys. He is still honored with a grand festival at Bari on the Adriatic, is the patron saint of Russia, and of the mariners on the great winter seas, and his name is borne by the Russian czars. He also is the patron saint of New York city, which, you know, was settled by the Dutch, and of all saints he is most revered in Holland. But there the young folks do him honor on St. Nicholas day, which comes on the 6th of November, keeping it very much as we do the Christmas holidays.



St. Nicholas, but he, good soul, would not listen to it. He told them to worship none but God. The boys, at once recovering their possessions, went on their way rejoicing, and St. Nicholas was regarded as the special protector of boys and students from that hour.

Most of the old pictures represent three boys in the pickling-tub, all with uplifted hands, praising good St. Nicholas. We suspect that three boys in the tub, instead of two, better suited the fancy of the old artists. It did not make a great deal of difference in point of fact, and it certainly made a better picture.

"But how came St. Nicholas to be the patron of Christmas gifts and the particular saint of the Christmas holidays?"

After St. Nicholas was made archbishop at Myra, he became very rich, and because he despised money for his own sake, he spent a good portion of his time in giving away his money to others, and in such a way that none should know from whom it came. It chanced that there was a very poor nobleman in Myra, who had three lovely daughters. Knowing that they could have no marriage portion, St. Nicholas, considerate soul, felt pity for them, and one moonlight night he took a purse, round as a ball with gold, and, throwing it into the open window at the feet of the eldest daughter, he hid himself from view. The eldest daughter could now marry. What a good

ELLA and EDWARD C.—Osgood & Co., of Boston, are about to publish a little play, written by Mrs. Geo. L. Chaney, from the "William-Henry" books, by Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz, whose stories in the *ST. NICHOLAS* have delighted you so much. The play probably will be just the thing you need for parlor representation, and, if we are rightly informed, it will be out very soon.

JANE H. (AND OTHERS).—In making up your club for a premium, the names of old subscribers will count the same as new ones.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: Please, can any one tell me who wrote the following lines:

"'T is midnight; and the setting sun
Rises in the far glorious West;
The rapid rivers slowly run,
The frog is on his downy nest;
The pensive goat and sportive cow,
Hilarious hop from bough to bough?"

They have amused me ever since I can remember.

ALICE M. W.

JULIA T. F., of California, sends the following to the Letter-Box. It was circulated last Christmas among the boys and girls at a San Francisco Sunday-school, and was written, she believes, by the teacher. She thinks it will be new, as well as useful, to hundreds of her *ST. NICHOLAS* friends:

THE BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

MATTHEW and MARK and LUKE and JOHN the Holy Gospels wrote, The Saviour's life and death they tell, and all that they denote;
ACTS proves how God the Apostles owned with signs in every place,
St. Paul in ROMANS teaches us how man is saved by grace;
The Apostle in CORINTHIANS instructs, exhorts, reproves,
GALATIANS shows that faith in Christ alone the Father loves;
EPHESIANS and PHILIPPIANS tell what Christians ought to be,
COLOSSIANS bids us live to God, and for eternity;
In THESSALONIANS we are taught the Lord will come from Heaven,
In TIMOTHY and TITUS a bishop's rule is given;
PHILEMON marks a Christian's love, which only Christians know,
HEBREWS reveals the Gospel prefigured by the law;
JAMES teaches, without holiness faith is but vain and dead,
St. PETER points the narrow way in which the saints are led;
JOHN, in his three EPISTLES, on love delights to dwell,
St. JUDE gives awful warnings of judgment, wrath and hell;
The REVELATION prophesies of that tremendous day
When Christ, and Christ alone, shall be the trembling sinner's stay.

MR. EDITOR: Papa helped me to find out about "the Torricellian tube" mentioned by Mr. Jack-in-the-Pulpit. It's a barometer. Papa showed me the quotation the pretty schoolma'am used. It was from some verses written by the Rev. Gilbert White in his book about the "Natural History of Selborne." It's a little piece with a great long name.
EDDIE BLACK.

DEAR EDITOR: Please tell Jack-in-the-Pulpit that "the Torricellian tube" is named after the inventor, Torricelli, an Italian philosopher and mathematician, who discovered the principle on which the barometer is constructed.
"JICKS."

WILL THE Editors of the ST. NICHOLAS please inform me by what author, and from what poem, the line "Piping on hollow reeds to his spent sheep" is taken? And the origin of the quotation, "The brook that brawls along the wood?"
F. O. M.

The second quotation you mention is from Shakespeare's "As You Like It," Act II., Scene 1. It is part of a beautiful speech by one of the lords resident with the banished duke in the forest of Arden, and has reference to the "melancholy Jaques," who, he says:

"— lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood."

You do not quote it exactly, and this makes us think that perhaps your first quotation is hardly accurate. We know of no passage approaching it more nearly than one in the first stanza of Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar."

GRACE ETHEL.—We cannot put you down as a Bird-defender, as you do not send your full name.

LUCY WILLIAMS sends the following list of Bird-defenders: Jessie Cook, Bessie Gilbert, Maggie Gilbert, Sadie Gilbert, Josie Gilbert,

Clara Gilbert, Fannie Prouty, Lizzie Welch, Mary Welch, Pollie Hackett, Ida Spence, Mary Bardwell, Lucinda Bardwell, Judea Bardwell, Lillie Meramvill, and Lucy Williams.

The following new names of Bird-defenders have also been received since our last issue: May Ogden, John F. Ogden, Fannie M. Griswold, Florence Peltier, Anna M. Glover, Maggie Detrick, Jimmie H. Detrick, Hattie Carman, Charlie Carman, Johnnie Carman, Jennie Carman, Lizzie Park, Alice I. Paine, Katie R. Paine, Eny E. Paine, Mary C. Paine, Fannie D. Murden, Maude Cheney, Alice Angell, Eva Dodds, Bennie Stockdale, Willie C. N. Bond, Arthur H. Clarke, Arthur L. Gilman, William F. Darrah, Rufus E. Darrah, Robert Staigg, Chas. T. Griffith, B. C. Weaver, Bessie Severance, Mary Severance, John Severance, Allen Severance, Annie Severance, Julia Severance, Bertha Hunt, Grace Murray, Fannie Laurie, John F. Hays, Herbert Shaw Forman, Lulu F. Potter, Tony Foot, and Thomas P. Sanborn.

Fayette, Howard Co., Mo., Oct. 14, 1874.

MESSRS. SCRIBNER & Co., New York.

GENTLEMEN: I enclose you \$3.00 for ST. NICHOLAS for 1875. My little son and daughter have made the money themselves. I live on a farm; and Ethelbert plowed one day instead of going to the circus, so as to save his show-money to help pay for your magazine. So you can see that it is highly appreciated.—Yours, &c., THOMAS W.

MINNIE THOMAS sends a batch of riddles which she "found in an old book, and thought might be new to many readers." We select a few:

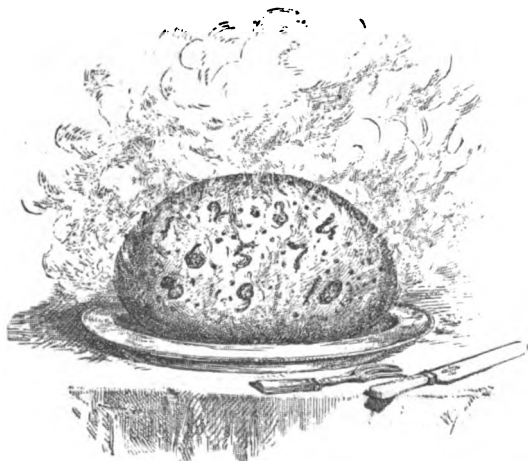
"What is that which, by losing one eye, has only a nose left?
Ans.—A nose."

"My first some men will often take
Entirely for my second's sake:
But very few indeed there are
Who both together well can bear."

Ans.—Misfortune."

"In my first my second sat; my third and fourth I ate. Ans.
Insatiate."

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



A PLUM PUDDING.

OUR Christmas would certainly be incomplete
Without a plum-pudding, rich, juicy and sweet;
The recipe you will demand, I dare say—
I'll give it at once in a fanciful way:

- (1) Take a thousand and one, in proportions to suit,
And sprinkle it carefully over the fruit;
- (2) Now a daisy or rose, and (3) one hundred with
love,
- (4) The east and the west winds in conflict above;
- (5) A Seneca chief taking supper at e'en,
- (6) Two tools and some ice, with a small pea between;
- (7) And now from Missouri get two pretty girls,
Bright, sparkling and lively, blue eyes and soft
curls;
- (8) A frank kind of fruit with the sound of a bell.
And all these ingredients together mix well;
- (9) Now please add two verbs of an opposite meaning,
- (10) What the writer of this did at supper this evening;
Add milk, eggs and raisins, stir well, and I ween,
You'll have a plum-pudding that's fit for a queen.

AUNT SUE.

ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-eight letters: My 30, 4, 21, 5, 24, 38 is a city in the United States. My 1, 22, 9 is a domestic animal. My 6, 34, 19, 13 is the name of a month. My 14, 17, 31 is an insect. My 6, 7, 28, 33, 35, 21 are employed in court. My 29, 18, 20, 12, 5 is one of the five senses. My 23, 36, 28, 25, 32, 27, 18, 20, 12, 11 is a number. My 26, 33, 35, 29, 10 is a useful animal. My 30, 2, 37 is a weapon used by the Indians. My 15, 3, 8, 34, 16 is to endow. My whole is an old saying.
C. A. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. THE subject of your thoughts I tell.
2. A word that speaks a long farewell.
3. A native of a distant land.
4. I mean, to seize with sudden hand.
5. And I, to take with trust the true.
6. In Italy, my home, I grew.
7. Me, before all, should men pursue.

INITIALS.

Never found on land or sea;
But in mid-air look for me.

FINALS.

Piercing darkness, golden bright,
Giving life, and shedding light.

CHARL.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

FILL the first blank with a certain word; the second, by the same word minus its first letter; the third, by original word minus first two letters; and in like manner the lines of the second stanza:

I.

The princess who once tried to —
Her fair hand wounded with the —
A magic sleep, she then fell —
And thus for years she lay;

II.

Until, to break the slumber —
Ere her sweet soul by it were —
A noble knight, by true love —
Kissed all the spell away.

LAURA D. NICHOLS.

**REVERSIBLE
DIAMOND PUZZLE.**

1. A CONSONANT.
2. A kind of tumor or swelling.
3. To repulse or drive back.
4. A boy's nickname.
5. A consonant.

REVERSED: 1. A letter. 2. Novel or fresh. 3. A sufferer often mentioned in Scripture. 4. A retreat used for shelter or concealment. 5. A letter.

ANNIE SAVINNE.

RIDDLE.

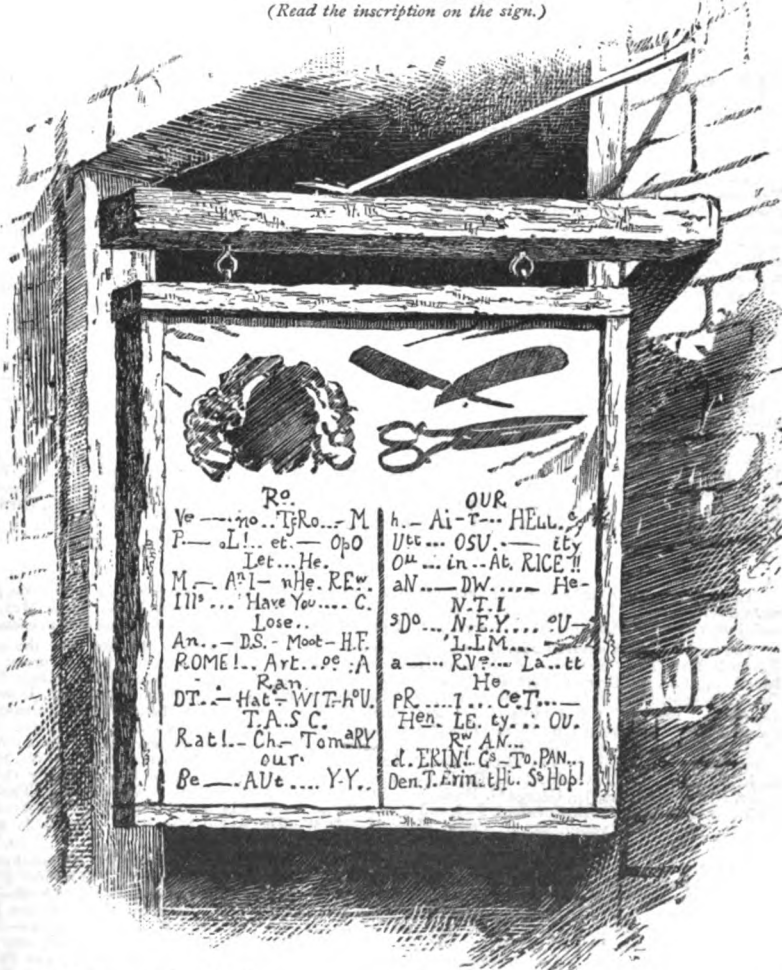
TAKE the name of a useful animal, insert a consonant, and find the name of a celebrated mountain; then insert a vowel, and find a confection. R. G.

**GEOGRAPHICAL
ACROSTIC.**

1. A FAMOUS watering-place.
 2. A fresh-water lake in Central Africa that Livingstone investigated.
 3. One of the oldest cities in Asia.
 4. A large island in the Northern Ocean, famous for its boiling springs and subterranean fires.
 5. An empire that has four hundred millions of inhabitants, and the oldest government now in existence.
 6. A range of mountains whose tops are covered with perpetual snow, and the country all around covered with perpetual verdure.
 7. A river and gulf of Siberia.
 8. A frozen northern country.
 9. A land you and I love.
 10. The country where Scott and Burns were born.
- The initials of the above will give the name of one whom we hope you are glad to see. F. R. F.

A PUZZLE-PICTURE.

(Read the inscription on the sign.)

**EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.**

1. A VOWEL.
2. The organ of hearing.
3. A wooden frame for holding pictures.
4. A color.
5. A consonant.

IRON DUKE.

AN ENTERTAINMENT.

THE blanks in each sentence are to be filled by one word or phrase and its transpositions:

Once ——— rooms, and ——— some guests, who ——— my door with pleasure.

My ——— was that I could at one ——— twenty, for which number ———. Of plates I placed ——— my ——— table.

A ———, which held four more, seemed a ———, relieving a fear ——— more than I could seat. Each ——— dish ——— the different taste of guests. Some prefer ——— cooked by ———. One guest, named ———, never ———, but is fond of broiled ———. Another, who ——— as a Turk, eschews ———. One dish of vegetables being passed to him, he exclaimed, "——— occasion, ever touch an ———!" A gentleman named ———, near a dish of ——— potatoes,

of which he was very fond. Another moved that each man who in market ———, ——— classed with those who make ——— their sole diet. A servant, taken up with this gentleman's ———, placed two ——— pair of china tureens! At this I was so ——— that I ——— to smile yet, whenever I think of it, and, in fact, it ——— all merry.

Two gentlemen, a little ——— from the rest ——— only, for dessert. One friend made ——— complimentary of my ———. I should have given them preserved ———, but they were burned ——— in the preparation.

My pudding of ——— before the ———. Then one gentleman, not firm of ———, called for ———, but was rudely interrupted by the remark that they only turned men into ———!

We then ——— for the drawing-room, and I think all ——— that the dinner was a success. J. P. B.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

LOGOGRIPH.—Oporto—Port O!—Port(e)—Or—O.
PICTORIAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Leap-frog.

L — ca
E — xecutione — R
A — lt — O
P — e — G

ANAGRAMS.—I.—1. Shoemakers. 2. Authors. 3. Painters. 4. Teachers. 5. Policeman. 6. Editor. II.—1. Anemone. 2. Tuberoses. 3. Dahlia. 4. Geraniums. 5. Dandelions. 6. Lilac. 7. Hyacinths. 8. Verbenas. III.—1. Currants. 2. Orange. 3. Pine-apples. 4. Apricots. 5. Water-melons. IV.—1. Simultaneously. 2. Discourteously. 3. Premeditation. 4. Foreground. 5. Loiterings. 6. Kinswoman.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

T
A R T
A H E A D
T R E A S O N
T A S T E
D O E
N

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Cape, ape. 2. Blot, lot. 3. Climb, limb. 4. Store, tore.

HIDDEN SQUARE.—

A V A
V A N
A N N

ENIGMA.—Charlotte Cushman

THE DAY IN THE GROVE.—Cyprus (cypress)—Florence—James—James—Flattery—Virginia—Java—Orange—Sandwich—Great Bear—Florence—Fear—Adelaide—Cologne—Good Hope—Florence—Virginia—Daring—James—Madeira—James—Newfoundland—Loyalty—Constance—Rocky—Lena—Florence—Virginia—Peach (pest)—Constance—Coral—Adelaide—Chili—Farewell—Concord.

EASY REBUSES.—1. Prowess. 2. West Indies. 3. Belief.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Oracles—so clear. 2. All pearl—parallel. 3. Avers—raves. 4. Felicity—city life. 5. Aloof—a fool. 6. Carast—caters—recast—traces—carets. 7. Indenture—end in true.

SQUARE REMAINDERS.—

W—rat—h
W—age—t
S—tea—l

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD.—Rose and Pink.

EASY METAGRAMS.—Cow, vow, bow, now (or how), tow, Po, O!

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, previous to November 18th, from Constant E. Jones, L. W. Jones, D. P. L. P., Helen B. Fancher, Charlie N. Thompson, Eugenia C. Pratt, Ida H. Jenkins, Mary H. Wilson, Thornton M. Ware, Herbert R. Palmer, Georgia C. Boshier, Mary H. Rochester, C. Bachelier, George F. Pease, Alexander Noyes, J. Bryan, James S. Rogers, Jr., Louise F. Olmstead, Ida P. Williams, Bessie H. Van Cleef, Charlie Woodbury, Sarah Havens, Carrie Simpson, Florrie Kronau, Lulu Habishory, Belle Hooper, and Thomas P. Sanborn.

A CONUNDRUM PICTURE.

The three prizes for the best sets of answers to the sixty-three conundrums contained in this puzzle, published in the November number, were awarded to M. E. WALKER, 20 Cottage Street, Utica, Oneida County, New York; JOSIE McLAUGHLIN, Montclair, New Jersey; and TINTY WATSON, Orange, New Jersey; and a bound volume of ST. NICHOLAS has been sent to each.

The sets of answers received from the following named boys and girls were so admirable that the senders deserve honorable mention: Ednah B. Hale, Nelly E. Sherwood, Norman Henderson, Elsie and Frank Du Pont, Thomas Turner, Alice W. Ives, M. T. Pitman, Adelaide Long, Elsa and Grace Hobart, Richmond W. R. Jaffray, Bessie Thomas, Ethel Oliver, Hattie F. Johnson, George Aston, Charles Brooks Stevens, Mary F. Sinclair, Annie Young, Gertie Baylor, Walter Austin, Jamie J. Ormsbee, Jenny Almy, Jennie D. V. Brown, J. A. Lighthouse, "Beau K," "The Little Gallaudets," Sarah E. Shankland, Grace Gilbert, Nellie W. Banks, Alexis J. Du P. Coleman, S. W. Lambert, Evy and Fanny, Lulu Wight, Frank and Edgar Lethbridge, Emily Shaw Sargent, M. Joe Shotwell, Harry G. Andress, Bessie H. Van Cleef, Fannie M. Hall, Minnie L. Welles, Robert De Wolfe Duck, Florence Worthington, William Loving, Jr., Hannah Clark, Elgood C. Lufkin, Eddie B. Van Vleck, Julia V. Laquerenne, Herman N. Tiemann, Harmon W. Marsh, Lulu Bull, Anna M. Glover, L. J. McMullen, Ed. T. Okells, T. L. Davis, Constant and Louis W. Jones, Henry F. Guy, Emily O. Post, Ida H. Jenkins, Frank Alexander, Nicholas Brewer, Jr., George G. Humphrey, D. W. Murther, Willie O. Tremaine, Grace M. Thirkal, Nabel Moore, Horace S. Dodd, Le Baron Hathaway, Carrie Crawford, Jack and Carrie, "The Butties Children," Henry C. White, Fred W. Porter, Ellie Turner, "Grandmamma" (answers in verse), M. W. Collet, Robert Edwin Withers, Annie May Keith, Charles A. Rossiter, Emily Van Zandt, Kate N. Noble, G. E. Rogers, Harry H. Wyman, Carrie R. Lord, Minnie Bateham.

For the satisfaction of all those who have sent in sets of answers, we give the following list of special answers that, though not the same as those given in our December number, were good enough to be considered correct, viz.: For answer 3. *Two feet, 3/4 of a yard*, we allowed Bush, two-thirds of a bushel. 7. *Horn*—Bow; Robin Hood was skillful with the long bow. 14. *Hide*—Hook (to steal). 16. *Crook*—Back. 20. *The Hidden Hand*—"Blade O' Grass," "Fast Friends," "On Guard," "On the Heights." 22. *Band*—Staff, arms. 23. *Fleece*—Hook, pocket. 25. *Nails*—Plane. 28. *Blades*—Teeth. 29. *Hill*—Walker. 37. *Arms*—Spears. 40. *Pear*—Apple (the same as pupil). 41. *Knees*—Sides. 44. *Mouth*—Head. 46. *Face*—Hand (not hands, as there is only one in the picture). 47. *Black Legs*—Lambs (gamblers). 48. *Sheep's Heads*—Soles. 49. *Joint*—Mutton, leg of lamb. 50. *Pupils and Tulips*—Pupils and irises. 52. *Rest*—Staff, paws (pause), a minor. 54. *Wool*—Banks, Lee, Mead, Greene. 55. *Tulips*—Iris, phlox. 56. *Teeth*—Blade. 57. *Neck*—Headland.

As some of those sending answers from distant States, such as California and Nebraska, have complained that they did not have sufficient time, it may be well to state that the last-number of the three winners, though living within a few miles of New York, was among the very latest to send in her answers, so that if those received from the distant subscribers had been as correct they still would have been first in point of time. Indeed, a set of answers was received from Scotland before the expiration of the time allowed. A "grandmamma" sent an excellent set of answers, embodied in graceful rhyme, which perhaps may find a place in our next number.



CHARITY.

FROM A PICTURE BY BRITON RIVIERE.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. II.

FEBRUARY, 1875.

No. 4.

THE STORY OF A PARROT.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

SOME forty years ago, there lived in the quiet town of East Haverhill, Massachusetts, a much respected Quaker family by the name of Whittier. They were hard-working, thrifty farmers, and their home was known to all the poor in that section; no one was ever turned away from their door unpitied, unclothed, or unfed.

Even the Indians had respected Grandfather Whittier in the stormy times of the Indian war. His house had stood near a garrison, but he would accept of no protection from the soldiers. He did not believe in the use of weapons; he treated the savages kindly; they owed him no ill-will, and the benevolent old man tilled fields in safety, and feared no harm.

Among Mr. Whittier's children was a boy named John, who had a very feeling heart and a quick mind. He was a hard-working farmer lad, who knew more of the axe, the sickle and hoe than the playthings of childhood. Indeed, New England children had but a glimpse at the sunniness of youth in those hard times; no long daisied walks, stretching far into life, they could call their own.

His early education consisted of a few weeks' schooling for a number of winters in the district school. A queer sort of a school it was,—kept in a private house. The schoolmaster was a kind, good man, and he did not ply the birch very vigorously, like most of the schoolmasters in these old times. He was more like Oliver Goldsmith, who used to govern his school by giving the children sugar-plums and telling them wonderful stories.

John loved him, and spoke a kind word for him when he became a man.

In the library there is a beautiful poem called "Snow-Bound,"—a very good poem for good people to read. Now the boy lived in just such a home as is described in that poem, and his boyhood was passed among just such scenes as are pictured there. You may like to read it some day, so we need not try to tell what has been told so well.

He was a poet in boyhood. He did not know it. There are many poets who do not. He loved to love others and be loved; he could see things in nature that others could not see,—in the woods and fields; in the blue Merrimac; in the serene sky of the spring, and the tinges of the sunset. He had but few books,—perhaps no books of poetry, for music and poetry his father classed among the "vanities" which the Bible denounced. But there was much poetry in the Bible; his "Pilgrim's Progress" was almost a poem; and nature to him was like a book of poems, for there was poetry in his soul.

He used to express his feelings in rhyme; how could the boy help it? He one day wrote one of these poems on some coarse paper, and sent it privately to a paper called the *Free Press*, published in the neighboring town of Newburyport.

The editor of the paper, whose name was Garrison—William Lloyd Garrison, you may have heard the name before—found the poem tucked under the door of his office by the postman, and noticing that it was written in blue ink, was tempted

to throw it into his waste-basket. But Mr. Garrison had a good, kind heart, and liked to give every one a chance in the world. He read the poem, saw there was true genius in it, and so he published it.

Happy was the Quaker farmer boy when he saw his verses in print. He felt that God had something in store in life for him—that he was called in some way to be good and useful to others. He wrote other poems, and sent them to Mr. Garrison.

They were full of beauties—these poems. Mr. Garrison one day asked the postman from what quarter they came.

"I am accustomed to deliver a package of papers to a farmer-boy in East Haverhill. I guess they come from him."

Mr. Garrison thought he must ride over to East Haverhill and see.

So he went one day, and found a slender, sweet-faced farmer-boy working with his plain, practical father on the farm. The boy modestly acknowledged that he had written the poems; at which his father did not seem over well pleased.

"You must send that boy to school, Friend Whittier," said Mr. Garrison.

Friend Whittier was not so sure; but the good counsel of the Newburyport editor, in the end, was decisive. The boy was sent to the academy.

John is an old man now, almost sixty years of age. He lives at Amesbury, near the beautiful Merrimac, that he loved in youth. Almost every boy and girl in the land can repeat some of the poems he has written.

He has no wife and children, yet his home is cheerful and social, and is open to the stranger, like his father's and grandfather's of old.

In common with most men of genius, he is very fond of pets, and, among these favorites, little animals and birds have their place. It is of one of these household pets that we have a story to tell.

She was a parrot, and she belonged to that respectable branch of the parrot family named Polly. Polly succeeded, among her master's favorites, a smart little bantam, who once had the freedom of the house, and who perished, we think, in an unequal contest with an evil-disposed cat.

Polly, too, had the freedom of the house at times, and used to sit on the back of the poet's chair at his meals, and the two sometimes held very profound and confidential conversations together.

The poet is a pious man. We have seen the little Quaker church to which he goes regularly on Sundays and Thursdays for silent worship; it is a quiet rural fane, and seems like a little school-house in the wood. Polly, who had been badly brought up, became demure and well-behaved

immediately after her adoption; so, for a time, the poet and Polly were in perfect sympathy.

One Sabbath day, Polly, who had doubtless heard much about large views from the poet's learned visitors, thought that she would take a somewhat larger view of the world. So, as the people were going to church, she climbed upon the top of the house, and sat upon the ridge-pole. It then occurred to her, that, having reached a more exalted sphere of thought and action, she would behave well no more. She had been in bad company before she had fallen in with her new friends, and her memory was very good.

So Polly began to denounce the people going to church in very shocking language. She was doing the poet great scandal, and exciting marked public attention, when her astonished master appeared, rake in hand, and proceeded at once to administer discipline by bringing her down from her high position and subjecting her to plain Quaker discipline.

Polly was in disgrace for a time, but she succeeded in re-establishing her character again, though it was not thought certain that her goodness would be able to withstand very grave temptation.

One day, Polly succeeded in reaching the house-top again, and began to congratulate herself on the recovery of her former high position and freedom. She reached the top of the chimney this time, and was seen tilting up and down and trying her wings, as though preparing to launch out into the air on a long voyage of discovery. Suddenly, she was gone. Where? No one had noticed which direction she had taken. No one had heard her shout of triumph in the glad, sunny air. But Polly was gone.

The news flew through the village that the parrot had left her home, and become a very stray bird. The children looked for her in the fields, and the farmers in the woods; every one tried to keep ears and eyes open day and night, but nothing of Polly was seen or heard. The poet's house was no longer filled with quiet gladness, for the inmates all pitied the bird when night came on, and imagined that she was far away in the woods, hungry and out in the cold. Two days passed and no tidings were brought of the wandering bird. The neighbors began to think that, like one of Shakespeare's heroes, she had died "and made no sign." On the third night, when two young persons, as we have heard the story, were sitting in one of the rooms in the cottage, they were startled by a sound, as though some evil-disposed intruder had concealed himself in the fire-place. An investigation was determined upon; the fire-place was opened, and lo! "Poor Polly!"

She was a very damaged bird. She had fallen down the chimney when just about to soar to the skies, and, landing in a very dark place, probably thought that there had been an eclipse of the sun, or that night had come on in some manner not accounted for in her limited astronomy. She maintained silence three days; she had nothing to say.

Polly's high aspirations were blighted from that hour. She was a discouraged, disappointed bird.

She grew silent and pined away, and, like other bold adventurers who have been brought plump down when just about to launch out on the breezes of fame, she died of her bruises and of a broken heart.

Her decline was marked with sincere regret, and there was a sorrowful tenderness in her master's tone, as he watched her in these adverse and altered days.

POOR POLLY!



EIGHT COUSINS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER III.—UNCLES.

WHEN Rose woke next morning, she was not sure whether she had dreamed what occurred the night before, or whether it had actually happened. So she hopped up and dressed, although it was an hour earlier than she usually rose, for she could not sleep any more, being possessed with a strong desire to slip down and see if the big portmanteau and packing-cases were really in the hall. She seemed to remember tumbling over them when she went to bed, for the aunts had sent her off very punctually, because they wanted their pet nephew all to themselves.

The sun was shining, and Rose opened her window to let in the soft May air fresh from the sea. As she leaned over her little balcony, watching an early bird get the worm, and wondering how she should like Uncle Alec, she saw a man leap the

garden wall and come whistling up the path. At first she thought it was some trespasser, but a second look showed her that it was her uncle returning from an early dip into the sea. She had hardly dared to look at him the night before, because whenever she tried to do so she always found a pair of keen blue eyes looking at her. Now she could take a good stare at him as he lingered along, looking about him as if glad to see the old place again.

A brown, breezy man, in a blue jacket, with no hat on the curly head which he shook now and then like a water-dog; broad-shouldered, alert in his motions, and with a general air of strength and stability about him which pleased Rose, though she could not explain the feeling of comfort it gave her. She had just said to herself, with a sense of relief, "I guess I *shall* like him, though he looks as if he made people mind," when he lifted his eyes to

examine the budding horse-chestnut overhead, and saw the eager face peering down at him. He waved his hand to her, nodded, and called out in a bluff, cheery voice :

"You are on deck early, little niece."

"I got up to see if you had really come, uncle."

"Did you? Well, come down here and make sure of it."

"I'm not allowed to go out before breakfast, sir."

"Oh, indeed!" with a shrug. "Then I'll come aboard and salute," he added; and, to Rose's great amazement, Uncle Alec went up one of the pillars of the back piazza hand over hand, stepped across the roof, and swung himself into her balcony, saying, as he landed on the wide balustrade: "Have you any doubts about me now, ma'am?"

Rose was so taken aback, she could only answer with a smile as she went to meet him.

"How does my girl do this morning?" he asked, taking the little cold hand she gave him in both his big warm ones.

"Pretty well, thank you, sir."

"Ah, but it should be *very well*. Why is n't it?"

"I always wake up with a headache, and feel tired."

"Don't you sleep well?"

"I lie awake a long time, and then I dream, and my sleep does not seem to rest me much."

"What do you do all day?"

"Oh, I read, and sew a little, and take naps and sit with auntie."

"No running about out of doors, or house-work, or riding, hey?"

"Aunt Plenty says I'm not strong enough for much exercise. I drive out with her sometimes, but I don't care for it."

"I'm not surprised at that," said Uncle Alec, half to himself, adding, in his quick way: "Who have you had to play with?"

"No one but Ariadne Blish, and she was *such* a goose I could n't bear her. The boys came yesterday, and seemed rather nice; but, of course, I could n't play with them."

"Why not?"

"I'm too old to play with boys."

"Not a bit of it; that's just what you need, for you've been molly-coddled too much. They are good lads, and you'll be mixed up with them more or less for years to come, so you may as well be friends and playmates at once. I will look you up some girls also, if I can find a sensible one who is not spoiled by her nonsensical education."

"Phebe is sensible, I'm sure, and I like her, though I only saw her yesterday," cried Rose, waking up suddenly.

"And who is Phebe, if you please?"

Rose eagerly told all she knew, and Uncle Alec listened, with an odd smile lurking about his mouth, though his eyes were quite sober as he watched the face before him.

"I'm glad to see that you are not aristocratic in your tastes, but I don't quite make out why you like this young lady from the poor-house."

"You may laugh at me, but I do. I can't tell why, only she seems so happy and busy, and sings so beautifully, and is strong enough to scrub and sweep, and has n't any troubles to plague her," said Rose, making a funny jumble of reasons in her efforts to explain.

"How do you know that?"

"Oh, I was telling her about mine, and asked if she had any, and she said, 'No, only I'd like to go to school, and I mean to some day.'"

"So she does n't call desertion, poverty, and hard work, troubles? She's a brave little girl, and I shall be proud to know her." And Uncle Alec gave an approving nod, that made Rose wish she had been the one to earn it.

"But what are these troubles of yours, child?" he asked, after a minute of silence.

"Please don't ask me, uncle."

"Can't you tell them to me as well as to Phebe?"

Something in his tone made Rose feel that it would be better to speak out and be done with it, so she answered, with sudden color and averted eyes:

"The greatest one was losing dear papa."

As she said that, Uncle Alec's arm came gently round her, and he drew her to him, saying, in the voice so like papa's:

"That *is* a trouble which I cannot cure, my child; but I shall try to make you feel it less. What else, dear?"

"I am so tired and poorly all the time, I can't do anything I want to, and it makes me cross," sighed Rose, rubbing the aching head like a fretful child.

"That we *can* cure and we *will*," said her uncle, with a decided nod that made the curls bob on his head, so that Rose saw the gray ones underneath the brown.

"Aunt Myra says I have no constitution, and never shall be strong," observed Rose, in a pensive tone, as if it was rather a nice thing to be an invalid.

"Aunt Myra is a—ahem!—an excellent woman, but it is her hobby to believe that every one is tottering on the brink of the grave; and, upon my life, I believe she is offended if people don't fall into it! We will show her how to make constitutions and turn pale-faced little ghosts into rosy, hearty girls. That's my business, you know," he

added, more quietly, for his sudden outburst had rather startled Rose.

"I had forgotten you were a doctor. I'm glad of it, for I do want to be well, only I hope you wont give me much medicine, for I've taken quarts already, and it does me no good."

As she spoke, Rose pointed to a little table just inside the window, on which appeared a regiment of bottles.

"Ah, ha! Now we'll see what mischief these blessed women have been at." And, making a long arm, Dr. Alec set the bottles on the wide railing before him, examined each carefully, smiled over some, frowned over others, and said, as he put down the last: "Now I'll show you the best way to take these messes." And, as quick as a flash, he sent one after another smashing down into the posy-beds below.

"But Aunt Plenty wont like it; and Aunt Myra will be angry, for she sent most of them!" cried Rose, half-frightened and half-pleased at such energetic measures.

"You are my patient now, and I'll take the responsibility. My way of giving physic is evidently the best, for you look better already," he said, laughing so infectiously that Rose followed suit, saying, saucily:

"If I don't like your medicines any better than those, I shall throw them into the garden, and then what will you do?"

"When I prescribe such rubbish, I'll give you leave to pitch it overboard as soon as you like. Now what is the next trouble?"

"I hoped you would forget to ask."

"But how can I help you if I don't know them? Come, let us have No. 3."

"It is very wrong, I suppose, but I do sometimes wish I had not *quite* so many aunts. They are all very good to me, and I want to please them; but they are so different, I feel sort of pulled to pieces among them," said Rose, trying to express the emotions of a stray chicken with six hens all clucking over it at once.

Uncle Alec threw back his head and laughed like a boy, for he could entirely understand how the good ladies had each put in her oar and tried to paddle her own way, to the great disturbance of the waters and the entire bewilderment of poor Rose.

"I intend to try a course of uncles now, and see how that suits your constitution. I'm going to have you all to myself, and no one is to give a word of advice unless I ask it. There is no other way to keep order aboard, and I am captain of this little craft, for a time at least. What comes next?"

But Rose stuck there, and grew so red, her uncle guessed what that trouble was.

"I don't think I *can* tell this one. It would n't be polite, and I feel pretty sure that it is n't going to be a trouble any more."

As she blushed and stammered over these words, Dr. Alec turned his eyes away to the distant sea, and said so seriously, so tenderly, that she felt every word and long remembered them:

"My child, I don't expect you to love and trust me all at once, but I do want you to believe that I shall give my whole heart to this new duty; and if I make mistakes, as I probably shall, no one will grieve over them more bitterly than I. It is my fault that I am a stranger to you, when I want to be your best friend. That is one of my mistakes, and I never repented it more deeply than I do now. Your father and I had a trouble once, and I thought I never could forgive him; so I kept away for years. Thank God, we made it all up the last time I saw him, and he told me then, that if he was forced to leave her, he should bequeath his little girl to me as a token of his love. I can't fill his place, but I shall try to be a father to her; and if she learns to love me one half as well as she did the good one she has lost, I shall be a proud and happy man. Will she believe this and try?"

Something in Uncle Alec's face touched Rose to the heart, and when he held out his hand with that anxious, troubled look in his eyes, she was moved to put up her innocent lips and seal the contract with a confiding kiss. The strong arm held her close a minute, and she felt the broad chest heave once as if with a great sigh of relief; but not a word was spoken till a tap at the door made both start.

Rose popped her head through the window to say "come in," while Dr. Alec hastily rubbed the sleeve of his jacket across his eyes and began to whistle again.

Phebe appeared with a cup of coffee.

"Debby told me to bring this and help you get up," she said, opening her black eyes wide, as if she wondered how on earth "the sailor man" got there.

"I'm all dressed, so I don't need any help. I hope that is good and strong," added Rose, eyeing the steaming cup with an eager look.

But she did not get it, for a brown hand took possession of it as her uncle said, quickly:

"Hold hard, my lass, and let me overhaul that dose before you take it. Do you drink all this strong coffee every morning, Rose?"

"Yes, sir, and I like it. Auntie says it 'tones' me up, and I always feel better after it."

"This accounts for the sleepless nights, the flutter your heart gets into at the least start, and this is why that cheek of yours is pale yellow instead of rosy red. No more coffee for you, my dear, and

by and by you'll see that I am right. Any new milk down stairs, Phebe?"

"Yes, sir, plenty—right in from the barn."

"That's the drink for my patient. Go bring me a pitcherful, and another cup; I want a draught myself. This won't hurt the honeysuckles, for they have no nerves to speak of." And, to Rose's great discomfort, the coffee went after the medicine.

Dr. Alec saw the injured look she put on, but took no notice, and presently banished it by saying, pleasantly:

"I've got a capital little cup among my traps, and I'll give it to you to drink your milk in, as it is made of wood that is supposed to improve whatever is put into it—something like a quassia cup. That reminds me; one of the boxes Phebe wanted to lug upstairs last night is for you. Knowing that I was coming home to find a ready-made daughter, I picked up all sorts of odd and pretty trifles along the way, hoping she would be able to find something she liked among them all. Early to-morrow we'll have a grand rummage. Here's our milk! I propose the health of Miss Rose Campbell—and drink it with all my heart."

It was impossible for Rose to pout with the prospect of a delightful boxful of gifts dancing before her eyes; so, in spite of herself, she smiled as she drank her own health, and found that fresh milk was not a hard dose to take.

"Now I must be off, before I am caught again with my wig in a toss," said Dr. Alec, preparing to descend the way he came.

"Do you always go in and out like a cat, uncle?" asked Rose, much amused at his odd ways.

"I used to sneak out of my window when I was a boy, so I need not disturb the aunts, and now I rather like it, for it's the shortest road, and it keeps me limber when I have no rigging to climb. Good-by till breakfast." And away he went down the water-spout, over the roof, and vanished among the budding honeysuckles below.

"Aint he a funny guardeen?" exclaimed Phebe, as she went off with the cups.

"He is a very kind one, I think," answered Rose, following, to prowling round the big boxes and try to guess which was hers.

When her uncle appeared at sound of the bell, he found her surveying with an anxious face a new dish that smoked upon the table.

"Got a fresh trouble, Rosy?" he asked, stroking her smooth head.

"Uncle, *are* you going to make me eat oatmeal?" asked Rose, in a tragic tone.

"Don't you like it?"

"I de-test it!" answered Rose, with all the emphasis which a turned-up nose, a shudder, and a groan could give to the three words.

"You are not a true Scotchwoman, if you don't like the 'parritch.' It's a pity, for I made it myself, and thought we'd have such a good time with all that cream to float it in. Well, never mind." And he sat down with a disappointed air.

Rose had made up her mind to be obstinate about it, because she did heartily "detest" the dish; but as Uncle Alec did not attempt to make her obey, she suddenly changed her mind and thought she would.

"I'll try to eat it to please you, uncle; but people are always saying how wholesome it is, and that makes me hate it," she said, half-ashamed at her silly excuse.

"I do want you to like it, because I wish my girl to be as well and strong as Jessie's boys, who are brought up on this in the good old fashion. No hot bread and fried stuff for them, and they are the biggest and bonniest lads of the lot. Bless you, auntie, and good morning!"

Dr. Alec turned to greet the old lady, and, with a firm resolve to eat or die in the attempt, Rose sat down.

In five minutes she forgot what she was eating, so interested was she in the chat that went on. It amused her very much to hear Aunt Plenty call her forty-year-old nephew, "my dear boy," and Uncle Alec was so full of lively gossip about all creation in general, and the Aunt-hill in particular, that the detested porridge vanished without a murmur.

"You will go to church with us, I hope, Alec, if you are not too tired," said the old lady, when breakfast was over.

"I came all the way from Calcutta for that express purpose, ma'am. Only I must send the sisters word of my arrival, for they don't expect me till to-morrow, you know, and there will be a row in church if those boys see me without warning."

"I'll send Ben up the hill, and you can step over to Myra's yourself; it will please her, and you will have plenty of time."

Dr. Alec was off at once, and they saw no more of him till the old barouche was at the door, and Aunt Plenty just rustling down stairs in her Sunday best, with Rose like a little black shadow behind her.

Away they drove in state, and all the way Uncle Alec's hat was more off his head than on, for every one they met smiled and bowed, and gave him as blithe a greeting as the day permitted.

It was evident that the warning had been a wise one, for, in spite of time and place, the lads were in such a ferment, that their elders sat in momentary dread of an unseemly outbreak somewhere. It was simply impossible to keep those fourteen eyes off Uncle Alec, and the dreadful

things that were done during sermon-time will hardly be believed.

Rose dared not look up after awhile, for these bad boys vented their emotions upon her, till she was ready to laugh and cry with mingled amusement and vexation. Charlie winked rapturously at her behind his mother's fan; Mac openly pointed to the tall figure beside her; Jamie stared fixedly over the back of his pew, till Rose thought his round eyes would drop out of his head; George fell over a stool and dropped three books, in his excitement; Will drew sailors and Chinamen on his clean cuffs, and displayed them, to Rose's great tribulation; Steve nearly upset the whole party by burning his nose with salts, as he pretended to be overcome by his joy; even dignified Archie disgraced himself by writing in his hymn-book, "Is n't he *blue* and *brown*?" and passing it politely to Rose.

Her only salvation was trying to fix her attention upon Uncle Mac—a portly, placid gentleman, who seemed entirely unconscious of the iniquities of the Clan, and dozed peacefully in his pew corner. This was the only uncle Rose had met for years. For Uncle Jem and Uncle Steve, the husbands of Aunt Jessie and Aunt Clara, were at sea, and Aunt Myra was a widow. Uncle Mac was a merchant, very rich and busy, and as quiet as a mouse at home, for he was in such a minority among the women folk, he dared not open his lips, and let his wife rule undisturbed.

Rose liked the big, kindly, silent man who came to her when papa died, was always sending her splendid boxes of goodies at school, and often invited her into his great warehouse, full of teas and spices, wines and all sorts of foreign fruits, there to eat and carry away whatever she liked. She had secretly regretted that he was not to be her guardian; but since she had seen Uncle Alec she felt better about it, for she did not particularly admire Aunt Jane.

When church was over, Dr. Alec got into the porch as quickly as possible, and there the young bears had a hug all round, while, the sisters shook hands and welcomed him with bright faces and glad hearts. Rose was nearly crushed flat behind a door in that dangerous passage from pew to porch; but Uncle Mac rescued her, and put her into the carriage for safe keeping.

"Now, girls, I want you all to come and dine with Alec; Mac also, of course. But I cannot ask the boys, for we did not expect this dear fellow till to-morrow, you know, so I made no preparations. Send the lads home, and let them wait till Monday, for really I was shocked at their behavior in church," said Aunt Plenty, as she followed Rose.

In any other place the defrauded boys would have set up a howl; as it was, they growled and

protested till Dr. Alec settled the matter by saying:

"Never mind, old chaps, I'll make it up to you to-morrow, if you sheer off quietly; if you don't, not a blessed thing shall you have out of my big boxes."

CHAPTER IV.

AUNTS.

ALL dinner-time Rose felt that she was going to be talked about, and afterward she was sure of it, for Aunt Plenty whispered to her as they went into the parlor:

"Run up and sit awhile with Sister Peace, my dear. She likes to have you read while she rests, and we are going to be busy."

Rose obeyed, and the quiet rooms above were so like a church that she soon composed her ruffled feelings, and was unconsciously a little minister of happiness to the sweet old lady, who for years had sat there patiently waiting to be set free from pain.

Rose knew the sad romance of her life, and it gave a certain tender charm to this great aunt of hers, whom she already loved. When Peace was twenty, she was about to be married; all was done, the wedding dress lay ready, the flowers were waiting to be put on, the happy hour at hand, when word came that the lover was dead. They thought that gentle Peace would die too; but she bore it bravely, put away her bridal gear, took up her life afresh, and lived on—a beautiful, meek woman, with hair as white as snow and cheeks that never bloomed again. She wore no black, but soft, pale colors, as if always ready for the marriage that had never come.

For thirty years she had lived on, fading slowly, but cheerful, busy, and full of interest in all that went on in the family; especially the joys and sorrows of the young girls growing up about her, and to them she was adviser, confidante and friend in all their tender trials and delights. A truly beautiful old maiden, with her silvery hair, tranquil face, and an atmosphere of repose about her that soothed whoever came to her!

Aunt Plenty was utterly dissimilar, being a stout, brisk old lady, with a sharp eye, a lively tongue, and a face like a winter-apple. Always trotting, chatting and bustling, she was a regular Martha, cumbered with the cares of this world and quite happy in them.

Rose was right; and while she softly read psalms to Aunt Peace, the other ladies were talking about her little self in the frankest manner.

"Well, Alec, how do you like your ward?" began Aunt Jane, as they all settled down, and Uncle

Mac deposited himself in a corner to finish his doze.

"I should like her better if I could have begun at the beginning, and so got a fair start. Poor George led such a solitary life that the child has suffered in many ways, and since he died she has been going on worse than ever, judging from the state I find her in."

"My dear boy, we did what we thought best while waiting for you to wind up your affairs and get home. I always told George he was wrong to bring her up as he did; but he never took my

about ever since she came. A most ruinous state of things for a morbid, spoilt girl like Rose," said Mrs. Jane, severely.

She had never forgiven the old ladies for yielding to Rose's pathetic petition that she might wait her guardian's arrival before beginning another term at the school, which was a regular Blimber hot-bed, and turned out many a feminine Toöts.

"I never thought it the proper school for a child in good circumstances,—an heiress, in fact, as Rose is. It is all very well for girls who are to get their own living by teaching, and that sort of thing; but



ROSE AND HER AUNTS.

advice, and now here we are with this poor dear child upon our hands. I, for one, freely confess that I don't know what to do with her any more than if she was one of those strange, outlandish birds you used to bring home from foreign parts." And Aunt Plenty gave a perplexed shake of the head, which caused great commotion among the stiff loops of purple ribbon that bristled all over her cap like crocus buds.

"If my advice had been taken, she would have remained at the excellent school where I placed her. But our aunt thought best to remove her because she complained, and she has been dawdling

all *she* needs is a year or two at a fashionable finishing-school, so that at eighteen she can come out with *éclat*," put in Aunt Clara, who had been a beauty and a belle, and was still a handsome woman.

"Dear, dear! how short-sighted you all are to be discussing education and plans for the future, when this unhappy child is so plainly marked for the tomb," sighed Aunt Myra, with a lugubrious sniff and a solemn wag of the funeral bonnet, which she refused to remove, being afflicted with a chronic catarrh.

"Now, it is my opinion that the dear thing only

wants freedom, rest and care. There is a look in her eyes that goes to my heart, for it shows that she feels the need of what none of us can give her—a mother,” said Aunt Jessie, with tears in her own bright eyes at the thought of her boys being left, as Rose was, to the care of others.

Uncle Alec, who had listened silently as each spoke, turned quickly toward the last sister, and said, with a decided nod of approval:

“You’ve got it, Jessie; and, with you to help me, I hope to make the child feel that she is not quite fatherless and motherless.”

“I’ll do my best, Alec; and I think you *will* need me, for, wise as you are, you cannot understand a tender, timid, little creature like Rose as a woman can,” said Mrs. Jessie, smiling back at him with a heart full of motherly good-will.

“I cannot help feeling that *I*, who have had a daughter of my own, can best bring up a girl; and I am *very* much surprised that George did not intrust her to me,” observed Aunt Myra, with an air of melancholy importance, for she was the only one who had given a daughter to the family, and she felt that she had distinguished herself, though ill-natured people said that she had dosed her darling to death.

“I never blamed him in the least, when I remember the perilous experiments you tried with poor Carrie,” began Mrs. Jane, in her hard voice.

“Jane Campbell, I will *not* hear a word! My sainted Caroline is a sacred subject,” cried Aunt Myra, rising as if to leave the room.

Dr. Alec detained her, feeling that he must define his position at once, and maintain it manfully, if he hoped to have any success in his new undertaking.

“Now, my dear souls, don’t let us quarrel and make Rose a bone of contention—though, upon my word, she *is* almost a bone, poor little lass! You have had her among you for a year, and done what you liked. I cannot say that your success is great, but that is owing to too many fingers in the pie. Now, I intend to try my way for a year, and if at the end of it she is not in better trim than now, I’ll give up the case, and hand her over to some one else. That’s fair, I think.”

“She will not be here a year hence, poor darling, so no one need dread future responsibility,” said Aunt Myra, folding her black gloves as if all ready for the funeral.

“By Jupiter, Myra, you are enough to damp the ardor of a saint!” cried Dr. Alec, with a sudden spark in his eyes. “Your croaking will worry that child out of her wits, for she is an imaginative puss, and will fret and fancy untold horrors. You have put it into her head that she has no constitution, and she rather likes the idea. If she had not

had a pretty good one, she *would* have been ‘marked for the tomb’ by this time, at the rate you have been going on with her. I will not have any interference—please understand that; so just wash your hands of her, and let me manage till I want help, then I’ll ask for it.”

“Hear, hear!” came from the corner where Uncle Mac was apparently wrapt in slumber.

“You were appointed guardian, so we can do nothing. But I predict that the girl will be spoilt, utterly spoilt,” answered Mrs. Jane, grimly.

“Thank you, sister. I have an idea that if a woman can bring up two boys as perfectly as you do yours, a man, if he devotes his whole mind to it, may at least attempt as much with one girl,” replied Dr. Alec, with a humorous look that tickled the others immensely, for it was a well-known fact in the family that Jane’s boys were more indulged than all the other lads put together.

“I am quite easy, for I really do think that Alec will improve the child’s health; and by the time his year is out, it will be quite soon enough for her to go to Madame Roccabella’s and be finished off,” said Aunt Clara, settling her rings, and thinking, with languid satisfaction, of the time when she could bring out a pretty and accomplished niece.

“I suppose you will stay here in the old place, unless you think of marrying, and it’s high time you did,” put in Mrs. Jane, much nettled at her brother’s last hit.

“No, thank you. Come and have a cigar, Mac,” said Dr. Alec, abruptly.

“Don’t worry; women enough in the family already,” muttered Uncle Mac; and then the gentlemen hastily fled.

“Aunt Peace would like to see you all, she says,” was the message Rose brought before the ladies could begin again.

“Hectic, hectic!—dear me, dear me!” murmured Aunt Myra, as the shadow of her gloomy bonnet fell upon Rose, and the stiff tips of a black glove touched the cheek where the color deepened under so many eyes.

“I am glad these pretty curls are natural; they will be invaluable by and by,” said Aunt Clara, taking an observation with her head on one side.

“Now that your uncle has come, I no longer expect you to review the studies of the past year. I trust your time will not be *entirely* wasted in frivolous sports, however,” added Aunt Jane, sailing out of the room with the air of a martyr.

Aunt Jessie said not a word, but kissed her little niece, with a look of tender sympathy that made Rose cling to her a minute, and follow her with grateful eyes as the door closed behind her.

After everybody had gone home, Dr. Alec paced up and down the lower hall in the twilight for an

hour, thinking so intently that sometimes he frowned, sometimes he smiled, and more than once he stood still in a brown study. All of a sudden he said, half aloud, as if he had made up his mind :

"I might as well begin at once, and give the child something new to think about, for Myra's dismals and Jane's lectures have made her as blue as a little indigo bag."

Diving into one of the trunks that stood in a corner, he brought up, after a brisk rummage, a silken cushion, prettily embroidered, and a quaint cup of dark carved wood.

"This will do for a start," he said, as he plumped up the cushion and dusted the cup. "It wont do to begin too energetically, or Rose will be frightened. I must beguile her gently and pleasantly along till I've won her confidence, and then she will be ready for anything."

Just then Phebe came out of the dining-room with a plate of brown bread, for Rose had been allowed no hot biscuit for tea.

"I'll relieve you of some of that," said Dr. Alec, and, helping himself to a generous slice, he retired to the study, leaving Phebe to wonder at his appetite.

She would have wondered still more if she had seen him making that brown bread into neat little pills, which he packed into an attractive ivory box, out of which he emptied his own bits of loveage.

"There ! if they insist on medicine, I'll order these, and no harm will be done. I *will* have my own way, but I'll keep the peace, if possible, and confess the joke when my experiment has succeeded," he said to himself, looking very much like a mischievous boy, as he went off with his innocent prescriptions.

Rose was playing softly on the small organ that stood in the upper hall, so that Aunt Peace could enjoy it; and all the while he talked with the old ladies, Uncle Alec was listening to the fitful music of the child, and thinking of another Rose who used to play for him.

As the clock struck eight, he called out :

"Time for my girl to be abed, else she wont be up early, and I'm full of jolly plans for to-morrow. Come and see what I have found for you to begin upon."

Rose ran in and listened with bright, attentive face, while Dr. Alec said, impressively :

"In my wanderings over the face of the earth, I have picked up some excellent remedies, and as they are rather agreeable ones, I think you and I will try them. This is an herb-pillow, given to me by a wise old woman when I was ill in India. It is filled with saffron, poppies and other soothing plants; so lay your little head on it to-night, sleep sweetly without a dream, and wake to-morrow without a pain."

"Shall I really? How nice it smells." And Rose willingly received the pretty pillow, and stood enjoying its faint, sweet odor, as she listened to the Doctor's next remedy.

"This is the cup I told you of. Its virtue depends, they say, on the drinker filling it himself; so you must learn to milk. I'll teach you."

"I'm afraid I never can," said Rose; but she surveyed the cup with favor, for a funny little imp danced on the handle, as if all ready to take a header into the white sea below.

"Don't you think she ought to have something more strengthening than milk, Alec? I really shall feel anxious if she does not have a tonic of some sort," said Aunt Plenty, eyeing the new remedies suspiciously, for she had more faith in her old-fashioned doses than all the magic cups and poppy pillows of the East.

"Well, ma'am, I'm willing to give her a pill, if you think best. It is a very simple one, and very large quantities may be taken without harm. You know hasheesh is the extract of hemp? Well, this is a preparation of corn and rye, much used in old times, and I hope it will be again."

"Dear me, how singular!" said Aunt Plenty, bringing her spectacles to bear upon the pills, with a face so full of respectful interest that it was almost too much for Dr. Alec's gravity.

"Take one in the morning, and a good night to you, my dear," he said, dismissing his patient with a hearty kiss.

Then, as she vanished, he put both hands into his hair, exclaiming, with a comical mixture of anxiety and amusement :

"When I think what I have undertaken, I declare to you, aunt, I feel like running away and not coming back till Rose is eighteen !"

(To be continued.)

CHIMNEY-SWEEPS, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

THE stranger in Charleston is sometimes startled by a long-drawn, plaintive cry that seems scarcely human. On cold wintry mornings, when the city is awaking, it is heard coming from the house-tops with strange distinctness. It sounds like the voice of some great bird hovering amid the curling smoke. "O weep, wee-e-ep, wee-e-e-ep, weep O!" And it is repeated several times before one can find out whence it comes. The people of the city pass on without heeding it, and only those to whom it is a novelty pause to gaze over the wide roofs of slate and iron, in search of the throat that utters it. Far above the street can be seen a negro boy, with a round little head and a pair of narrow shoulders, creeping out of a chimney into the sunlight, singing his wild song as he comes, and brandishing a black brush with frantic energy. It is the chimney-sweep, and, as soon as his song is done, he descends again into the opening, like a genie disappearing in the flame of a wonderful lamp at the call of his master, the magician.

Later in the day, you may see the same little fellow again, moving about among ordinary mortals, but looking all the more forlorn in contrast with the bright faces of the nicely dressed people, who gather in their proud skirts as they pass too near him on the street. He looks more like an imp from some country beneath the earth, than a living boy with warm blood coursing through his veins. Nature made him black, and his occupation has deepened the shade. The soot is thick upon him—over his hands, neck, face and clothes, and deep in the roots of his crisp, curly hair. All the white about him is in his rolling eye, which has a half-comical expression mingling with its queer pathos. Who would think of associating with him, I wonder, except another of his own sort? He is an absolute outcast, and as he slouches along, beating the pavement with his brush, few pitying glances are cast upon him. But he has friends of his own, comrades in his sooty trade, who love his society dearly and welcome the appearance of his dim face with a glad smile.

These three that you see in the picture are fellow-craftsmen of his, such as you may meet in Charles-

ton any day, though all are not so fat and happy. Perhaps they wanted to honor the occasion of their visit to the photographer's, and banqueted and wiped their faces with their sleeves beforehand.

Anthracite (or hard) coal makes little or no soot, and it is only where bituminous (or soft) coal is used that chimney-sweeps are needed. Soot, I must tell you furthermore, is simply condensed smoke, and is rich in valuable chemical substances. If it is allowed to accumulate, it is apt to take fire,



CHARLESTON SWEEPS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

and hence the necessity of keeping chimneys clear of it.

In Pittsburgh, and all through the far West, the chimneys have to be swept twice a year; but the sweeps do not ascend them. A stiff brush is thrust up instead, fastened to long poles, which fit into each other like the branches of a fishing-rod. The old custom was exceedingly cruel, and it has been done away with throughout America, except in Charleston and Philadelphia. A gentleman tells me that he saw an old man escorting some boy

chimney-sweeps through the streets of the latter city very lately, and he believes they are there still.

Twenty or thirty years ago, it was a common thing in New York to see mites of boys following their masters in the street, or issuing from the chimney-tops with their peculiar wail. Some of them were not more than ten years of age, and they looked so wretched that when a child was ill-behaved its mother or nurse would threaten to give it to the chimney-sweeps.

It was the worst use to which boys could be put, and was even more terrible in its results than coal-

mining. The soft, fine powder suffocated many to death, and planted the seeds of consumption in others. I found in an old book, the other day, an account of a little sweep who was driven up a hot chimney by his brutal master. He cried out that he was burning, but continued to ascend, until he reached a point where the heat was so intense that he could go no farther. Nor could he descend. He was caught in a turn of the chimney, and was slowly suffocated. Just before he died, his employer called to him, and asked him, with an oath, what he was doing. "All right, master," he answered faintly. "I am caught up here and can't get out; but don't mind me. I'm ready to die." When he was extricated, his body showed what he had endured, but his face gave no sign of suffering.

It was as a proof that they had gone the entire length of the chimney that the sweeps were required to utter their cry on reach-

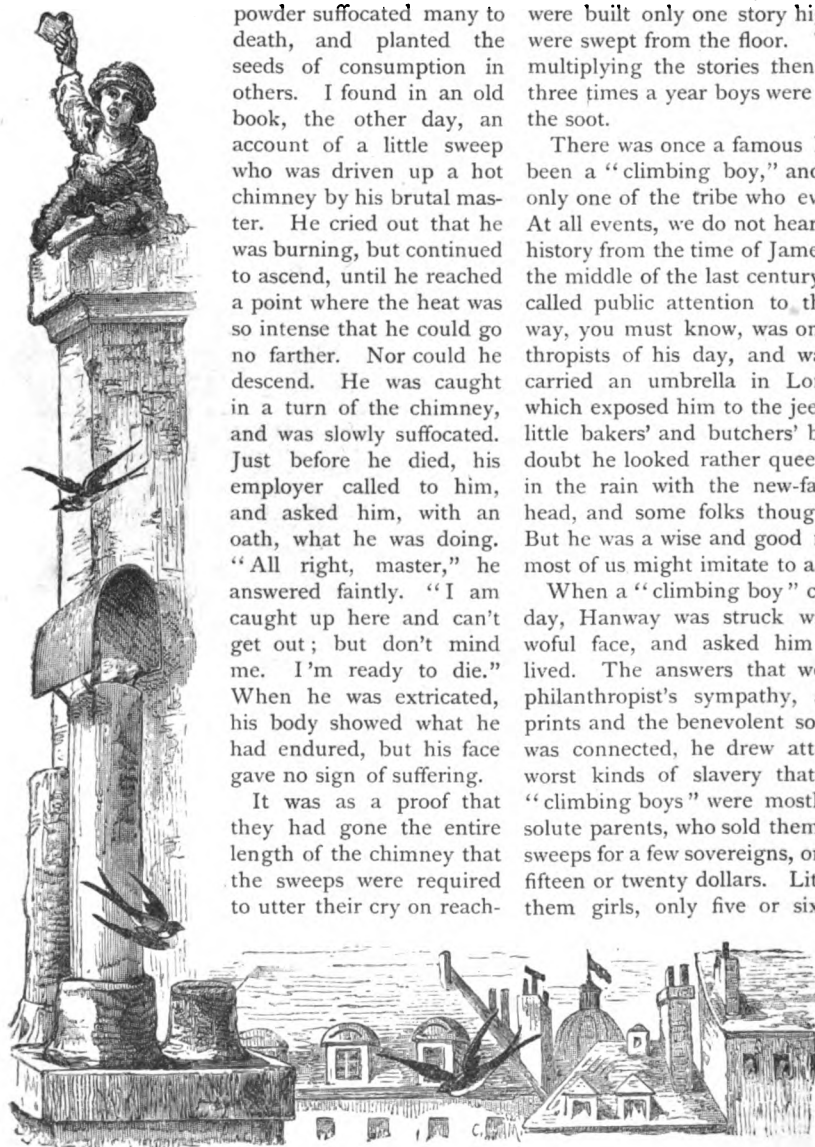
ing the top. The hard masters who depended on their earnings were much relieved when, after a long silence, they heard the sad "weep! weep!" of their little slaves echoing over the roofs.

In Germany and France, small boys are still employed in cleaning chimneys. In Great Britain a law has been passed forbidding the practice; but less than fifteen years ago the sweeps, or "climbing boys," were very numerous; and I can remember seeing a bit of a lad crawling out of one of the tallest chimneys in London, such as you see in the picture on this page.

Until the reign of James the First, the houses were built only one story high, and the chimneys were swept from the floor. The Scotch fashion of multiplying the stories then came in, and twice or three times a year boys were sent up to sweep down the soot.

There was once a famous highwayman who had been a "climbing boy," and I think he was the only one of the tribe who ever became notorious. At all events, we do not hear more about them in history from the time of James the First until about the middle of the last century, when Jonas Hanway called public attention to their condition. Hanway, you must know, was one of the great philanthropists of his day, and was the man who first carried an umbrella in London, a performance which exposed him to the jeers of all the impudent little bakers' and butchers' boys in the city. No doubt he looked rather queer as he trotted along in the rain with the new-fangled thing over his head, and some folks thought him utterly crazy. But he was a wise and good man, living a life that most of us might imitate to advantage.

When a "climbing boy" came to his house, one day, Hanway was struck with the poor fellow's woful face, and asked him how and where he lived. The answers that were made excited the philanthropist's sympathy, and, through public prints and the benevolent societies with which he was connected, he drew attention to one of the worst kinds of slavery that ever existed. The "climbing boys" were mostly the children of dissolute parents, who sold them to the men chimney-sweeps for a few sovereigns, or, in American money, fifteen or twenty dollars. Little creatures, some of them girls, only five or six years of age, were compelled to ascend chimneys—and, indeed, the smaller the child the more valuable he or she was, as some of the flues were less than a foot square. The traffic was so ex-



tensive that we wonder how the officers of the law never came to hear of it. Children who wandered away from their homes often were kidnapped and carried to a remote part of the country, where the robbers sold them into bondage. Their own clothes were taken from them, and some black rags thrown over them, so that when the soot was spread over their pretty little faces, no one could recognize them.

The novices had the greatest dread of ascending the chimney for the first time, and there are several instances, of undoubted truth, in which the little fellows were violently thrust in by their masters and driven up by a fire lighted under them. This seems too horrible for belief, but it was sworn to by a master chimney-sweep before a committee of the British House of Commons. The same man declared that he did not use his own apprentices in that manner, and that when the chimney was small and the boy hesitated about ascending, he simply used a stick or his fist!

Sometimes the beginner was instructed at the house of his master before real duty was required of him. An older boy would follow him up a chimney and teach him how to climb by pressing the knees and elbows against the sides of the flue. It was a most painful operation, and the skin would be torn from the child's arms and feet before he had nearly reached the top. By striving very hard he would probably succeed, but not until he had tumbled down several times and alighted on the shoulders of his stouter companion, who always kept himself firmly fixed in expectation of such a mishap. Every time he fell he had to begin anew, and, no matter how sore he was, his master forced him to reach the top.

The little chimney-sweeps of London were turned out of their straw beds and driven into the streets during the earliest hours of the morning. No warm breakfast was supplied to them; only a crust of stale bread. I remember reading in some book of two whom its author saw standing at the gate of a house at six o'clock one snowy morning. They were barefooted and shivering, and in vain they rang the bell to awake the occupants. The contrast between their sable hue and the yet unruffled snow that mantled the city streets was a more pathetic sight than the good author could endure, and he hurried away to his chambers, with tears in his eyes, after bestowing a sixpenny bit on each of them. I have often seen like unfortunates in the streets of Liverpool, and my heart has been filled with pity for them.

A story is told, that a very small boy, not more than four years of age, was once sent up a chimney in a country-house at Bridlington, Yorkshire, and that he tumbled down and hurt himself so severely

that the young ladies of the house took him from his master and nursed him themselves. Some food was brought to him, and, seeing a silver fork, he was quite delighted, exclaiming, "Papa had such forks as those." He also said that the carpet in the drawing-room was like "papa's," and, when a silver watch was shown to him, he declared that "papa's" was a gold one. At night he would not go to bed until he had said the Lord's Prayer, which he knew perfectly, and he lay awake for some hours comparing the furniture in the room to that in his own home. When he was asked how he came to leave his papa, he said that he was gathering flowers in his mother's garden, and that



ON THE ROOF.

a woman came in and asked him if he liked riding. He said "yes," and she told him that he should ride with her. She put him on a horse in a lane near by, drove with him to the sea-side, and carried him on board a vessel.

The story does not tell what became of the little fellow afterward, and we can only hope that he was restored to his parents, or that the young ladies at the country-house adopted him.

The son of one of the noblest families in England was kidnapped by chimney-sweeps, and was restored to his home by an incident quite as romantic as any I have ever read of in novels. He was sold several times, and at last fell into the hands of a

man who was engaged to clean the chimneys of the house next door to that where his parents lived. He ascended one of the flues and reached the roof; but in descending he got into the wrong opening, and soon arrived in a magnificent bed-chamber of the adjoining house. The white sheets, the pillows trimmed with lace, and the splendid damask curtains, brought irresistible sleep into his eyes, and he threw himself upon the bed, forgetful of his tyrant master and the punishment that might be in store for him. While he dreamed there in blissful peace, looking like a bit of ebony inlaid in satin-wood, the housekeeper entered the room, and recognized him as the lost child of her lady and mistress.

During her life, his mother, the Honorable Mrs. Montague, celebrated each anniversary of his recovery by a grand dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding, given to the "climbing boys" at her house in Portman Square. The little fellows were all well scrubbed and freshly dressed for the occasion, and each was presented with a shilling. But when she died the festival was no more observed, and the sweeps sadly missed her kind face and the annual dinner.

"And is all pity for the poor sweeps fled,
Since Montague is numbered with the dead?
She who did once the many sorrows weep,
That met the wanderings of the woe-worn sweep:
Who, once a year, bade all his griefs depart,
On May-day's morn would doubly cheer his heart.
Washed was his little form, his shirt was clean,
On that one day his real face was seen:
His shoeless feet now boasted pumps—and new,
The brush and shovel gayly held to view!
The table spread, his every sense was charmed,
And every savory smell his bosom warmed:
His light heart joyed to see such goodly cheer,
And much he longed to see the mantling beer.
His hunger o'er—the scene was little heaven!
If riches thus can bless, what blessings might be given.
But she is gone! None left to soothe their grief,
Or, once a year, bestow their meed of beef!"

The organization of a society to suppress the use of "climbing boys" by master-sweeps was the result of Hanway's efforts, and an instrument called the "Sandiscope," for cleaning high chimneys, was

invented. The "Sandiscope" consisted of a large brush made of a number of small whalebone sticks, fastened into a round ball of wood. It was thrust up a chimney by means of hollow cylinders or tubes, with a long cord running through them; and it was worked up and down as each joint was added, until it reached the top. It was then shortened joint by joint, and again worked in a like manner. The master-sweeps refused to use it, however, and it was not until Parliament passed a law in 1829 that the little slaves were emancipated.

There are considerably over a thousand sweeps in London to-day, but they are all grown men and women, and the little fellows are no longer seen.

I ought, in conclusion, to mention James White, who was such another friend to the "climbing boys" as Mrs. Montague. Once a year, on St. Bartholomew's Day, he gathered together all the sootkins in London, and treated them to a dinner. Charles Lamb, the gifted essayist, knew him and loved him, and I will end this account by quoting his exquisite description of the feast:

"O, it was a pleasure to see the sable youngers lick in the unctuous meat, with his (White's) more unctuous sayings! How he would fit the tit-bits to the puny mouths, reserving the lengthier links of sausages for the seniors! How he would intercept a morsel even in the jaws of some young desperado, declaring it 'must to the pan again to be browned, for it was not fit for a gentleman's eating!' How he would recommend this slice of white bread, or that piece of kissing crust, to a tender juvenile, advising them all to have a care of cracking their teeth, which were their best patrimony! How genteelly he would deal about the small ale, as if it were wine, naming the brewer, and protesting, if it were not good, he should lose their custom; with a special recommendation to wipe the lips before drinking! Then we had our toasts—'The King,' 'The Cloth,' and, for a crowning sentiment, 'May the brush supersede the laurel!' All these, and fifty other fancies, which were rather felt than comprehended by his guests, would he utter, standing upon the tables, and prefacing every sentiment with a 'Gentlemen, give me leave to propose so and so,' which was a prodigious comfort to these young orphans; every now and then stuffing into his mouth (for it did not do to be squeamish on these occasions) indiscriminate pieces of those reeking sausages, which pleased them mightily, and was the savoriest part, you may believe, of the entertainment.

"James White is extinct, and with him these suppers have long ceased. He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died—of my world, at least. His old clients look for him among the pens; and, missing him, reproach the altered feast of St. Bartholomew, and the glory of Smithfield departed forever."



"SHIVERING AT THE GATE."

KINGS OF FRANCE.

BY MARY W. LINCOLN.

THE first king was Pharamond ; after him came
The race Merovingian, unworthy of fame ;

Then Pepin the Little, and Charlemagne, great ;
Victorious, kingly in Church and in State.

First Louis, Charles First, and then two Louis' more ;
Charles ; Eudes, Count of Paris, whose reign was soon o'er ;

Charles the Simple ; Raoul de Bourgoyne, rarely known,—
One after another ascended the throne.

Then Louis the Fourth, who was named " L'Outre Mer ;"
Then Louis the Sluggard came ; after, Lothaire.

Hugh Capet, and Robert, and Henry then came ;
First Philip, two Louis', and Philip whose name

Was Augustus ; then Louis the Lion, and one
Called Louis the Saint, for the good he had done.

Two Philips, tenth Louis, fifth Philip came on ;
And then Charles the Fourth, the sixth Philip, and John ;

Charles Fifth, Sixth and Seventh, when Joan d'Arc came
To rescue the country from sorrow and shame.

Then Louis Eleventh—perfidious king ;
Charles Eighth, whose adventures let history sing ;

Twelfth Louis, first Francis, and Henry then came ;
Then Francis, whose wife is so well known to fame

As Mary of Scotland ; Charles Ninth, on whose head
Is the blood of Bartholomew's Protestant dead.

Two Henrys, five Louis',—one, king but in name,
For Terror was monarch till Bonaparte came.

Then Louis Eighteenth, and Charles Tenth, the grandson
Of Louis Fifteenth, but his reign was soon done.

Then Louis Philippe, and Napoleon Third,
Who, often successful, more frequently erred.

The throne is now vacant, and no one can tell
The name of the next, so I'll bid you farewell.

A FOX AND A RAVEN.

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.



[A raven, sitting high up on a limb, had a fine piece of cheese. He was just going to enjoy it, when along came Mr. Fox. Now the fox wanted the cheese, and he knew he could not catch the raven. So he began to flatter the raven's croaking voice, and to beg the raven for one of his "sweet songs." At last the poor raven, silly with flattery, opened his mouth to sing—when lo! the cheese dropped to the ground, and off ran the wily fox with the stolen treasure in his mouth. The raven flew away, and never was heard of again.]

DONEE was a king's daughter. She had heard her father talk of the battles into which he had led his mighty warriors, and of how all the world that she knew had once been his, from the hills behind which the sun rose to the broad rushing river where it set. Now all of this account was strictly true.

But the king, as he talked, wore no clothes but a muddy pair of cotton trousers, and sat on a log in the sun, a pig rooting about his bare feet. Black Joe, going by, called him a lazy old red-skin; and that was true, too. But these differing accounts naturally confused Donee's mind. When the old chief was dead, however, there was an end of all talk of his warriors or battles. A large part of the land was left, though; a long stretch of river bottom and forests, with but very little swamp. Donee's brother, Oostogah, when he was in a good humor, planted and hoed a field of corn (as he had no wife to do it for him), and with a little fish and game, they managed to find enough to eat. Oostogah and the little girl lived in a hut built of logs and mud, and, as the floor of it never had been scrubbed, the grass actually began to grow out of

the dirt in the corners. There was a log smouldering on the hearth, where Donee baked cakes of pounded corn and beans in the ashes, and on the other side of the dark room was the heap of straw where she slept. Besides this, there were two hacked stumps of trees which served for chairs, and an iron pot out of which they ate; and there you have the royal plenishing of *that* palace.

All the other Indians had long ago gone West. Donee had nothing and nobody to play with. She was as easily scared as a rabbit; yet sometimes, when Oostogah was gone for days together, she was so lonely that she would venture down through the swamp to peep out at the water-mill and the two or three houses which the white people had built. The miller, of all the white people, was the one that she liked best to watch, he was so big and round, and jolly; and one day, when he had met her in the path, he did not call her "Injun," or "red nigger," as the others did, but had said: "Where's your brother, my dear?" just as if she were white. She saw, sometimes, his two little girls and boy playing about the mill-door, and they were round and fat, and jolly, just like their father.

At last, one day Oostogah went down to the mill, and Donee plucked up her courage and followed him. When she was there hiding close behind the trough in which the horses were watered, so that nobody could see her, she heard the miller say to her brother: "You ought to go to work to clear your land, my lad. In two years there will be hundreds of people moving in here, and you own the best part of the valley."

Oostogah nodded. "The whole country once belonged to my people."

"That's neither here nor there," said the miller. "Dead chickens don't count for hatching. You go to work now and clear your land, and you can sell it for enough to give you and this little girl behind the trough an education. Enough to give you both a chance equal to any white children."

Oostogah nodded again, but said nothing. He was shrewd enough, and could work, too, when he was in the humor. "Come, Donee," he said.

But the miller's little Thad. and Jenny had found Donee behind the trough, and the three were making a nettle basket together, and were very well acquainted already.

"Let the child stay till you come back from fishing, Oostogah," said the miller.

So Donee staid all the afternoon. Jenny and Betty rolled and shouted, and could not talk fast enough with delight because they had this new little girl to play with, and Thad. climbed all the trees, as Jenny said, to "show off," and Betty tumbled into the trough head over heels and was taken out dripping.

Donee was very quiet, but it was to her as if the end of the world had come, all this was so happy and wonderful. She never had had any body to play with before.

Then, when Betty was carried in to be dried and dressed, there was, too, the bright, cheerful room, with a lovely blue carpet on the floor, and a white spread on the bed with fringe, and red dahlias that shone in the sun, putting their heads in at the window. Betty's mother did not scold when she took her wet clothes off, but said some funny things which made them laugh. She looked at Donee now and then, standing with her little hands clasped behind her back.

"Does your mother *never* wash or dress you, Donee?" said Betty.

"She is dead," said Donee.

Betty's mother did not say any more funny things after that. When she had finished dressing Betty, to the tying of her shoes, she called the little Indian girl up to her.

"What can you do?" she said. "Sew? Make moccasins?"

She had the pleasantest voice Donee was not

at all afraid. "I can sew. I can make baskets," she said. "I am going to make a basket for every one of you."

"Very well. You can have a tea-party, Jenny, out of doors." Then she opened a cupboard. "Here are the dishes," taking out a little box. "And bread, jam, milk, sugar, and candy."

"Candy!" cried Betty, rushing out to tell Thad.

"Candy? Hooray!" shouted Thad.

For there are no shops out in that wild country where a boy can run for a stick of lemon or gum-drops every time he gets a penny. It was very seldom that Thad. or Betty could have a taste of those red and white "bull's eyes" which their mother now took out of the jar in the locked cupboard. They knew she brought it out to please the little Indian girl, whose own mother was dead.

Jenny set the table for the tea-party under a big oak. There was a flat place on one of the round roots that rose out of the moss, which was the very thing for a table. So there she spread the little white and gold plates and cups and saucers, with the meat dish (every bit as large as your hand), in the middle, full of candy. The milk, of course, was put in the pot for coffee, and set on three dead leaves to boil; and Jenny allowed Donee to fill the jam dishes herself, with her own hands. Donee could hardly get her breath as she did it.

When they were all ready they sat down. The sun shone, and the wind was blowing, and the water of the mill-race flashed and gurgled as it went by, and a song-sparrow perched himself on the fence close to them and sang, and sang, just as if he knew what was going on.

"*He* wants to come to the party!" said Betty, and then they all laughed. Donee laughed too.

The shining plates just fitted into the moss, and there was a little pitcher, the round-bellied part of which was covered with sand, while the handle and top were, Jenny said, of solid gold; that was put in the middle of all.

Donee did not think it was like fairy-land or heaven, because she had never in her life heard of fairy-land or heaven. She had never seen any thing but her own filthy hut, with its iron pot and wooden spoons.

When it was all over, the children's mother (Donee felt as if she was her mother too) called her in, and took out of that same cupboard a roll of the loveliest red calico.

"Now, Donee," she said, "if you can make yourself a dress of this I will give you this box," and she opened a box, just like Jenny's. Inside, packed in thin slips of paper, was a set of dishes! pure white, with the tiniest rose-bud in the middle of each! cups, saucers, meat-dish, coffee-pot, and

all; and, below all, a pitcher, with sand on the brown bottom, but the top and handle of solid gold!

Donee went back to the hut, trotting along beside Oostogah, her roll of calico under her arm. The next day she cut it out into a slip and began to sew. Oostogah was at work all day cutting down dead trees. When he came in at night, Donee said: "If you sold the land for much money, could we have a home like the miller's?"

Oostogah was as much astonished as if a chicken had asked him a question, but he said "Yes."

"Would I be like Jenny and Betty?"

"You're a chief's daughter," grunted Oostogah.

One day in the next week she went down to the river far in the woods, and took a bath, combing her long straight black hair down her shoulders. Then she put on her new dress, and went down to the miller's house. It was all very quiet, for the children were not there, but their mother came to the door. She laughed out loud with pleasure when she saw Donee. The red dress was just the right color for her to wear with her dark skin and black hair. Her eyes were soft and shy, and her bare feet and arms (like most Indian women's) pretty enough to be copied in marble.

"You are a good child—you're a very good child! Here are the dishes. I wish the children were at home. Sit right down on the step now and eat a piece of pie."

But Donee could not eat the pie, her heart was so full.

"Hillo!" called the miller, when he saw her. "Why, what a nice girl you are to-day, Dony! Your brother's hard at work, eh? It will all come right, then."

Donee stood around for a long time, afraid to say what she wanted.

"What is it?" asked the miller's wife.

Donee managed to whisper, if she were to have a party the next day, could the children come to it? and their mother said: "Certainly, in the evening."

When the little girl ran down the hill, the miller said: "Seems as if 't would be easy to make Christians out of them two."

"I'm going to do what I can for Donee," said the miller's wife.

It was not so easy for the little red-skinned girl to have a party, for she had neither jam nor bread, nor butter, not to mention candy. But she was up very early the next morning, and made tiny little cakes of corn, no bigger than your thumb-nail, and she went to a hollow tree she knew of and got a cupful of honey, and brought some red haws, and heaps of nuts, hickory and chestnuts. When Oostogah had gone, she set out her little dishes

under a big oak, and dressed herself in her lovely frock, though she knew the party could not begin for hours and hours. The brown cakes and honey, and scarlet haws, were in the white dishes, and the gold pitcher, with a big purple flower, was in the middle. Donee sat down and looked at it all. In a year or two Oostogah would build a house like the miller's, and she should have a blue carpet on the floor, and a white bed, and wear red frocks every day, like Betty.

Just then she heard voices talking. Oostogah had come back; he sat upon a log; and the trader, who came around once a year, stood beside him, a pack open at his feet. It was this peddler, Hawk, who was talking.

"I tell you, Oostogy, the miller's a fool. Ther's no new settlers coming here, and nobody wants your land. Ther's hundreds and thousands of acres beyond better than this. You'd better take my offer. Look at that suit!"

He held up short trousers of blue cloth worked with colored porcupine quills, and a scarlet mantle glittering with beads and gold fringe.

"I don't want it," grunted Oostogah. "Sell my land for big pile money."

"Oh, very well. I don't want to buy your land. There's thousands of acres to be had for the asking, but there's not such a dress as that in the United States. I had that dress made on purpose for you, Oostogy. I said: 'Make me a dress for the son of a great chief. The handsomest man'" (eyeing the lad from head to foot) "'that lives this side of the great water.'"

Oostogah grunted, but his eyes began to sparkle.

"Here now, Oostogy, just try it on to please me. I'd like to see you dressed like a chief for once."

Oostogah, nothing loth, dropped his dirty blanket, and was soon rigged in the glittering finery, while Hawk nodded in rapt admiration.

"There's not a man in the country, red-skin or pale-face, but would know you for the son of the great Denomah. Go look down in the creek, Oostogy."

Oostogah went, and came back, walking more slowly. He began to take off the mantle.

"There's a deputation from these Northern tribes going this winter to see the Great Father at Washington. If Oostogah had a proper dress he could go. But shall the son of Denomah come before the Great Father in a torn horse-blanket?"

"Your words are too many," said Oostogah. "I have made up my mind. I will sell you the land for the clothes."

Donee came up then, and stood directly before him, looking up at him. But she said nothing. It

is not the habit of Indian women and children to speak concerning matters of importance.

Oostogah pushed her out of the way, and, with the trader, went into the hut to finish their bargain.

In an hour or two her brother came to Donee. He had his new clothes in a pack on his back. "Come," he said, pointing beyond the great river to the dark woods.

"We will come back here again, Oostogah?"

"No; we will never come back."

Donee went to the tree and looked down at the party she had made; at the little dishes with the rose on each. But she did not lift one of them up. She took off her pretty dress and laid it beside them, and, going to the hut, put on her old rags again. Then she came out and followed her brother, whose face was turned toward the great dark woods in the west.

When the miller's children came to the party that afternoon, a pig was lying on Donee's red dress, and the dishes were scattered and broken. But the hut was empty.

A year afterward, the miller came back from a long journey. After he had kissed and hugged

his wife and little ones, he said: "You remember, wife, how Hawk cheated that poor Indian lad out of his land?"

"Yes; I always said it was the old story of the fox and the foolish raven over again."

"It was the old story of the white and the red man over again. But out in an Indian village I found Donee sick and starving."

The miller's wife jumped to her feet. The tears rushed to her eyes. "What did you do? What did you do?"

"Well, there was n't but one thing to do, and I did that." He went out to the wagon and carried in the little Indian girl, and laid her on the bed.

"Poor child! Poor child! Where is Oostogah?"

The miller shook his head. "Don't ask any questions about him. The raven flew away to the woods, and was never heard of again. Better if that were the end of Oostogah."

Donee, opening her tired eyes, saw the blue carpet and the white bed where she lay, and the red dahlias shining in the sun and looking in at the window, and beside her were the children, and the children's mother smiling down on her with tears in her eyes.



A PRETTY SURE SHOT.

THE COAL-IMP.

BY C. P. CRANCH.



I WAS sitting one night by my fire—
 'T was a fire of Westmoreland coal
 With a mixture of coke, which I recommend
 As a comfort for body and soul.

My chamber was cosey and warm;
 The curtains were closed all around;
 And the snow at the windows rattled away
 With a soft and tinkling sound.

As I sat in my easy chair,
 I think it had got to be late;
 And over the top of my book I saw
 A face in the glowing grate.

An ugly old face, too, it was—
 With wings and a tail—I declare;
 And the rest was ashes, and smoke, and flame,
 And ended—I don't know where.

So odd were the features, I said
 "I must put you on paper, my friend;"
 And took my pen and jotted him down—
 Face, wings, and wriggling end.

A queer old codger he seemed,
 As vaguely he stared and shone;
 But I fixed him in outline as well as I could,
 And added a touch of my own.

He flapped his wings in the grate,
 And struggled and puffed to be free,
 And scowled with his blazing carbuncle eyes,
 As if he appealed to *me*.

Then I said—but perhaps I dreamed—
 "Old fellow—how came you there?"
 "I'm not an old fellow"—the face replied,
 "But a prisoned Imp of the air.

"In the shape of combustion and gas
 My wings I begin to find out;
 So I flap at the bars and grow red in the face,
 And am ugly enough, no doubt.

"I am made for a much better lot;
 But I cannot escape, as you see:
 Blistered and burnt, and crammed in a grate,—
 What *could* you expect of me?

"I once was a spirit of air,
A delicate fairy page
Long, long ago—in fact before
The carboniferous age.

"For centuries I was kept
Imprisoned in coal-beds fast.
When you kindled your fire this evening,
you see,
I thought I was free at last.

"But it seems I am still to wait;
No wonder I'm cross as a bear,

Make faces, and flutter my wings of flame,
And struggle to reach the air."

"My ruby-faced friend," I said,
"If you really wish to be free,
Perhaps I can give you a lift or two.
It's easy enough. We'll see."

Then, taking the poker, I punched
A hole in the half-burnt mass—
When the fire leaped up, and the Imp
flew off
In a laugh of flaming gas.

THE PETERKINS' JOURNEY AGAIN POSTPONED.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

IT was very difficult for the Peterkin family to decide where to go.

Mrs. Peterkin did not want to go to the seashore, as she was a little afraid of the sea.

Elizabeth Eliza had no desire to go to the mountains.

"It tires you so to go up," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"I suppose one sees a great deal," said Mr. Peterkin.

"I don't know," said Elizabeth Eliza, who had been up Sundown Hill, "because, on the way up, your back is to the view all the time."

"I know it," said Solomon John; "and when you are on top of the hill, you are too high up to see anything. You can't tell whether they are men or boys."

"And when you come down," continued Elizabeth Eliza, "you have to be looking at your feet all the time, to see where you are treading; so you don't get any view."

"I want to go where we shall really see something," said Mr. Peterkin.

"I should like to go up some of the burning mountains," said Agamemnon; "volcanoes,—I have read of them,—like Mount Ætna. I should like to go up one of those."

"I should rather come down," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"The ground is so hot," continued Agamemnon, "that you can roast eggs in it."

"That would be jolly," cried the little boys.

"It must make it inexpensive for fuel," said Mr. Peterkin.

"I suppose the inhabitants don't have to take in coal," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"Let's go," cried the little boys.

"Only our India-rubber boots would stick," said one of them.

"But then the inhabitants get buried up now and then," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"Oh, that was a great while ago," said Agamemnon. "You know I read about their being dug out."

"Still, I should not like to be buried up," said Mrs. Peterkin, "even if I were dug out."

"I suppose, by this time," said Mr. Peterkin, "the top of the mountain must have pretty much all come down, all there is to come down—so many years!"

"It must be the mountain that came down to Mahomet," said Solomon John. "Somebody told me about his not being able to go to it, so it came to him."

"I would not like to go among the Mahometans," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"Certainly not to the deserts of Arabia!" exclaimed Elizabeth Eliza.

The little boys would like to see the "Arabian Nights."

"I don't think we want to journey as far as that," said Mr. Peterkin.

Agamemnon was annoyed. The family did not understand. These volcanoes were not so far off as Arabia. Still, they were over the sea, and they would hardly care to travel so far.

"Yet I think we want to see something more

than merely to go into the country," said Elizabeth Eliza.

Solomon John had been sitting in quiet for some time.

"What is it, Solomon John?" said Mr. Peterkin. "You have an idea——"

"Yes," said Solomon John, starting up and walking across the room, in excitement. "Why should not we go to—Philadelphia?"

"And see the place that the lady from Philadelphia came from," exclaimed Elizabeth Eliza.

"She is so wise," said Mrs. Peterkin; "she has had such opportunities."

"Let us go to-morrow; don't wait for the vacation," cried the little boys, in delight.

"It would be a very poor time to go now," said Mrs. Peterkin, "when the only person we should know, the lady from Philadelphia, is here."

"She could tell us how to go," said Solomon John.

"It is very hot in Philadelphia in summer, I have heard," said Mr. Peterkin.

"That is why she comes away," said Elizabeth Eliza.

"It would be a pity to go when everybody is away," said Agamemnon.

"Everybody away!" exclaimed the little boys. "What fun! Then we could go into the shops and take what we wanted!"

"Don't be absurd," said Solomon John; "of course, the policemen stay."

"Why should not we go later?" said Agamemnon.

"Why not wait till the fall?" said Mr. Peterkin.

"We ought to go in the little boys' vacation," said Mrs. Peterkin.

The little boys thought this was no matter; they could do something else in the vacation.

"But, then, it would not be a summer journey," said Mrs. Peterkin.

But Elizabeth Eliza felt this was not a serious objection.

"We might wait till the Centennial," suggested Agamemnon. Mrs. Peterkin was firm against this.

"No, I am old enough now," she said. "If I were to wait till I'm a hundred, I should n't enjoy anything!"

"There must be enough to see there now," said Mr. Peterkin.

"Benjamin Franklin came from Philadelphia, or else he went to it," said Agamemnon.

"Oh yes, I know all about him," said Solomon John; "he made paint-brushes of his cat's tail!"

"Oh no, that was another Benjamin, I am pretty sure," said Agamemnon.

"I don't know about that," said Solomon John; "but he became a famous artist, and painted the King and Queen of England."

"You must have mixed up the Benjamins," said Agamemnon. "I will go and borrow an encyclopedia, and look them out."

"And we will make paint-brushes out of Elizabeth Eliza's cat," exclaimed the little boys; "and we will become famous, and paint the King and Queen of England."

"You must not use the whole cat," said Solomon John; "and there is no King of England now."

"And I cannot spare her tail," cried Elizabeth Eliza, starting up in agony for her cat.

"It is only Philadelphia cats that are used for paint-brushes," said Mr. Peterkin. "We will see about it when we go. I think it is a good plan to wait till autumn, and it will give us time to talk with the lady from Philadelphia and consult her about it."

The little boys were quite satisfied. "A vacation and a journey too!" It was raining a little; but they put on their India-rubber boots, and went out to chase some ducks from a neighboring mud-puddle.

ANN'S ANSWER.

BY E. S. F.

SAID the teacher to Ann: "I wish, if you can,

You would give a more definite answer."

And Ann at once said, with a toss of her head:

"I do just the best that I can, sir!

But why should I try? do please tell me why

(I think it's no use—not a particle),

For I hear every day the grammar-class say

That *An*'s an *in*-definite article!"

THE STORY OF A BIRCH-BARK BOY.

BY ISABEL FRANCIS.



IN a large forest, once upon a time, grew a clump of birch-trees; noble great trees they were, and everybody felt sorry when some woodmen were sent to cut them down. Down they must come, though, for the men had their orders, and orders must be obeyed, or there is no getting along in this world. Thwack, thwack went the bright steel axes, and the trees came crashing to the ground until there was only one left standing. He was the handsomest of all, and report said that he was the great, great, great-grandfather of all the others. Dear me, how he did groan and crack when the men went to work, chopping, tearing and pulling him, till at last he fell to the earth with a noise like thunder. His bark was beautiful, fine, soft and flexible, and looked so much more valuable than the rest after it was torn off, that they placed it in a little heap by itself. It was now quite late, and the men went away, not to return till the next morning but one, for the day following would be a holiday.

It rained in the night, and in the morning the drops glistened on the forlorn little pile of bark, making it look as if it were weeping at the sight of the great tree it had always shielded from wind and storm by its close and loving embrace, lying shorn of its graceful limbs, stripped, and soaked with the rain.

Toward evening a party of young men passed through the forest on their way home from the festival. Their ages might range from sixteen to nineteen years,—mere boys, you will say; but they knew better, for could they not drink their glass of wine with any man? They made the quiet forest resound with their boisterous shouts and ill-mannered jokes, and when one of them made a remark which the others considered especially brilliant, they slapped him on the back and cried, "Good! good! One can easily see that you are a man of the world."

There was one little fellow in particular, the youngest of the party, who wore his first long-tailed

coat, and in consequence talked faster and louder, and told more silly stories than any of his companions. It was to his foolishness we owe this story: for on perceiving the birch-bark shining in the soft afternoon light, he exclaimed:

"Oho! let us make a birch-bark boy!"

"What?" said the rest, who had heard of snowmen before, but never of birch-bark boys.

"I'll show you," answered this naughty boy; and without stopping to consider whether he had any right to meddle with the bark, he took a long, narrow strip of it, pinned it together so that it somewhat resembled a short stove-pipe, formed another in the same way, set them up upon two smaller rolls laid on the ground for feet, and the birch-bark boy was half done. He then doubled a large square piece, fastening it with long thorns, pins not being strong enough to hold, and after cutting two holes in the side, in which he placed two cylinders of bark for arms, he finished by setting a good-sized India-rubber football on top for a head, and chalking marks for eyes, nose and mouth. There stood the birch-bark boy, sure enough, and a frightful-looking object he was; his round white eyes and the long, grinning line of his mouth made him a very ghastly sight to come upon suddenly at night. Just then a rustling was heard in the bushes near them, and the boys, alarmed at being caught in such mischief, took to their heels as fast as they could, leaving their best football behind them (which, by the way, was of a beautiful light brown color, not unlike the birch-bark itself) staring into the night with its great round eyes. The noise proved to be only a rabbit, hopping about in search of tender leaves for a dinner-party he intended to give; but "the wicked flee when no man pursueth."

There the birch-boy stood leaning against a tree, glaring at nothing; and had not something very strange happened in the night the boys would have come the next day and taken their football, and the workmen would have pulled his body to pieces.

As it was, however, they *did* come, and were furious at finding nothing there; not the faintest vestige of the boy was to be seen far or near. The workmen scolded about the loss of their bark, but the boys had to hold their tongues concerning the thing *they* wanted. They knew it served them right to lose their precious ball, though they liked it none the better for that.

This is what happened in the night.

About that time there were a great many souls of babies to be carried to the earth; a great many more than you can think or dream of; and the angels that have this charge were consequently very busy. This night in particular there were so many that the angel who has the chief care of all the cunning little spirits thought he never would be able to get them all down in time. So he looked around for help, and espied a new-comer standing by, gazing at him with great interest. The new angel looked as if he must have been very good indeed when he was on earth, for he had such a lovely face. So the chief angel called to him, and asked if he would be willing to carry an exceedingly nice little soul to the castle at the end of the forest. The new-comer replied that he would be delighted to do so; and away he flew with his precious burden.

Now the chief angel was so busy that he had not time to give the other very explicit directions, and he therefore alighted at the wrong end of the forest, where there was nothing but dry waste land, with no houses far or near. So the angel wandered into the forest, looking in vain for any sign of life, until he came to where the moonlight glanced through the leaves upon the head of the birch-bark boy.

Now whether the angel never had any babies of his own when he lived on earth, or whether he was a Chinese angel and thought everybody was of a dirty yellow color, I don't know; I only know that he said: "Ah! they have sent him out to meet me."

So with these words he allowed the soul to become gradually absorbed into the poor birch-bark body till it was all gone, and then flew back again, never dreaming what mischief he had done.

The soul expanded and expanded to fill the unusually large body in which it found itself, till it was about like the soul of a good-sized boy, and then the poor fellow tried to move; but he was stiff, of course, not having any knees or elbows. Just try to walk without bending your knees, children, and you will know with what a hop, skip and a jump our birch-bark boy moved. The only comfort he had was that he was so light that the least breath of air would waft him anywhere like a feather, and he could easily keep himself down by rolling a stone up his hollow arm.

I cannot begin to tell you his adventures for some years after he came to life; so, suffice it to say that he was very unhappy, and longed with all his might to be like other boys who could bend their knees and run and jump and laugh. One day when he felt even more melancholy than usual, lying on the grass in the very forest where he was made, wishing he had eyes were they only to weep

with, an old woman stood suddenly before him, and said:

"Are you a goblin?"

He had often been taken for a goblin before, and the question did not surprise him, so he answered meekly:

"No, ma'am; I only wish I were."

You will be surprised to learn that he could answer at all, but there was a small hole in the football near where the boy had drawn his mouth, and though I think no one but a fairy could have understood him, the old woman did well enough, because she *was* one, as perhaps you have guessed. To ordinary ears his voice sounded something like that of a dog, of course, for was he not made of bark?

"What do you mean by such a wish as that?" asked the old woman sternly. And our poor boy, too delighted at being understood and talked to at all to notice her severity, answered:

"Because I wish I were anything else than the thing I am. I would do anything in the world to get rid of this hateful birch-bark body, which prevents my walking and running, and makes other children afraid of me, and oh! I'm *so* unhappy; and please, ma'am, you are the only one who ever understood what I say, and can't you help me to turn into a real boy, or else let me die here?" And the poor fellow was so affected that a sort of dampness spread all over him, which was the best he could do in the way of tears.

"I," said the old woman, "am a fairy, and to help you is precisely the reason I am here; and I have been moved to do this, not only because you are so wretched, but because I think you are a very good boy indeed, and will make a very good man. I cannot, however, do much for you," continued she, raising her hand as she saw he was about to interrupt her (and you all know, children, how dreadful it is to interrupt older people when they are talking); "you will have to help yourself. Listen to these words: *When you make yourself as useful in the world as if you had a body like other boys, you will receive your reward.*"

With these words she vanished in a white mist, leaving the boy stunned with astonishment, and even more in despair than before, for did not every one fly at his approach, and how could he be useful to them if they did that? However, being a brave little soul, he finally rose, and for a week went from place to place trying to get near enough to any one to see if he could be of any use. But he was afraid of grown men and women; and the children all ran shrieking to their mothers whenever they saw him coming. One cheering thing he observed though; which was that if people would only lose their fear of him, it would be very easy indeed to

be as useful as most of the boys he saw, and he thought it very strange that big boys who were almost men should consider it necessary to pull their sisters' hair, or break their dolls' heads, or jump out of dark places suddenly to frighten them, or do a hundred other teasing things well known to suffering girls.

One day he was sitting disconsolately on the seashore, when he heard a faint cry. When I say *heard*, I do not mean heard as you hear, for you

only come and save her." And from appearances it was highly probable that she never would. How pretty she was, with her golden curls all tossed and tumbled by the wind, her great blue eyes filled with tears, and her dear little underlip quivering!

The dreadful danger that she was in touched the heart of our boy deeply, or rather the place where his heart ought to be, and yet "If it had been anything but this," the poor fellow thought.

I have not told you the sad fact that water was



THE BIRCH-BARK BOY TO THE RESCUE.

know he did n't have any real ears, but the birch-bark was so thin that his soul understood things and felt them in a mysterious way, without his knowing exactly how. At any rate I will use plain language and say that he *heard* a faint cry, and looking up saw a small row-boat slowly gliding past him out to sea, with no one in it but a little girl. She it was who had uttered the cry. Poor little thing! There she was drifting out to the wide ocean all alone, and crying piteously, and saying, between her sobs, that she "never, never would run away to play in a boat again if some one would

death to him. To get wet would indeed put a stop to all his hopes of ever being like other boys, for the dampness would penetrate through and through him, and he would then flatten and come apart. At one time he would not have cared, but now when his hopes were raised so high, could he dash them to the ground with one ruthless blow? Moreover, it was exceedingly painful to him, or he would have been tempted long ago to stand out in a hard shower and thus put an end to his wearisome existence. Then it was more than probable that his labor would be useless, for he would be wet through

before he reached her, and even if he were not, how could he be of any assistance? He hesitated, looked, and hesitated again, when he heard a sob, fainter than any before. A plan occurred to him, by which he thought he might possibly save her, and he sprang to his feet resolved to do and die.

"Her life is worth more than mine ever could be," he sighed; and instantly he began what looked like a species of gymnastic exercises in the air. The wind was blowing directly toward the sea, and he wanted to go inland, but he had learned to regulate his singularly formed body in such a manner that he could go in whatever direction he wished with the greatest rapidity, no matter from what quarter the wind blew. I don't pretend to know how he did it, but I suppose it was upon something the same principle as a schooner tacking. At all events he was at a store in the town in less than five seconds; all the people screamed, and tumbled over one another in their eagerness to get out of the way, but he, unheeding them, rolled a ball of strong twine up his arm with great dexterity, and sped away till he reached the boat, now quite a distance from land. The poor little girl shrieked with horror when she perceived him, which sent a pang through him, but he quietly dropped the ball of twine into the boat, and tried to tie the end of it to the ring in the bow. I do not know how many hours it would have taken him to accomplish this, or even if he could have succeeded at all, had not the little girl, whose name was Mabel, seen what he was endeavoring to do, and taking heart, tied the string quickly in a strong, hard knot. After this he had little difficulty in making her understand also that the other end was to be fastened round his body. Now began the "tug of war," for how was this poor little weak boy to tow a row-boat to land, over heavy swells, and with the wind dead against him? How he *did* do it he never knew, but his strength just lasted long enough to reach one of the huge piles of an unfinished wharf, to fly several times round it in order to secure the boat, and he fell, fainting, into the water. He felt himself slowly flattening, but before he quite lost consciousness he heard the voices of the men who were carrying home little Mabel.

He did not die, though; of course he did not; but was washed ashore, where he had a peaceful sleep, and awoke with the most singular sensation of weighing four or five hundred pounds. He thought too he heard a voice say:

"Because you hesitated, the deed was not complete; therefore the cure cannot be complete. But cheer up! You have done nobly, and in due time shall receive your reward."

He roused himself on hearing these words in order to see who spoke, but he could perceive

nothing save a white mist in the distance, which vanished immediately; and was it *he* who heard those words, or another boy—a real boy—who was sitting on the beach, gazing around in astonishment? No; it was himself, for there was his skin of birch-bark, only much softer and more delicate than before, stretched over as handsome and as solid a body as you would care to see. He could still hear and see a little by the same mysterious method I spoke of, but he was perfectly dumb; not a sound could he utter. The most remarkable of all was that he was dressed in a full suit of clothes; very nice clothes they were too, and so our boy thought till he discovered one defect that the fairy (not being used to boys) thought he would not perceive. *There was not a sign of a pocket anywhere about them.* I don't know how he found out this fatal fact so soon, for, never having been able to wear any clothes before, naturally one might suppose that he would not feel the want of pockets so keenly as boys who have had them all their lives. He seemed to know all about them, however, by instinct, and it would have melted a heart of stone to see him sitting mournfully on the beach, clapping his hands first to one side of his trousers and then to the other, and searching in all parts of his jacket and vest, once even looking up his sleeve to find some traces of the catch-alls, without which it would hardly seem necessary for boys to have clothes at all. The kind fairy knew too much, however, to risk his life for a few moments' gratification; for she had read in the newspapers what things go into boys' pockets, and knew that a huge jack-knife is the first requisite. Now if this boy's skin, being yet made of birch-bark, should be cut by accident, no matter how slightly, it never would heal, and she wished to avoid all accidents of that kind. She accordingly provided him with a little cottage just outside the town, and at meal-times a nice breakfast, dinner or supper, as the case might be, was set before him. I am grieved to say that he was obliged to eat with his fingers, his guardian not even allowing him to use a table-knife lest it should slip and cut him. He learned better afterward, however.

He soon became accustomed to his new mode of life, and often wandered round the town in search of some one to whom he could render assistance; also he wanted to see little Mabel again. Day after day passed, and though he stared at the people in the carriages and on the sidewalks, in stores and in houses, he did not see her. He had a pretty hard time of it besides. The rude boys in the streets hooted at him, and called him "Heathen Chinee" and "Mummy," and asked him "Who tanned him last?"

All these remarks made him feel very unhappy,

and discouraged him very much; and one day when he had been treated worse than usual, having had a narrow escape from a sharp stone thrown at him, he sat down in his little house the picture of despair. As he was gloomily looking out of the window at the setting sun slowly sinking behind the dark hills, he thought he discerned a faint light reddening the sky in another direction. He ascended to the roof to see what it meant, and perceived that a large house in the heart of the town was on fire. This made him still more melancholy than before, for any approach to flame cracked his brittle skin in a hundred places, so that the fairy had even to heat his cottage by steam.

"Alas!" cried he, "I might be of some use now, if it were not for my unfortunate skin. I will go, though, and watch for my chance, and perhaps I may be able to assist the sufferers after they are removed from the scorching heat."

So he went into the town, and followed the crowd of people, hustling and jostling one another, all running in one direction, not more than half of them knowing why or where they were going.

Our boy found that as soon as he came near enough to the fire to feel the heat, his skin began to crack, and to become exceedingly painful; so he ensconced himself on the top of a high building, behind a damp blanket, where he could see everything that went on, without being near enough to injure himself. The fire raged furiously, but though it was impossible to save the burning mansion, the surrounding houses stood in no danger, as they were separated by a small park. It was now quite late, and would have been very dark were it not for the glare of the flames, darting upward like gigantic tongues, roaring, and making the very air around to sing with the intense heat. One part of the building was nearly burned, and with a crash the side wall fell to the ground; but what was it that sent such a thrill through the heart of the boy, making him start to his feet, with every nerve quivering beneath his brown skin? Nothing but the shrill shriek of a child sounding distinctly above the din of falling walls and the rush of the flames. He had heard that voice before, and if it was Mabel within those burning ruins, crying for help, she *must* be saved.

Taking no thought of his own peril, he dashed out into the street and straight toward the flaming house like a whirlwind. Over the red-hot embers he flew, suffering the most frightful tortures, only thinking of Mabel and hoping to be able to reach her before he died. She was in a part of the house that had caught last, and was now standing at the window before a wild background of flames, calling for help with all the energy of mortal terror. Her father was miles away, and knew nothing of

the fire. Her poor mother, who had supposed her to be at the house of a friend, was running backward and forward, wringing her hands and offering enormous rewards to any one who would venture to save her darling. Just at that moment there appeared another form in the casement. A cry of hope resounded through the crowd as our boy unrolled a coil of rope he had snatched from one of the firemen as he passed. It was the work of a moment to fasten it securely around Mabel's body, and prepare to lower her to the ground, which was fortunately quite free from embers directly under the window. A man rushed forward to receive her, and our boy, with supernatural strength, lowered her gently till she was in the arms of the man, who lifted her high in the air, amid the shouts and applause of the crowd. The applause, however, soon changed to groans, for hardly had the child been restored to the embraces of her mother when the whole interior of the house in the part where our hero was standing gave way with a frightful crash, and, with one whirr-r-r bang, this world was over for the birch-bark boy.

The next morning the father returned to town, and found his home in ruins. But he soon placed Mabel and her mother in comfortable rooms, where they could stay until their new home could be made ready. Hardly had the little family assembled when the door-bell rang. An old woman wished to see them on important business. They were all three rather surprised when they saw their strange-looking visitor; but having been brought up in the best manner, they did not manifest their astonishment by either look or word until the old woman said:

"Would you not like to see the boy that saved your little girl's life?"

"Indeed we would," exclaimed all three together. "But we thought he was killed and buried in the ruins. How is he? Where is he? Who found him?"

"But is he really alive?" cried little Mabel, her blue eyes dilating. "Ah! no, he cannot be; he must be dead, and you are cruel to come here and tell stories." And with these words her tears and sobs broke forth afresh.

"Hush, Mabel!" said her mother quickly, for something in the old woman's look or manner impressed her she could hardly tell how, though she did not know their visitor was a fairy.

"Never mind, n-e-v-e-r mind," answered the fairy soothingly. "I like her the better for being fond of the boy who twice preserved her life; but I can assure you he is alive and well, as you shall see for yourself if you will come to the cottage just outside the town at three o'clock this afternoon. I saved him from the fire myself, for I am his guardian."

With these words she vanished in a mist, leaving them in a state of astonishment not to be described.

Our story is all told, as much as any story can be told. Of course Mabel and her parents went to the cottage outside of the town; of course they found there a beautiful youth,—birch-bark boy no longer, but as fine a young fellow as one could wish to see,—who recognized Mabel at once, and gladly

accepted the father and mother, who said he must go home with them and be Mabel's brother. And, of course, they all were happy as could be to the very end of their lives.

But our boy, for some strange reason, though he could talk, and leap and romp like any other young fellow, never liked to go alone to the forest, and to his dying day he always shuddered when he heard the old proverb, "His bark is worse than his bite."

HOW DOLLS ARE MADE.

BY OLIVE THORNE.

DARLING Rosabel came from the rag-bag.

From the rag-bag! you don't see how anything nice can come from such a place, do you say?

I fear you'll be shocked when I tell you that not only Rosabel, who is a "perfectly lovely" wax doll, but your own most precious dolly, if she's anything better than china, probably came out of the same dreadful place.

To be sure her head, neck, hands and feet are all of wax outside, and as only this covering shows, she is just as good and as pretty as though she were wax all through; and you know the old saying that "beauty is but skin deep." But, nevertheless, she *did* come out of the rag-bag, and I'll tell you all about it, while she sits there on the sofa, elegantly dressed, and looking as lovely as though she never even heard of such things as rags.

The true story of her life, since she was first created, would be very interesting; but it would make a big book, and I can't tell you half of it.

A new doll, did you say? Well, I know she has not lived long in her present shape, but you must remember that she was not always a doll; she was once wrapped up in a green bud, growing on a bush. She came out of that a long white bit of cotton, went through ever so many processes, and became cotton cloth of some kind; was bought and sold, and made up, and used, washed and ironed, and worn out as cloth, just to begin with. Think of all that probably happened to her before she even became rags!

That was only the beginning. After being worn-out rags she went into the rag-bag or the alley, made a journey on the back of a rag-man, went through a dreadful course of soaking and washing, and boiling, and bleaching, and pressing, and dry-

ing, and ever so much else, before she came out nice clean paper, ready for use again. Did you suspect your dolly had ever been paper?

Well, she was paper once, and who can tell what may have been her life while in that state, whether she was beautiful note-paper and carried loving



THE MODELER AT WORK.

messages from one friend to another, or whether she was used for business writing, or for wrapping up confectioners' dainties, or whether she was made into a book or not, or did good or harm. She'll never open her lips to tell of her past life; but you may be sure she was put to some use as paper, and

could tell strange stories of what she has seen, if she could only remember—and talk.

You see she's very old, older than any of you,

turn around if he wishes. From a lump of soft clay, he has cut and shaped a doll's head and neck, and in another lump of clay near him, you see he has stuck his spare knives. When the model is finished, the modeler makes lines on it, with colored crayons, as a guide to the next workman, who is called a molder.

When the pattern, or model, is ready, there must be made a mold, in which to shape the paper pulp from the kettle. This is made by the molder. He takes the pretty clay model, when it is dry and hard, and lays it face up, in a dish of wet clay, pressing the clay into every corner up to the colored line which the modeler



MAKING THE MOLD.

and I don't think it's respectful to old age to treat her as some of you do. I hope you'll mend your manners toward her, now that you know about her age and dignity.

When the paper of which she is made was old and soiled, and unfit for use, it was taken to a doll manufactory, in the little city of Sonneburg, near the northern border of Bavaria, and there it went through the operations that made it into this pretty doll. I can show you, as well as tell you about it, for here are some sketches taken for ST. NICHOLAS in one of those very factories.

The first thing, of course, is to make that mass of paper into a clean pulp, and we'll leave it boiling away in a big kettle, while we see what the doll-makers are doing, to get ready to use it. First they must have a model of Miss Dolly's head. A model, you know, is a figure made of the exact size and shape of the head, for a pattern.

Now look at the picture on page 228. The man is making a model. You see he has a narrow workbench which he can make higher or lower, or even

made. This being done, he builds a wall of clay around the mass, coming up some inches higher all around than the face of the model, which is left uncovered. The whole looks like a box half full of clay, with a face looking out of it. In the



WORKING THE PAPER DOUGH.

upper picture on this page, you see one man holding the clay walls together, while the other one pours over the face some melted sulphur which he has taken from the stove. Sometimes plaster of Paris

is used instead of sulphur, but it is not thought to be so good.

The mold is not done yet. The clay was put on merely to protect that part of the head while the rest was molded. When the sulphur is cold, the box is turned over, and the clay taken away, leaving Miss Rosabel with her face buried in sulphur. It's well she cannot smell; the visitors to the room who *can*, do not care to stay long.

Clay walls are again built up, and more sulphur is poured in to make a mold for the back of her head. The boxes on the floor in the picture are molds, as they look when done, and the open one shows you the two separate sides.

Now the mold is finished, and we must go back to our paper pulp, which we left boiling, you know. When soft and ready for use the water is squeezed out, and other things added—some powdered clay to make it stiff, and a little glue to make it sticky. These are worked up together till the mass is about like dough, and indeed it is made into loaves, as you see in the third picture.

The loaves are on the floor, under the table, and the man with the rolling-pin is rolling out the paper dough—papier maché it is called—for the other man to shape. He makes it a little thicker than pie crust, and then cuts it into pieces the right size for use, making a pile of them, with flour or powdered clay between to prevent their sticking together.

The man next to him is pressing one of these thin cakes of paper dough into the molds for Dolly's head, and the third man is making it fit more nicely into every crack and corner of the mold, with a tool of some sort, so that it will be a perfect copy of the original model. You see they are smoking. That is because they have to keep the room very hot so that the heads will dry quickly, and the heat makes the workmen so sleepy that they smoke to keep themselves awake.

See the half heads laid out to dry on the table, and the finished heads on the shelves behind the workmen.

But to go on, when the man has carefully fitted the sheet of dough into every part of the mold, he pares off the edges with a knife as you see a cook cut the crust from a pie plate, lifts the half head out of the mold, and lays it on the table to dry a little. When dry enough it is again pressed in the mold to give it a more perfect shape, and then is dried for the last time. The two halves being

finished, they are glued together, and Miss Rosabel for the first time takes an upright position on a shelf, where she stands till she is hard and dry, looking more like stiff pasteboard than anything else.

Miss Dolly is not very pretty in that state, I must admit. She is of a dingy gray color, with no eyes and no hair. However, she is not yet finished.



SMOOTHING AND COLORING DOLLS' HEADS.

Her next journey is to the eye-setter. A rough doctor he is, and the first thing he does is to cut off the top of her head, by running a sharp knife around it, and knocking the piece out with a hammer.

What for? Merely to put in her eyes, my dear; and a curious operation it is, too. If they were immovable eyes, like a common doll's, they would be simply glued in; but in a young lady of Miss Rosabel's pretensions, who meekly shuts her eyes when her mamma lays her down, there is much to be done.

In the first place, the eyes themselves, life-like as possible, have been carefully made of glass, in a large factory which turns out nothing but eyes. These the eye-setter now fastens to a piece of curved wire with a ball of lead on the end. It is the weight of this lead which makes her eyes close when her head goes down. Then the workman, with a sharp knife, cuts a hole for each eye, and goes on to put them in. I can't explain exactly how he makes them all secure, but there is plaster to hold them in place, and support the cheeks; a cork, or sponge, to keep the lead from hitting her chin; pieces of wood to prevent her head from being easily crushed, and various arrangements by means of which the whole is made firm and strong, and able to endure the hard knocks she may expect, in the rough life before her.

When everything is in, the cut-off slice of her head is glued on again, and Miss Rosabel has received all the furnishing for the inside of her head, that she will ever have. If your poor doll ever is so unfortunate as to break her head, you can look in and see all this machinery, if you like.

Now the inside is finished, the next thing is to put on her lovely complexion.

First must be removed any roughness, such as bits of glue at the seams of her head.

Women now go to work on Miss Rosabel's head, as you see in the picture on the opposite page. One of them is filing the roughness off, and the other is giving it a coat of ruddy flesh-colored paint, from the top of the head to the ends of the shoulders. Dolls who have hair made of the same material as their heads, like bisque and china dolls, have the hair varnished black, but Rosabel has real hair, so she is colored alike all over. A frightful-looking object she is, too, with color enough for a boiled lobster.

When she has received her color, and got dry, which she does under the hands of these rather sour-looking women, she proceeds to the next operator, who is the waxer. You see him below.

In the kettle is boiling clear white beeswax, and

one giving her a thin coat of wax, and toning down her flaming complexion into the delicate pink which you see. The reason she was painted so red, you know, is that she may have the proper tint when the wax is on.

I should have told you before that her hands and feet were made in the same way as her head, molded, and painted, and waxed.

In this picture you see the bodies of cloth or leather. They are made by families outside of the factory, and brought in all ready for the heads. Can your dolly cry? Rosabel can, and therefore her body is stuffed with hay, because sawdust, the usual stuffing, would get into her crying machine, and make her dumb forever after. To give her a voice, you must know, she has a sort of a bellows-like arrangement, such as you have seen attached to a toy cat, which when pressed would mew.

These parts are all made and put together outside of the factory and the finished bodies brought in. And now comes the next process, which is coloring her face. You thought she had color enough. Well, she has her flesh tint, but her lips are white and she has no eyebrows, nor lashes, and no brighter cheeks than firebrands, which will never do. She must go to the painting room.



THE WAXER.

into it you see Miss Dolly has been dipped, and is being held up to drain. If she had been intended for a cheap doll, she would have received but one dip, but being destined to belong to the aristocracy of the doll world, she received several dips, each

On the next page you will see one of the workmen in this room.

In this room is a long table with several workmen, each of whom does only one thing. The first one paints Miss Dolly's lips, and sets her down



PAINTING THE DOLL'S FACE.

on the other side of him. The next one takes her up and puts on her eyebrows. The third colors her cheeks. The fourth pencils her eyelashes, and so she goes on down the table, growing prettier at every step.

But she has yet no hair. Now Rosabel has a regular wig, made of real hair on a foundation of lace, and glued on, but many of the dolls in the factory have locks made of fine wool, which look like real hair. This wool is braided up tight, and boiled to make it stay wavy. It is curled over a glass tube, and glued to the head curl by curl, whether long or short. If it is yellow, it is the natural color of the wool; if any other color, it has been dyed.

Here is a picture of girls arranging the hair, and you see they seem to enjoy the work. Sometimes the hair is elaborately braided, and done up in style. I dare say you have seen it put around in a droll German coil, and held by tiny hair-pins. Generally, however, it is preferred in curls or loose waves.

Now the head is done; and how many people do you suppose have had a hand in bringing it from the paper pulp to the present state? You can't tell? Not less than thirty-eight, each one of whom never does but one thing, and thus becomes very skillful.

But though the head is finished, Miss Rosabel is not yet out of the factory. She must have her head, as well as her hands and feet, glued fast to her body; and then—last but by no means least—she must have a wardrobe. Cheap dolls have merely one garment, loosely stitched together by a machine at the rate of about two cents a dozen. But our dolly was sent to a regular dolls' dress-maker, and clothed from head to foot in a very pretty suit. Of course it is not in style now, for it was made several months ago, you must know.

The last picture shows the dolls going to the warerooms. You see how neatly they are packed in the basket cradle, and carried between two girls. In the warehouse Miss Rosabel was surrounded by hundreds and thousands of fellow dolls, many of them made in the same mold with herself, and as like her as twin sisters could be.

I have read of one of those warehouses, where twelve rooms were filled with dolls, of all sizes from one inch long to two feet high. One room was entirely filled with wooden-jointed dolls, an inch and a-half long, piled in a loose heap from floor to ceiling, and another room contained nothing but dolls' heads. There were millions of dolls in that one house.

You wish you could go there? It would be interesting to you. It looks very droll to see a cart going through the streets filled with dolls' legs,



DRESSING DOLLS' HAIR.

for instance, each one with clean white stocking and bright slipper painted on.

One wholesale house in that town buys thirty thousand of the inch and a-half babies every week the year round. For my part, I should think a few years of such work would nearly pave our streets with wooden dolls. A smart worker can make twenty dozen of this size in a day.

Would n't it be funny to live where almost the only business carried on is toy-making? Where grown up men and women spend their whole lives in inventing, improving, and making dolls that

there I found her last winter, on the day before Christmas, and brought her home to a little girl that I know.

I'm obliged to confess, before I finish, that Rosabel and others made in that factory are not the very nicest dolls made. There is the genuine wax doll, whose head is of wax all through, and whose curls, and eyebrows, and eyelashes are of real hairs, put into the head one by one. Such a doll, with her wardrobe, costs several hundred dollars, and is too nice to play with, though very pretty to look at. No doubt, you little city maids have seen



GOING TO THE WARE-ROOMS.

talk, and turn their heads, and shut their eyes, and creep, and walk, besides engines that run, and horses that draw a load, and steamboats that go—a million of dollars' worth in a year, and all to amuse the great army of little folks in the world?

The children who live in that fairy land, however, care very little for toys; the poor little creatures are all workers. When very young they begin to learn to make some one toy, or part of a toy, and they spend their whole lives at it. The pay is small, and every one of the family must help.

But to go back to Rosabel. From that warehouse she was packed in a box and sent on a sea voyage. Arrived in America, she was once more brought to light, set up in a shop window, and

them, with their beautiful trunks full of clothes, dresses of all sorts, shoes, gloves, parasols, jewelry, pocket handkerchiefs, brushes and combs, and nearly everything a grown lady needs in her trunk.

Do you wish you had one? Well, my dear, let me tell you a secret; you would n't enjoy it half so much as you do dolls you can play with, and dress and attend to yourself. They are puppets,—not babies.

The other dolls in your play-house, the bisque and china, are made in the same way as Rosabel, only the dough is of clay instead of paper pulp, and the heads are baked to make them hard.

So your pretty bisque dolls are made of mud, and your wax ones came from the rag-bag. Is n't it wonderful what changes go on in the world?

THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER V.

THE BOY WITH ONE SUSPENDER.

JACK'S first thought, after assuring himself that his horse was irrevocably gone, was to run for help to the line of settlements on the other side of the grove, where some means of pursuit might be obtained.

He knew that the road which Mr. Wiggett had described could not be much beyond the hollow where his wagon was; and, dashing forward, he soon found it. Then, stopping to give a last despairing look at the billowy line of prairie over which his horse had disappeared, he started to run through the woods.

He had not gone far when he heard a cow-bell rattle, and the voice of a boy shouting. He paused to take breath and listen; and presently with a crashing of bushes three or four horned cattle came pushing their way through the undergrowth, into the open road, followed by a lad without a jacket, with one suspender and a long switch.

"Boy," Jack cried, "how far is it to the nearest house?"

"Our house is jest down through the woods here," replied the boy, stopping to stare.

"How far is that?"

"Not quite so far as it is to Peakslow's house."

"Where is Peakslow's house?"

"Next house to ours, down the river."

Seeing that this line of questions was not likely to lead to anything very satisfactory, Jack asked:

"Can I get a horse of anybody in your neighborhood,—a good fast horse to ride?"

The boy whipped a bush with his switch, and replied:

"There aint any good horses around here, 'thout 't is Peakslow's; but one of his has got the spring-halt, and t'other's got the blind staggers; and he's too mean to lend his horses; and, besides, he went to Chicago with 'em both this morning."

Jack did not stop to question the probability of a span thus afflicted being driven on so long a journey; but asked if Mr. Wiggett had horses.

"No—yes. I believe his horses are all oxen," replied the boy; "not very fast or good to ride, either."

Thereupon Jack, losing all patience, cried out: "Isn't there a decent nag to be had in this region?"

"Who said there was n't?" retorted the boy.

"Where is there one?"

"We've got one."

"A horse?"

"No; a mare."

"Why did n't you tell me before?"

"'Cause you asked for horses; you did n't say anything about mares."

"Is she good to ride?"

"Pretty good,—though if you make her go much faster 'n she takes a notion to, she's got the heaves so folks 'll think there's a small volcano coming!"

"How fast will she go?"

"As fast as a good slow walk; that's her style," said the boy, and whipped the bushes. "But, come to think, father's away from home, and you'll have to wait till to-morrow night before you can see him, and get him to let you take her."

"Boy," said Jack, tired of the lad's tone of levity, and thinking to interest him by a statement of the facts in the case, "I've been hunting, and a rascal I trusted with my horse has run off with him, and I have a harness and a buggy and a couple of dead deer out there on the prairie."

"Deer?" echoed the lad, pricking up his ears at once. "Did you shoot 'em? Where? Can I go and see 'em?"

Jack was beginning to see the hopelessness of pursuing the horse-thief that night, or with any help to be had in that region; and he now turned his thoughts to getting the buggy home.

"Yes, boy; come with me," he said.

The boy shouted and switched his stick at the cattle browsing by the wayside, and started them on a smart trot down the road, then hastened with Jack to the spot where the wagon and game had been left, guarded by Lion.

But Jack had another object in view than simply to gratify the lad's curiosity.

"If you will hold up the shafts and pull a little, I'll push behind, and we can take the buggy through the woods. After we get it up out of this hollow, and well into the road, it will be down-hill the rest of the way."

"You want to make a horse of me, do ye?" cried the boy. "I was n't born in a stable!"

"Neither was I," said Jack. "But I don't object to doing a horse's work. I'll pull in the shafts."

"O good!" screamed the boy, making his switch whistle about his head. "And I'll get on the seat and drive!" And he made a spring at the wagon.

But Lion had something to say about that. Having been placed on guard, and not yet relieved, he would permit no hand but his master's to touch anything in his charge. A frightful growl made the boy recoil and go backward over the dead deer.

"Here, Lion! down with you!" cried Jack, as the excited dog was pouncing on the supposed intruder.

The boy scrambled to his feet, and was starting to run away, in great terror, when Jack, fearing to lose him, called out:

"Don't run! He may chase you if you do. Now he knows you are my friend, you are safe, only stay where you are."

"Blast his pictur'!" exclaimed the boy. "He's a perfect cannibal! What does anybody want to keep such a savage critter as that for?"

"I had told him to watch. Now he is all right. Come!"

"Me? Travel with that dog? I would n't go with him," the boy declared, meaning to make the strongest possible statement, "if 't was a million miles, and you'd fill the road with sugar-candy all the way!" And he backed off warily.

Jack got over the difficulty by sending the dog on before; and finally, by an offer of money, which would purchase a reasonable amount of sugar-candy,—enough to pave the short road to happiness, for a boy of thirteen,—induced him to help lift the deer into the buggy, and then to go behind and push.

They had hard work at first, getting the wagon up out of the hollow; and the boy, when they reached at last the top of the hill, and stopped to rest, declared that there was n't half the fun in it there was in going a-fishing; the justice of which remark Jack did not question. But after that the way was comparatively easy; and with Jack pulling in the shafts, his new acquaintance pushing in the rear, and Lion trotting on before, the buggy went rattling down the woodland road in lively fashion.

CHAPTER VI.

"LORD BETTERSON'S."

On a sort of headland jutting out from the high timber region into the low prairie of the river bot-

tom, stood a house, known far and near as "Lord Betterton's," or, as it was sometimes derisively called, "Lord Betterton's Castle," the house being about as much a castle as the owner was a lord.

The main road of the settlement ran between it and the woods; while on the side of the river, the land swept down in a lovely slope to the valley, which flowed away in a wider and more magnificent stream of living green. It was really a fine site, shaded by five or six young oaks left standing in the spacious door-yard.

The trouble was, that the house had been pro-



UP-HILL WORK.

jected on somewhat too grand a scale for the time and country, and, what was worse, for the owner's resources. He had never been able to finish it; and now its weather-browed clapboards, unpainted front pillars, and general shabby, ill-kept appearance set off the style of architecture in a way to make beholders smile.

"Lord Betterton took a bigger mouthful than he could swallow, when he sot out to build his castle here," said his neighbor, Peakslow.

The proprietor's name—it may as well be explained—was Elisha Lord Betterton. It was thus he always wrote it, in a large round hand, with a bold flourish. Now the common people never will submit to call a man *Elisha*. The furthest they can possibly go will be '*Lisha*, or '*Lishy*;' and, ten

to one, the tendency to monosyllables will result in '*Lishe*. There had been a feeble attempt among the vulgar to familiarize the public mind with '*Lishe Betterson*'; but the name would not stick to a person of so much dignity of character. It was useless to argue that his dignity was mere pomposity; or that a man who, in building a fine house, broke down before he got the priming on, was unworthy of respect; still no one could look at him, or call up his image, and say, conscientiously, "*Lishe Betterson*." He who, in this unsettled state of things, taking a hint from the middle name, pronounced boldly aloud, "*LORD BETTERSON*," was a public benefactor. "*Lord Betterson*" and "*Lord Betterson's Castle*" had been popular ever since.

The house, with its door-posts of unpainted pine, darkly soiled by the contact of unwashed childish hands, and its unfinished rooms, some of them lathed, but unplastered (showing just the point at which the owner's resources failed), looked even more shabby within than without.

This may have been partly because the house-keeper was sick. She must have been sick, if that was she, the pale, drooping figure, sitting wrapped in an old red shawl, that summer afternoon. She looked not only sick, but exceedingly discouraged. And no wonder.

At her right hand was an empty cradle; and she held a puny infant in her arms, trying to still its cries. At her left was a lounge, on which lay the helpless form of an invalid child, a girl about eleven years old. The room was comfortless. An old, high-colored piece of carpeting half covered the rough floor; its originally gaudy pattern, out of which all but the red had faded, bearing witness to some past stage of family gentility, and serving to set off the surrounding wretchedness.

Tipped back in a chair against the rough and broken laths, his knees as high as his chin, was a big, slovenly boy of about seventeen, looking lazily out from under an old, ragged hat-rim, pushed over his eyes. Another big, slovenly boy, a year or two younger, sat on the door-step, whittling quite as much for his own amusement as for that of a little five-year-old ragamuffin outside.

Not much comfort for the poor woman and the sick girl shone from these two indifferent faces. Indeed the only ray of good cheer visible in that disorderly room gleamed from the bright eyes of a little girl not more than nine or ten years old,—so small, in truth, that she had to stand on a stool by the table, where she was washing a pan of dishes.

"O boys!" said the woman in a feeble, complaining tone, "do, one of you, go to the spring and bring some fresh water for your poor, sick sister."

"It's Rufe's turn to go for water," said the boy on the door-step.

"Taint my turn, either," muttered the boy tipped back against the laths. "Besides, I've got to milk the cow soon as Link brings the cattle home. Hear the bell yet, Wad?"

"Never mind, Cecie!" cried the little dish-washer, cheerily. "I'll bring you some water as soon as I have done these dishes."

And, holding her wet hands behind her, she ran to give the young invalid a kiss in the meanwhile.

Cecie returned a warm smile of love and thanks, and said she was in no hurry. Then the child, stopping only to give a bright look and a pleasant word to the baby, ran back to her dishes.

"I should think you would be ashamed, you two great boys!" said the woman, "to sit round the house and let that child, Lilian, wait upon you, get your suppers, wash your dishes, and then go to the spring for water for your poor suffering sister!"

"I'm going to petition the Legislature," said Wad, "to have that spring moved up into our back yard; it's too far to go for water. There come the cattle, Rufe."

"Tell Chokie to go and head 'em into the barn-yard," yawned Rufe, from his chair. "I wonder nobody ever invented a milking machine. Wish I had one. Just turn a crank, you know."

"You'll be wanting a machine to breathe with, next," said the little dish-washer.

"Y-a-as," drawled Rufe. "I think a breathing machine would be popular in this family. Children cry for it. Get me the milk-pail, Lill; that's a nice girl!"

"Do get it yourself, Rufus," said the mother. "You'll want your little sister to milk for you, soon."

"I think it belongs to girls to milk," said Rufe. "There's Sal Wiggett,—aint she smart at it, though? She can milk your head off! Is that a wagon coming, Wad?"

"Yes!" cried Wad, jumping to his feet with unusual alacrity. "A wagon without a horse, a fellow pulling in the shafts, and Link pushing behind; coming right into the front yard!"

Rufe also started up at this announcement, and went to the door.

"Hallo!" he said, "had a break-down? What's that in the hind part of your wagon? Deer! a deer and a fawn! Where did you shoot 'em? Where's your horse?"

"Look out, Rufe!" screamed the small boy from behind, rushing forward. "Touch one of these deer, and the dog'll have ye! We've got two deer, but we've lost our horse,—scamp rode him away,—and we want —"

"We do, do we?" interrupted Wad, mockingly. "How many deer did *you* shoot, Link?"

"Well, I helped get the buggy over, anyway! And that's the savagest dog ever was! And—say! will mother let us take the old mare to drive over to North Mills this evening?"

CHAPTER VII.

JACK AT THE "CASTLE."

FOR an answer to this question, the person most interested in it, who had as yet said least, was shown into the house. Rufe and Wad and Link and little Chokie came crowding in after him, all eager to hear him talk of the adventure.

"And, O ma!" cried Link, after Jack had briefly told his story, "he says he will give us the fawn, and pay me besides, if I will go with him to-night, and bring back the old mare in the morning."

"I don't know," said the woman, wrapping her red shawl more closely about her, to conceal from the stranger her untidy attire. "I suppose, if Mr. Betterson was at home he would let you take the mare. But you know, Lincoln,"—turning with a reproachful look to the small boy,—“you have never been brought up to take money for little services. Such things are not becoming in a family like ours."

And in the midst of her distress, she put on a complacent smirk, straightened her emaciated form and sat there, looking like the very ghost of pride, wrapped in an old red shawl.

"Did you speak of Mr. Betterson?" Jack inquired, interested.

"That is my husband's name."

"Elisha L. Betterson?"

"Certainly. You know my husband? He belongs to the Philadelphia Bettersons—a very wealthy and influential family," said the woman, with a simper. "Very wealthy and influential."

"I have heard of your husband," said Jack. "If I am not mistaken, you are Mrs. Caroline Betterson—a sister of Vinnie Dalton, sometimes called Vinnie Presbit."

"You know my sister Lavinia!" exclaimed Mrs. Betterson, surprised, but not overjoyed. "And you know Mr. Presbit's people?"

"I have never seen them," replied Jack, "but I almost feel as if I had, I have heard so much about them. I was with Vinnie's foster-brother, George Greenwood, in New York, last summer, when he was sick, and she went down to take care of him."

"And I presume," returned Mrs. Betterson, taking another reef in her shawl, "that you heard her tell a good deal about us; things that would no doubt tend to prejudice a stranger; though

if all the truth was known, she would n't feel so hard toward us as I have reason to think she does."

Jack hastened to say that he had never heard Vinnie speak unkindly of her sister.

"You are very polite to say so," said Mrs. Betterson, rocking the cradle, in which the baby had been placed. "But I know just what she has said. She has told you that after I married Mr. Betterson I felt above my family; and that when her mother died (she was not *my* mother, you know,—we are only half-sisters), I suffered her to be taken and brought up by the Presbits, when I ought to have taken her and been as a mother to her,—she was so much younger than I. She is even younger by a month or two than my oldest son; and we have joked a good deal about his having an aunt younger than he is."

"Yes," spoke up Rufe, standing in the door; "and I've asked a hundred times why we don't ever hear from her, or write to her, or have her visit us. Other folks have their aunts come and see 'em. But all the answer I could ever get was, 'Family reasons, Rufus!'"

"That is it, in a word," said Mrs. Betterson; "family reasons. I never could explain them; so I have never written to poor, dear Lavinia—though, Heaven knows, I should be glad enough to see her; and I hope she has forgiven what seemed my hardness; and—do tell me" (Mrs. Betterson wiped her eyes) "what sort of a girl is she? how has she come up?"

"She is one of the kindest-hearted, most unselfish, beautiful girls in the world!" Jack exclaimed. "I mean, beautiful in her spirit," he added, blushing at his own enthusiasm.

"The Presbits are rather coarse people to bring up such a girl," said Mrs. Betterson, with a sigh—of self-reproach, Jack thought.

"But she has a natural refinement, which nothing could make her lose," he replied. "Then, it was a good thing for her to be brought up with George Greenwood. She owes a great deal to the love of books he inspired in her. You ought to know your sister, Mrs. Betterson."

The lady gave way to a flood of tears.

"It is too bad! such separations are unnatural. Certainly," she went on, "I can't be accused of feeling above my family now. Mr. Betterson has had three legacies left him, two since our marriage; but he has been exceedingly unfortunate."

"Two such able-bodied boys must be a help and comfort to you," said Jack.

"Rufus and Wadleigh," said Mrs. Betterson, "are good boys, but they have been brought up to dreams of wealth, and they have not learned to take hold of life with rough hands."

Jack suggested that it might have been better for them not to have such dreams.

"Yes—if our family is to be brought down to the common level. But I can't forget, I can't wish them ever to forget, that they have Betterton blood in their veins."

Jack could hardly repress a smile as he glanced from those stout heirs of the Betterton blood to the evidences of shiftlessness and wretchedness around them, which two such sturdy lads, with a little less of the precious article in their veins, might have done something to remedy.

But his own unlucky adventure absorbed his thoughts, and he was glad when Link vociferously demanded if he was to go and catch the mare.

"Yes! yes! do anything but kill me with that dreadful voice!" replied the mother, waving him off with her trembling hand. "Don't infer from what I have said," she resumed, gathering herself up again with feeble pride, "that we are poor. Mr. Betterton will come into a large fortune when an uncle of his dies; and he gets help from him occasionally now. Not enough, however, to enable him to carry on the farm; and it requires capital, you are aware, to make agriculture a respectable profession."

Jack could not forbear another hit at the big boys.

"It requires land," he said; "and that you have. It also requires bone and muscle; and I see some here."

"True," simpered Mrs. Betterton. "But their father has n't encouraged them very much in doing the needful labors of the farm."

"He has n't set us the example," broke in Rufe, piqued by Jack's remark. "If he had taken hold of work, I suppose we should. But while he sits down and waits for somebody or something to come along and help him, what can you expect of us?"

"Our Betterton blood shows itself in more ways than one!" said Wad, with a grin, illustrating his remark by lazily seating himself once more on the door-step.

Evidently the boys were sick of hearing their mother boast of the aristocratic family connection. She made haste to change the subject.

"Sickness has been our great scourge. The climate has never agreed with either me or my husband. Then our poor Cecilia met with an accident a year ago, which injured her so that she has scarcely taken a step since."

"An accident done a-purpose!" spoke up Rufe, angrily. "Zeph Peakslow threw her out of a swing—the meanest trick! They're the meanest family in the world, and there's a war between us. I'm only waiting my chance to pay off that Zeph."

"Rufus!" pleaded the little invalid from the

lounge, "you know he could never have meant to hurt me so much. Don't talk of paying him off, Rufus!"

"Cecie is so patient under it all!" said Mrs. Betterton. "She never utters a word of complaint. Yet she does n't have the care she ought to have. With my sick baby, and my own aches and pains, what can I do? There are no decent house-servants to be had, for love or money. O, what would n't I give for a good, neat, intelligent, sympathizing girl! Our little Lillian, here,—poor child!—is all the help I have."

At that moment the bright little dish-washer, having put away the supper things, and gone to the spring for water, came lugging in a small but brimming pail.

"It is too bad!" replied Jack. "You should have help about the hard work," with another meaning glance at the boys.

"Yes," said Rufe, "we ought to; and we did have Sal Wiggett a little while this summer. But she had never seen the inside of a decent house before. About all she was good for was to split wood and milk the cow."

"O, how good this is!" said the invalid, drinking. "I was so thirsty! Bless you, dear Lill! What should we do without you?"

Jack rose to his feet, hardly repressing his indignation.

"Would you like a drink, sir?" said Lill, taking a fresh cupful from her pail, and looking up at him with a bright smile.

"Thank you, I should very much! But I can't bear the thought of your lugging water from the spring for me."

"Why, Lillie!" said Cecie, softly, "you should have offered it to him first."

"I thought I did right to offer it to my sick sister first," replied Lill, with a tender glance at the lounge.

"You did right, my good little girl!" exclaimed Jack, giving back the cup. He looked from one to the other of the big boys, and wondered how they could witness this scene and not be touched by it. But he only said:

"Have these young men too much Betterton blood in them to dress the fawn, if I leave it with you?"

"We'll fall back on our Dalton blood, long enough for that," said Wad, taking the sarcasm in good part.

"A little young venison will do Cecie so much good!" said Mrs. Betterton. "You are very kind. But don't infer that we consider the Dalton blood inferior. I was pleased with what you said of Lavinia's native refinement. I feel as if, after all, she was a sister to be proud of."

At this last display of pitiful vanity, Jack turned away.

"The idea of such a woman concluding that she may be proud of a sister like Vinnie!" thought he.

But he spoke only to say good-by; for just then Link came riding the mare to the door.

She was quickly harnessed to the buggy, while Link, at his mother's entreaty, put on a coat, and made himself look as decent as possible. Then Jack drove away, promising that Link, who accompanied him, should bring the mare back in the morning.

"Mother," said the thoughtful Lill, "we ought to have got him some supper."

"I thought of it," said the sick woman, "but you know we have nothing fit to set before him."

"He won't famish," said Rufe,—"with the large supply of sauce which he keeps on hand! Mother, I wish you would n't ever speak of our Betterson blood again; it only makes us ridiculous."

Thereupon Mrs. Betterson burst into tears, complaining that her own children turned against her.

"O, bah!" exclaimed Rufe, with disgust, stalking out of the room, banging a milk-pail, and waking the baby. "Be sharpening the knives, Wad, while I milk; then we'll dress that fawn in a hurry. Wish the fellow had left us the doe instead."

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW VINNIE MADE A JOURNEY.

LEAVING Jack to drive home the borrowed mare in the harness of the stolen horse, and to take such measures as he could for the pursuit of the thief and the recovery of his property, we have now to say a few words of Mrs. Betterson's younger sister.

Vinnie had perhaps thriven quite as well in the plain Presbit household as she would have done in the home of the ambitious Caroline. The tasks early put upon her, instead of hardening and embittering her, had made her self-reliant, helpful and strong, with a grace like that acquired by girls who carry burdens on their heads. For it is thus that labors cheerfully performed, and trials borne with good-will and lightness of heart, give a power and a charm to body and mind.

It was now more than a year since George Greenwood, who had been brought up with her in his uncle's family, had left the farm, and gone to seek his fortune in the city. A great change in the house, and a very unhappy change for Vinnie, had been the result. It was not that she missed her foster-brother so much; but his going out had occasioned the coming in of another nephew, who brought a young wife with him. The nephew filled George's place on the farm, and the young wife

showed a strong determination to take Vinnie's place in the household.

As long as she was conscious of being useful, in however humble a sphere, Vinnie was contented. She did her daily outward duty, and fed her heart with secret aspirations, and kept a brave, bright spirit through all. But now nothing was left to her but to contend for her rights with the new-comer, or to act the submissive part of drudge where she had almost ruled before. Strife was hateful to her; and why should she remain where her services were now scarcely needed?

So Vinnie lapsed into an unsettled state of mind, common enough to a certain class of girls of her age, as well as to a larger class of boys, when the great questions of practical life confront them: "What am I to be? What shall I do for a living?"

How ardently she wished she had money, so that she could spend two or three entire years at school! How eagerly she would have used those advantages for obtaining an education which so many, who have them, carelessly throw away! But Vinnie had nothing—could expect nothing—which she did not earn.

At one time she resolved to go to work in a factory; at another, to try teaching a district school; and again, to learn some trade, like that of dress-maker or milliner. Often she wished for the freedom to go out into the world and gain her livelihood like a boy.

In this mood of mind she received two letters. One was from Jack, describing his accidental visit to her sister's family. The other was from Caroline herself, who made that visit the occasion of writing a plaintive letter to her "dear, neglected Lavinia."

Many tears she shed over these letters. The touching picture Jack drew of the invalid Cecie, and the brave little Lilian, and of the sick mother and baby, with Caroline's sad confession of distress, and of her need of sympathy and help, wakened springs of love and pity in the young girl's heart. She forgot that she had anything to forgive. All her half-formed schemes for self-help and self-culture were at once discarded, and she formed a courageous resolution.

"I will go to Illinois," she said, "and take care of my poor sister and her sick children."

Such a journey, from Western New York, was no small undertaking in those days. But she did not shrink from it.

"What!" said Mrs. Presbit, when Vinnie's determination was announced to her, "you will go and work for a sister who has treated you so shamefully all these years? Only a half-sister, at that! I'm astonished at you! I thought you had more spirit."

"For anything she may have done wrong, I am sure she is sorry enough now," Vinnie replied.

"Yes, now she has need of you!" sneered Mrs. Presbit.

"Besides," Vinnie continued, "I ought to go, for the children's sake, if not for hers. Think of Cecie and the poor baby; and Lilian, not ten years old, trying to do the housework! I can do so much for them!"

"No doubt of that; for I must say you are as handy and willing a girl as ever I see. But there's the Betterson side to the family,—two great, lubberly boys, according to your friend's account; a proud, domineering set, I warrant ye! The idee of making a slave of yourself for them! You'll find it a mighty uncomf'table place, mark my word!"

"I hope no more so than the place I am in now,—excuse me for saying it, Aunt Presbit," added Vinnie, in a trembling voice. "It is n't your fault. But you know how things are."

"O, la, yes! *she* wants to go ahead, and order everything; and I think it's as well to let her,—though she'll find she can't run over *me*! But I don't blame you the least mite, Vinnie, for feeling sensitive; and if you've made up your mind to go, I sha' n't hender ye,—I'll help ye all I can."

So it happened that, only four days after the receipt of her sister's letter, Vinnie, with all her worldly possessions contained in one not very large trunk, bade her friends good-by, and, not without misgivings, set out alone on her long journey.

She took a packet-boat on the canal for Buffalo. At Buffalo, with the assistance of friends she had made on board the boat, she found the captain of a schooner, who agreed to give her a passage around the lakes to Chicago, for four dollars. There were no railroads through Northern Ohio and across Michigan and Indiana, in those days; and, although there were steamboats on the lakes, Vinnie found that a passage on one of them would cost more money than she could afford. So she was glad to go in the schooner.

The weather was fine, the winds favored, and the "Heron" made a quick trip. Vinnie, after two or three days of sea-sickness, enjoyed the voyage, which was made all the more pleasant to her by the friendship of the captain and his wife.

She was interested in all she saw,—in watching the waves, the sailors hauling the ropes, the swelling of the great sails; in the vessels they met or passed, the ports at which they touched, the fort, the Indians, and the wonderfully clear depth of the water at Mackinaw. But the voyage grew tiresome toward the close, and her heart bounded with joy when the captain came into the cabin early one morning, and announced that they had reached Chicago.

The great Western metropolis was then a town of no more than eight or ten thousand inhabitants,

hastily and shabbily built on the low level of the plain stretching for miles back from the lake shore. In a short walk with the captain's wife, Vinnie saw about all of the place she cared to; noting particularly a load of hay "slewed," or mired, in the mud-holes of one of the principal streets; the sight of which made her wonder if a great and flourishing city could ever be built there!

Meanwhile the captain, by inquiry in the resorts of market-men, found a farmer who was going to drive out to the Long Woods settlement that afternoon, and who engaged to come with his wagon to the wharf where the "Heron" lay, and take off Vinnie and her trunk.

"O, how fortunate!" she exclaimed. "How good everybody is to me! Only think, I shall reach my sister's house to-night!"

CHAPTER IX.

VINNIE'S ADVENTURE.

IN due time a rough farm-wagon was backed down upon the wharf, and a swarthy man, with a high, hooked nose, like the inverted prow of a ship, boarded the schooner, and scratched his head, through its shock of stiff, coarse hair, by way of salutation to Vinnie, who came on deck to meet him.

"Do' no's you 'll like ridin' with me, in a lumber-wagon, on a stiff board seat."

"O, I sha' n't mind," said Vinnie, who was only too glad to go.

"What part of the settlement are you goin' to?" he asked, as he lifted one end of the trunk, while the captain took up the other.

"To Mr. Betterson's house; Mrs. Betterson is my sister," said Vinnie.

The man dropped his end of the trunk, and turned and glared at her.

"You've got holt o' the wrong man this time!" he said. "I don't take nobody in my wagon to the house of no sich a man as Lord Betterson. Ye may tell him as much."

"Will you take me to any house near by?" said the astonished Vinnie.

"Not if you're a connection of the Bettersons' I won't for no money! I've nothin' to do with that family, but to hate and despise 'em. Tell 'em that too. But they know it a'ready. My name's Dudley Peakslow."

And, in spite of the captain's remonstrance, the angry man turned his back upon the schooner, and drove off in his wagon.

It took Vinnie a minute to recover from the shock his rude conduct gave her. Then she smiled faintly and said:

"It's too bad I could n't have a ride in his old

wagon! But he would n't be very agreeable company, would he?"

So she tried to console herself for the disappointment. She had thought all along: "If I can do no better, I will take the stage to North Mills; Jack will help me get over to my sister's from there." And it now seemed as if she might have to take that route.

The schooner was discharging her miscellaneous freight of Eastern merchandise,—dry goods, groceries, hardware, boots and shoes,—and the captain



TOO OBLIGING BY HALF.

was too much occupied to do anything more for her that afternoon.

She grew restless under the delay; feeling that she ought to make one more effort to find a conveyance direct to Long Woods, she set off alone to make inquiries for herself.

The first place she visited was a hotel she had noticed in her morning's walk,—the "Farmers' Home;" and she was just going away from the door, having met with no success, when a slim youth, carrying his head jauntily on one side, came tripping after her, and accosted her with an apologetic smile and lifted hat.

"Excuse me,—I was told you wanted to find somebody going out to Mr. Betterson's at Long Woods."

"O, yes! do you know of anybody I can ride with?"

"I am in a way of knowing,—why, yes,—I think there is a gentleman going out early to-morrow morning. A gentleman and his daughter. Wife and daughter, in fact. A two-seated wagon; you might ride on the hind-seat with the daughter. Stopping at the 'Prairie Flower.'"

"O, thank you! And can I go there and find them?"

"I am going that way, and, if you please, I will introduce you," said the youth.

Vinnie replied that, if he would give her their names, she would save him the trouble. For, despite his affability, there was something about him she distrusted and disliked,—an indefinable air of insincerity, and a look out of his eyes of gay vagabondism and dissipation.

He declared that it would be no trouble; moreover, he could not at that moment recall the names; so, as there was no help for it, she let him walk by her side.

At the "Prairie Flower,"—which was not quite so lovely or fragrant a public-house as the name had led her to expect,—he showed her into a small, dingy sitting-room, up one flight of stairs, and went to speak with the clerk.

"The ladies will be here presently," he said, returning to her in a few minutes. "Meanwhile I thought I would order some refreshments."

And he was followed into the room by a waiter bringing a basket of cake and two glasses of wine.

"No refreshments for me!" cried Vinnie, quickly.

"The other ladies will like some," said the youth, carelessly. "Intimate friends of mine. Just a little cake and sweet wine."

"But you have ordered only two glasses! And a few minutes ago you could n't think of their names,—those intimate friends of yours!" returned Vinnie, with sparkling eyes.

The youth took up a glass, threw himself back in a chair, and laughed.

"It's a very uncommon name—Jenkins; no, Judkins; something like that. Neighbors of the Bettersons; intimate friends of *theirs*, I mean. You think I'm not acquainted out there? Ask Carrie! ask the boys, hi, hi!"—with a giggle and a grimace, as he sipped the wine.

"You do really know my sister Caroline?" said Vinnie.

The youth set down his glass and stared.

"Your sister! I wondered who in thunder you

could be, inquiring your way to Betterson's; but I never dreamed—excuse me, I would n't have played such a joke, if I had known!"

"What joke?" Vinnie demanded.

"Why, there's no Jenkins—Judkins—what did I call their names? I just wanted to have a little fun, and find you out."

Vinnie trembled with indignation. She started to go.

"But you have n't found *me* out," he said, with an impudent chuckle.

"I've found out all I wish to know of you," said Vinnie, ready to cry with vexation. "I've come alone all the way from my home in Western New York, and met nobody who was n't kind and respectful to me, till I reached Chicago to-day."

The wretch seemed slightly touched by this rebuke; but he laughed again as he finished his glass.

"Well, it was a low trick. But 't was all in fun, I tell ye. Come, drink your wine, and make up; we'll be friends yet. Wont drink? Here goes, then!"

And he tossed off the contents of the second glass.

"Now we'll take a little walk, and talk over our Betterson friends by the way."

She was already out of the room. He hastened to her side; she walked faster still, and he came tripping lightly after her down the stairs.

Betwixt anger and alarm, she was wondering whether she should try to run away from him, or ask the protection of the first person she met, when, looking eagerly from the door-way as she hurried out, she saw, across the street, a face she knew, and uttered a cry of joy.

"Jack! O, Jack!"

It seemed almost like a dream, that it should indeed be Jack, then and there. He paused, glanced up and down, then across at the girlish figure starting toward him, and rushed over to her, reaching out both hands, and exclaiming:

"Vinnie Dalton! is it you?"

In the surprise and pleasure of this unexpected meeting, she forgot all about the slim youth she was so eager to avoid a moment before. When she thought of him again, and looked about her, he had disappeared, having slipped behind her, and skipped back up the stairs with amazing agility at sight of Jack.

(To be continued.)

FASHIONS IN VALENTINES.

BY ALEXANDER WAINWRIGHT.

THERE was a time when valentines were simply love-letters written on very fancy note-paper, with some poetry and a bunch of forget-me-nots at the head. Years ago my dear old grandmother made me happy by sending one of these, which I have still, and very pretty it is, although the ink is faded to a yellow. The poetry is especially nice, but the punctuation marks are left out, as they did n't care about these troublesome little things in the good old days. I think it said:

"When the sunshine is around thee
In the dark and silent night
In the cottage and the palace
May thy way be always bright!"

Of course I could n't imagine who sent it, —nobody who gets a valentine ever can,—but I strongly suspected Sally Lawton, and she had a bite out of all my apples until I found out my mistake. Tommy Jones was her valentine, and I gave him a punching

for it, too, as he was mean, and pretended all the while that he did n't like her.

However, the old fashion has passed away, and valentines are now very elaborate things, employing thousands of skillful workmen in their manufacture. They serve as the covers of all sorts of costly presents, and some of them are real works of art. Clever designers are constantly employed in the invention of new combinations, pleasing effects of grouping or color, and whimsical surprises. The most careful labors of draughtsmen, lithographers, wood-engravers, painters, color-printers, card-board, artificial flower and feather makers are spent upon them, to say nothing of the assistance given by workers in silk, silver and glass. Even the tropical forests of Brazil and the depths of the sea are ransacked for fresh materials.

There is one firm in London which has three hundred and sixty-eight different kinds of valentines. The cheapest are two cents each, and the

finest cost nearly sixty dollars. All are pretty, and some are magnificent. One is called "Love's Photograph." A tiny mirror is hidden beneath a bunch of flowers, and some dear girl finds that the reflection of her own face is your love's photograph. There are true lovers' knots painted on the softest satin; birds of bright plumage under gauze; girls in silver frames; paper flowers which bloom when the valentine is opened and close when it is shut; more paper flowers hidden behind screens of silver and in little wicker baskets, with exotic flowers painted by hand on the finest silk and framed in silver lace.

No florist ever succeeded better than the modern valentine-maker does in putting together

More than this, marine flowers gathered from the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea are used in valentines, and real birds are quite common. As Lucy opens the box that comes for her with a whole string of postage-stamps upon it, it is possible that she will find the cunningest of humming-birds in a little nest, holding a message in its beak. Not the picture of one, mind you, but a real one, that has been caught and stuffed for the valentine-maker.

The latest fashion in valentines is to combine them with useful articles. A lace or pearl-handled fan, costing sixty dollars, is secreted beneath flowers and mottoes and Cupids. A fine silk necktie, for a gentleman or boy, is wrapped in white gauze, with the tender sentiment: "Through



NUNS MAKING FEATHER FLOWERS.

the prettiest colors. Blush roses and forget-me-nots; camellias, with rich dark green leaves; lilies of the valley, water lilies, ferns and pansies are combined with a wondrous degree of taste and skill. Sometimes the valentine is the miniature of a transformation scene in a theater. It is folded and unfolded by an ingenious arrangement, which reveals a garden, with a flock of birds flying over it, and a lake of mirror-glass, with a swan upon its shining surface.

Sometimes, too, the flowers are neither painted nor made of paper or muslin.

Far away in Brazil, there is a large convent, in which the sedate nuns make gay artificial flowers entirely out of the feathers of the gorgeous birds that haunt the forests of South America. I cannot give you an idea of how rich and lustrous they are.

cloud and sunshine I am thine." Articles of dress or jewelry often are enclosed. Sometimes a smoking-cap or a pair of embroidered slippers. The descriptive catalogue of Mr. Rimmel, the London perfumer, includes valentines containing Japanese ornamental hair-pins, cravats, pin-cushions, chate-laine bottles, brooches, gold watch trinkets, lockets, turquoise and garnet rings, silver filigree brooches, ear-rings and bracelets, head-dresses and double smelling-bottles. Then, too, there are musical valentines in the form of glove and handkerchief or jewel-cases. One magnificent affair costs forty dollars. It is made of pale blue silk, and trimmed with gilt. At one side is a compartment for gloves, and at the other a place for handkerchiefs, with two beautiful smelling-bottles in the middle. As the lid is raised, a musical-box, hidden underneath,

plays a favorite air, such as, "Then you'll remember me," or an air from an opera.

I am not sure that the new custom of making expensive presents is better than the old one of writing a love-letter, and it certainly is not a proof of greater affection in the senders.

A pleasant improvement might be made upon both the old and new customs without sacrificing the observance of the day. Let the boys and girls make their own valentines, during the long winter evenings. All the necessary materials may be purchased for twenty-five or thirty cents at a stationer's store. Suitable designs are to be found in many books, and some tinsel, crayons, water-colors, and lace-paper would enable clever young fingers to produce very pretty things. There might, for instance, be a simple Grecian border around a sheet of lace-paper, and, inclosed within this, a lily, a rose, or some illuminated verses. Decal-

comanie would do very well, in case the valentine-maker could not draw; or, better still, pressed leaves might be called to the service. A red autumn waif or two, carefully dried, pressed, and mounted on tinted paper, and surrounded by a wreath of ivy, would be pretty. Or one might make something lovely out of very delicate grasses, mosses, and lichens, arranging them at the head of the paper, leaving space for a letter beneath. This would call for a tasteful box-envelope. A little care, taste and patience would work wonders with the simplest materials.

Valentines of this kind would be more highly prized by a sincere friend, too, than the finest productions of the professional valentine-maker. At the same time, their preparation would afford you many hours of amusement, and exercise in the use of color and form that would be profitable to you in countless ways.

THE LITTLE TORN PRIMER.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

MILLIE ran into the dining-room and threw her books down on the dining-table.

"I knew all my lessons to-day," she said, "and I want my dinner; and oh! *did* you have blackberry pie?"

But what I am going to tell is not about Millie or blackberry pie, but about the books after Millie and her mamma had gone out of the room and left them to themselves.

"Millie is a very clever little girl," said the Grammar, "and talks very well. I take great credit to myself for teaching her to speak so correctly."

"Yes," said the Arithmetic, "she *is* bright, and can't be beat in Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication and Division. Really bright children always understand *my* rules; I make them so clear and plain."

"She should be very much obliged to us," joined in the Geography, "for without us she could not be clever at all. For instance, see how much *I* tell her. I describe all countries, including her own; all bodies of water, all mountains, the different kinds of people—thousands of things. In fact, *I* think the information *I* impart" (most books use

big words) "the most interesting and valuable she obtains."

"Pshaw!" sneered the History. "You're alone in that opinion. Where does she learn all the particulars about different countries, including her own, as you say? 'Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa, Italy, discovered America in the year 1492. He set sail with three small —'"

"Oh, *do* stop that," interrupted the other books; "we've heard that until we are sick of it."

"Sometimes I wish he had never set sail," added the Geography.

"Where does she learn about the great battles,—the lives of the kings, queens, and emperors?" continued the History, waving its cover triumphantly; "about the illustrious Father of his Country, George Washington, who never —"

"Don't believe it!" interrupted the books.

"And if *he* never did, History does," said the Arithmetic—"many a one. It is only *figures* that *never* lie."

"From what does our Millie gain knowledge"—here spoke the *Natural* History—"of beasts and birds and fish? All things that walk, or fly, or

creep, or swim, or stop still and only breathe? The wonderful habits of the insects, the traits of the massive elephant, and the capers of the mischievous monkey?"

"My friends"—here joined in a tiny voice for the first time, causing the books to stand up on their edges and look over at the corner of the room where lay the little torn Primer, from which it proceeded—"my friends, I know you all help to make Millie wise and learned; but of what use would be

all you can tell if she could not read it? You would be nothing without me!"

"You!" cried the others, in a scornful voice.

"Yes, me," answered the little torn Primer. "I taught her her letters. Without knowing them, what good would *any* book be to her?"

"How tiresome small books are," said the History.

"I guess I'll take a nap," yawned the Geography. And so the conversation ended.

THE MARMOSETS.

[SEE FRONTISPIECE.]

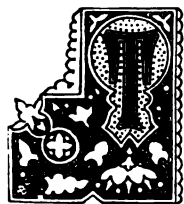
MARMOSETS are cunning little monkeys from South America, and are often very tame and gentle. These little creatures are about the size of squirrels, but they have very old and wise faces. Some of them look as if they knew as much as anybody. But the two in our frontispiece, which is copied

from a beautiful picture by Sir Edwin Landseer, do not seem to know what sort of an insect it is that has alighted on the leaves of the pine-apple. So they have jumped up to examine it. If they come too close and get its little sting in one of their noses, they may find out more than they want to know.

BLUE AND PINK.

(A Valentine Story.)

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.



WO valentines lay together in the pillar post-box. One was pink and one was blue. Pink lay a-top, and they crackled to each other softly in the paper-language, invented long since by Papyrus, the father of

Manuscript, and used by all written and printed sheets unto this day. Listen hard, next time you visit the reading-room at the Public Library, and you will hear the newspapers exchanging remarks across the table in this language.

Said the pink valentine: "I am prettier than you, much prettier, Miss Blue."

Blue was modester. "That may be true, my dear Miss Pink; still, some folks like blue best, I think," she replied.

"I wonder they should," went on Pink, talking in prose now, for valentines can speak in prose and in rhyme equally well. "You are such a chilly color. Now I warm people. They smile when they see me. I like that. It is sweet to give pleasure."

"I like to give pleasure, too," said Blue, modestly. "And I hope I may, for something beautiful is written inside me."

"What? oh! what?" cried Pink.

"I cannot say," sighed Blue. "How can one tell what is inside one? But I know it is something sweet, because

She who sent me here,
Is so very fair and dear."

Blue was running into rhyme again, as valentines will.

"I don't believe a word of it," said Pink, digging her sharp elbow into Blue's smooth side. "Nothing is written inside me, and I'm glad of it. I am too beautiful to be written on. In the middle of my page is a picture, Cupid, with roses and doves. Oh, so fine! There is a border too, wreaths of flowers, flowers of all colors, and a motto, 'Be mine.' Be mine! What can be better than that? Have you got flowers and 'Be mine' inside, you conceited thing? If not, say so, and be ashamed, as you deserve to be."

Again the pink elbow dented Blue's smooth envelope.

But Blue only shook her head softly, and made no answer. Pink grew angry at this. She caught Blue with her little teeth of mucilage and shook her viciously.

"Speak," she said. "I hate your stuck-up, shut-up people. Speak!"

But Blue only smiled, and again shook her head.

Just then, the pillar-post opened with a click. The postman was come. He scooped up Pink, Blue, and all the other letters, and threw them into his wallet. A fat yellow envelope of law-papers separated the two valentines, and they had no further talk.

Half-an-hour later, Pink was left at the door of a grand house, almost the finest in the town. Charles, the waiter, carried her into the parlor, and Pink said to herself: "What a thing it is to have a mission. My mission is to give pleasure!"

"A letter for you, Miss Eva," said Charles. He did not smile. Well-behaved waiters never smile; besides, Charles did not like Eva.

"Where is your tray?" demanded Eva, crossly. "You are always forgetting what mamma told you. Go and get it. But when she saw Pink in her beautiful envelope, unmistakably a valentine, she decided not to wait. "Never mind this time," she said; "but don't let it happen again."

"Who's your letter from, Evy?" asked grand-mamma.

"I have n't opened it yet, and I wish you would n't call me Evy; it sounds so back-woodsy," replied Eva, who, for some mysterious reason, had waked that morning very much out of temper.

"Eva!" said her father, sternly.

Eva had forgotten that papa was there. To hide her confusion, she opened the pink envelope so hastily as to tear it all across.

"O dear!" she complained. "Everything goes wrong."

Then she unfolded the valentine. Pink, who had felt as if a sword were thrust through her heart when her envelope was torn, brightened up.

"Now," she thought, "when she sees the flowers, Cupid and doves, she *will* be pleased."

But it was not pleasure which shone on Eva's countenance.

"What's the matter?" asked papa, seeing her face swell and angry tears filling her eyes.

"That horrid Jim Slack!" cried Eva. "He said he'd send me a valentine just like Pauline's, and he has n't. Hers was all birds and butterflies, and had verses —"

"Yours seems pretty enough," said papa, consolingly.

"It's not pretty enough," responded Eva, pas-

sionately. "It's a stupid, ugly thing. I hate it. I won't have it."

And, horrible to state, she flung Pink, actually flung her, into the middle of the fire. There was time for but one crackling gasp; then the yellow flame seized and devoured all—Cupid, doves, flowers! Another second, they were gone. A black scroll edged with fiery sparkles reared itself up in the midst of the glow; then an air-current seized it, it rose, and the soul of Pink flew up the chimney.

Blue, meantime, was lying on the lap of a little girl of twelve, a mile or more from this scene of tragedy. Two plump hands caressed her softly.

"Sister, may I read it to you just once more?" begged a coaxing voice.

"Yes, Pet, once more. That'll make five times, and they say there is luck in odd numbers," said another voice, kind and gay.

So Pet read:

"My dear is like a dewy rose
All in the early morn:
But never on her stem there grows
A single wounding thorn.

My dear is like a violet shy,
Who hides her in the grass,
And holds a fragrant cup on high
To bless all men who pass.

My dear is like a merry bird,
My dear is like a rill,
Like all sweet things or seen or heard,
Only she's sweeter still.

And while she blooms beside my door,
Or sings beneath my sky,
My heart with happiness runs o'er,
Content and glad am I.

So, sweetheart, read me as I run,
Smile on this simple rhyme,
And choose me out to be your one
And only VALENTINE."

"Isn't it lovely?" said Pet, her blue eyes dancing as she looked up.

"Yes, it's very nice," replied sister.

"I wish everybody in the world had such a nice valentine," went on Pet. "How pleased they'd be. Do you suppose anybody has sent Lotty one? Only that about the bird would n't be true, because Lotty's so sick, you know, and always stays in bed."

"But Lotty sings," said sister. "She's always singing and cheerful, so she's like a bird in that."

"Birdies with broken wings
Hide from each other;
But babies in trouble
Can run home to mother,"

hummed Pet, who knew the ST. NICHOLAS jingles by heart. "But poor Lotty has n't any mamma to run to," she added, softly.

"No; and that's a reason why it would be so specially nice to give her the pleasure of a valentine like yours."

"I wish somebody had sent her one," said Pet, thoughtfully.

"I don't suppose there is another in the world just like yours," said sister, smiling at Pet.

"Then she *can't* have one. What a pity."

"She might have this of yours," suggested sister.

"But—then—I should n't have any," cried Pet.

"O yes, you would, and I'll tell you how," said sister. "You've had all the pleasure of getting it, and opening and reading it, already. *That's* yours to keep. Now, if I copy the verses for you on plain white paper, you can read them over as often as you like, till, by and by, you learn them by heart. When you have done that they will be yours for always; and, meanwhile, Lotty will have the pleasure of getting the valentine, opening, reading, learning, just as you have done—so you will get a double pleasure instead of one. Don't you see?"

"That will be splendid," cried Pet, joyously. "Poor Lotty, how glad she will be! And I shall have two pleasures instead of one, sha' n't I?"

"How nice," thought Blue, "to have given two pleasures already!"

Sister copied the verses, a fresh envelope was found, and Blue was sent on her way. When she was carried upstairs to Lotty's room, she thought it the pleasantest place she had ever seen. Sunshine was there—on the wall, on the plants in the window, most of all in Lotty's face, as she sat up in bed, knitting with red worsted and big needles. When Blue was put into her hands, she laughed with astonishment.

"For me!" she cried. "Who could have sent it? How pretty it is—how pretty! A great deal too pretty for me. Oh, what a kind, dear somebody there is in the world!"

Everybody in the house was glad because Lotty was glad. Grandmamma came in to hear the valentine; so did papa, and Jack, Lotty's big brother, and Fred, her little one. Even the cook made up an excuse about the pudding, and stole upstairs to hear the "fine verses which somebody had sent to Miss Lotty. It's swate as roses she is, any day," said cook; "and good luck to him for sending it, whoever he is."

By and by, Lotty's tender heart began to busy itself with a new plan.

"Grandma," she said, "I'm thinking about little Mary Riley. She works so hard, and she hardly ever has anything nice happen to her. Don't you think I might send her my valentine—in a different envelope, you know, with her name on it and all? She'd be so pleased."

"But I thought you liked it so much yourself, dear," replied grandmamma, unwilling to have her darling spare one bit of brightness out of her sick-room life.

"Oh, I do; that's the reason I want to give it away," said Lotty, simply, and stroking Blue, who, had she known how, would gladly have purred under the soft touch. "But I shall go on liking it all the same if Mary has it, and she'll like it too. Don't you see, grandmamma? I've copied the verses in my book, so that I can keep them."

Grandmamma consented. The new envelope was found, Mary's address was written upon it, and away went happy Blue to give pleasure to a fresh friend.

"This is best of all," she said to herself, as Mary laid aside her weary sewing to read over and over again the wonderful verses, which seemed to have dropped out of fairy-land. She almost cried with pleasure that they should be sent to *her*.

"I wish I could buy a frame for 'em—a beautiful gold frame," she whispered to herself.

Pink would have been vain had she heard this; but Blue glowed with a purer feeling—the happiness of giving happiness.

Mary read the verses over a dozen times at least before putting them aside; but she did put them aside, for she had work to finish, and daylight was precious. The work was a birthday frock. When the last stitch was set, she folded it carefully, put on cloak and bonnet, and prepared to carry the frock home. Last of all, she dropped Blue into her pocket. She did not like to leave it behind. Something might happen, she thought.

It was quite a grand house to which the birthday frock went. In fact, it was next door but one to the house in which Pink met with her melancholy fate. The little girl who was to wear the frock was very glad to see Mary, and her mamma came upstairs to pay for the work.

"Have you any change?" she said. "Come nearer to the fire. It is cold to-night."

Mary was confused by this kindness. Her fingers trembled as she searched for her porte-monnaie, which was at the bottom of her pocket, underneath her handkerchief. She twitched out the handkerchief hastily, and with it, alas! came Blue. They were close to the grate, and Blue was flung into the fire. Mary gave a scream and made a snatch. It was too late! Already the flames had seized it; her beloved valentine was gone, vanished into ashes!

"Was it anything valuable?" asked the lady, as Mary gave a little sob.

"Oh, n-o—yes, ma'am; that is, it was verses. I never had any before. And they were s-o beautiful!" replied poor Mary, half-crying.

The lady gave her an extra dollar for the sewing, but this did not console Mary.

Meantime, the ghost of Blue flew up the chimney. Upon the roof hovered a dim gray shade. It was the ghost of Pink, wind-blown for a little space.

"How sad life is!" sighed Pink's ghost—

"I was young, I was fair,
And now I'm in the air,
As ugly gray ashes as ever were."

"How sweet life is!" murmured the ghost of Blue—

"I've only lived a little while,
But I have made three people smile."

A chickadee who heard the two ghosts discours-

ing now flew down from the roof-peak. He gathered Blue's ashes up into his beak, flew down into the garden, and strewed them about the root of a rose-tree.

"In the spring you'll be a rose," he said.

Then he flew back, took up Pink's ashes, bore them into another garden, and laid them in the midst of a bed of chickweed.

"Make that chickweed crop a little richer, if you can," he chirped. "All the better for the dicky-birds if you do; and a good thing for you too, to be of use for once in your life."

Then the chickadee flew away. Ghosts have to get accustomed to plain speaking.

This was the end of Blue and Pink.

THE PICTURE IN THE FIRE-PLACE BEDROOM.

BY MARY A. HALLOCK.

WHEN I was a little girl, and went to visit grandma Lewis, I always slept in the "fire-place bedroom." I don't know why it was so called, for almost all the rooms had fire-places; perhaps because this room was so small and the fire-place so big. It was just across the hall from grandma's room; the doors were opposite, only my room, being in the wing, was two steps lower than the hall. It had one window opening on an old wooden balcony, so overgrown with trumpet-creeper that the railing was quite hidden. Two or three slats were nailed across the lower part of the window, and grandma often warned me never to climb over them or set foot on the balcony, for a carpenter, who had been making repairs on the house a year or two before, had told her it was unsafe.

"When I was a little girl," said she, "I used to lean over that railing and pick cherries from a big tree that grew so close to the house, its branches almost touched the windows; that was a good while ago, my dear; there's nothing left of the cherry-tree now but that old stump where I set my box of geraniums."

"Was that picture here when you were a little girl, grandma," I said, pointing to one which hung over the mantel—the only picture in the room.

"No, my dear. Your Uncle Henry brought that from England when he was a young man. He could tell you all about it if he were here. I believe he bought it at an auction sale of old books, pictures and furniture. It was labeled, 'Portrait—

supposed to be two children of the Bourhope family—(painter unknown).' If your uncle were here he could tell you about it."

Grandma went out of the room in her still way and left me musing before the picture. It was a boy and girl sitting together in a deep window-seat reading from the same book. The boy might have been fifteen; he looked tall and slim; his thick brown hair was tied back with a ribbon; he seemed to be reading very intently, leaning forward with his head resting on his hand. The girl looked younger than her brother. She was fair and round, dressed in a quaint, close-fitting gown of creamy-white satin, with facings and petticoat of blue; her light hair was drawn up and fastened in a knot with loops on the top of her head; there were white frills round her neck and sleeves, and a broad band of black velvet round her fair throat. She leaned back, one little foot in its quaint, high-heeled slipper, pushed out; one arm round the neck of a dog which had pressed close to her, resting his head against her lap. The window-seat was paneled in dark carved wood, and great bars of sunlight streaming in, made a glow of light and color through the picture.

I had spent hours gazing at these two readers so silently intent on the great book spread open before them; they filled a good share of my daily thought. I had made up a dozen different stories about them, and it was with great interest I discovered that they had once really lived. It seemed to me dreadful

that they should have been labeled like old rubbish and sold at auction. What had become of that "Bourhope family," whose pictures had wandered into such strange places? All that afternoon I was turning over in my mind a list of pretty names that would "go" with Bourhope—Lionel

all those years. I must have sat there a long time. I had come back to the question of a name, and said, half aloud, to myself: "What *shall* I call her?"

"Call me Dorothy, please," a soft voice answered. Yes, it certainly came from the picture, for, looking up, I saw that my girl had turned her face and



THE PICTURE IN THE FIRE-PLACE BEDROOM.

and Amy, Geoffry and Agnes, Philip and Ethel; no, Marjorie or Elsie, or —; it was a difficult matter to decide, and I was still thinking about it that night in my room after grandma had lighted my candle and given me her good-night kiss. I sat down on the foot of the bed, half undressed, to take another look at my hero and heroine. In the uncertain candle-light they looked strangely real. I could almost fancy I saw the girl's drooped eyelids tremble as if she were about to look up at last from her book. How tired they must be, reading

was smiling down at me, while a faint color came to her cheek.

It seemed quite natural to hear her speak at last, but could it be possible that her name was just plain Dorothy? "You don't really mean it," I said. "It sounds so common; why, it's like a dairy-maid's name!"

Here the boy looked up and said haughtily:

"Many ladies of our family have been called Dorothy; it is my mother's name, and she does n't look like a dairy-maid."

"Nobody said she did, stupid! The little girl does not think my name pretty—no more do I. I'd far rather be called Clara or Isabel."

"It is your name, and mamma's, and I like it," said the boy with a half-smile and half-frown.

"Well, I'm glad you do; only you need n't be cross about it."

Here I offered some apology for having spoken slightly of Dorothy's name, but Dorothy's brother begged I would n't mention it—he was always "too quick;" then he leaned across his sister's lap and began pulling the dog's ears, while she said: "'T is not for yourself you are quick, Walter; you speak up always for others."

He laughed at that, and sprang up, shutting the big book with a bang.

"You should go to court, Dolly, with your fine little speeches. I'm going to feed my spaniel pups. Will you come, too? They are such beauties—as like as the peas in a pod."

"And all like their mother, I suppose. No, thank you; she killed my pet kitten last spring, and I don't care to see her horrid little pups!"

"Why, Dorothy, surely you would n't blame the puppies for what their mother did before they were born?"

"I don't blame them; only I don't like them."

"Well, girls are queer. Next, you wont like me, because I'm Juno's master. Come Vik." He whistled to the dog, and they both went away out of sight down a long hall, the dog's quick feet rattling beside the boy's echoing tramp.

Dorothy leaned back against the wainscot and threw up one arm behind her head. "Walter is vexed with me, but he wont stay vexed long; he never does; he always gives up first whenever we quarrel. I should n't wonder if we soon heard him calling under the window."

She smiled down at me half triumphantly under her drooped eyelids, and I thought to myself that, for all she was so pretty, perhaps she was a little spoiled; but I only said: "What can you see from that window?"

"Oh, the terrace, and the yew-tree walk, and perhaps Walter with his dogs. Let us look and see if he has gone."

"I wish I could," I began to say, and then I

found myself beside Dorothy in the window-seat. She pushed open the casement, and we both leaned out. Below was the terrace, with its broad stone railing, and the yew-tree walk beyond, crossed with dark lines of shadow. It was all very still in the low afternoon sunlight. Walter was not to be seen, and while we listened for him, another sound came softly from a distant chamber.

"Ah," said Dorothy, "that is mamma's harp. She will begin to sing by and by; shall we go down and hear her?"

I was eager to go at once, when I suddenly remembered that I was half undressed.

"Never mind," Dorothy said, "you can wait here a moment and I will fetch you something to put on."

We went together down a long hall, with many dim old pictures hung high above the wainscoting, and a row of deep windows, like the one we had just left, throwing broad bars of light across the floor. Each time we crossed the shadow into the light, Dorothy, with her fair hair and shining dress, looked more and more unreal in her beauty. At the end of the hall hung a curtain of tapestry. I did not see any door, but Dorothy lifted one end of the curtain, and, looking back, said: "Wait here a moment." Then she dropped the heavy curtain between us, and I heard her footsteps going on a little way, then down a short flight of steps. A door seemed to open, for suddenly the music sounded very loud and sweet; then died away again.

I waited a long time for Dorothy, but she did not come. It grew dark and cold in the hall, a wind waved the curtain a little now and then, and let in a gleam of lamp-light that shot a long reflection across the polished floor. I thought I would just raise the curtain a little and call Dorothy, but I never did, for I suddenly found myself lying across the foot of the bed in my own little room. A shutter had blown open, my candle was flaring wildly, and there, in the picture over the fire-place, sat Walter and Dorothy Bourhope reading as they had always been.

I felt very stiff and cold, and somehow disappointed.

If I had only raised that curtain a little sooner!



THE FAIRY WEDDING.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.



A LITTLE brown mother-bird sat in her nest,
With four sleepy birdlings tucked under her
breast,
And her querulous chirrup fell ceaseless and low,
While the wind rocked the lilac-tree nest to
and fro.

“Lie still, little nestlings! lie still while I tell,
For a lullaby story, a thing that befell
Your plain little mother one midsummer morn,
A month ago, birdies—before you were born.

‘I’d been dozing and dreaming the long sum-
mer night,
Till the dawn flushed its pink through the
waning moonlight;
When—I wish you could hear it once!—faintly
there fell
All around me the silvery sound of a bell.

“Then a chorus of bells! So, with just half an
eye,
I peeped from the nest, and those lilies close by,
With threads of a cobweb, were swung to and
fro
By three little rollicking midgits below.

“Then the air was astir as with humming-birds’
wings!
And a cloud of the tiniest, daintiest things
That ever one dreamed of, came fluttering
where
A cluster of trumpet-flowers swayed in the air.

“As I sat all a-tremble, my heart in my bill,—
‘I will stay by the nest,’ thought I, ‘happen
what will;’
So I saw with these eyes by that trumpet-vine
fair,
A whole fairy bridal train poised in the air.

“Such a bit of a bride! Such a marvel of grace!
In a shimmer of rainbows and gossamer lace;
No wonder the groom dropped his diamond-
dust ring,
Which a little elf-usher just caught with his wing.

“Then into the trumpet-flower glided the train,
And I thought (for a dimness crept over my
brain,
And I tucked my head under my wing) ‘Deary
me!
What a sight for a plain little mother like me!’”

A DROLL FOX-TRAP.

BY C. A. STEPHENS.

WHEN I was a boy I lived in one of those rustic neighborhoods on the outskirts of the great "Maine woods." Foxes were plenty, for about all those sunny pioneer clearings birch-partridges breed by thousands, as also field-mice and squirrels, making plenty of game for Reynard.

There were red foxes, "cross-grays," and "silver-grays;" even black foxes were reported. These animals were the pests of the farm-yards, and made havoc with the geese, cats, turkeys, and chickens. In the fall of the year, particularly after the frosts, the clearings were overrun by them night and morning. Their sharp, cur-like barks used often to rouse us, and of a dark evening we would hear them out in the fields, "mousing" around the stone-heaps, making a queer, squeaking sound like a mouse, to call the real mice out of their grass nests inside the stone-heaps. This, indeed, is a favorite trick of Reynard.

At the time of my story, my friend Tom Edwards (ten years of age) and myself were in the turkey business, equal partners. We owned a flock of thirty-one turkeys. These roosted by night in a large butternut tree in front of Tom's house—in the very top of it, and by day they wandered about the edges of the clearings in quest of beech-nuts, which were very plenty that fall.

All went well till the last week in October, when, on taking the census one morning, a turkey was found to be missing; the thirty-one had become thirty since nightfall the previous evening. It was the first one we had lost.

We proceeded to look for traces. Our suspicions were divided. Tom thought it was "the Twombly boys," nefarious Sam in particular. I thought it might have been an owl. But under the tree, in the soft dirt, where the potatoes had recently been dug, we found fox-tracks, and two or three ominous little wads of feathers, with one long tail feather adrift. Thereupon we concluded that the turkey had accidentally fallen down out of the butternut—had a fit, perhaps—and that its flutterings had attracted the attention of some passing fox, which had, forthwith, taken it in charge. It was, as we regarded it, one of those unfortunate occurrences which no care on our part could have well foreseen, and a casualty such as turkey-raisers are unavoidably heirs to, and we bore our loss with resignation. We were glad to remember that turkeys did not often fall off their roosts.

This theory received something of a check when

our flock counted only twenty-nine the next morning. There were more fox-tracks, and a great many more feathers under the tree. This put a new and altogether ugly aspect on the matter. No algebra was needed to figure the outcome of the turkey business at this rate, together with our prospective profits, in the light of this new fact. It was clear that something must be done, and at once, too, or ruin would swallow up the poultry firm.

Rightly or wrongly, we attributed the mischief to a certain "silver-gray" fox that had several times been seen in the neighborhood that Autumn.

It would take far too much space to relate in detail the plans we laid and put in execution to catch that fox during the next two weeks. I recollect that we set three traps for him to no purpose, and that we borrowed a fox-hound to hunt him with, but merely succeeded in running him to his burrow in a neighboring rocky hill-side, whence we found it quite impossible to dislodge the wily fellow.

Meanwhile the fox (or foxes) had succeeded in getting two more of the turkeys.

Heroes, it is said, are born of great crises. This dilemma of ours developed Tom's genius.

"I'll have that fox," he said, when the traps failed; and when the hound proved of no avail, he still said: "I'll have him yet."

"But how?" I asked. Tom said he would show me. He brought a two-bushel basket and went out into the fields. In the stone-heaps, and beside the old logs and stumps, there were dozens of deserted mouse-nests, each a wad of fine dry grass as large as a quart box. These he gathered up, and filled the great basket.

"There," said he, triumphantly, "don't them smell *mousey*?"

They did, certainly; they savored as strongly of mice as Tom's question, of bad grammar.

"And don't foxes catch mice?" demanded Tom, confidently.

"Yes, but I don't see how that's going to catch the fox," I said.

"Well, look here, then, I'll show ye," said he. "Play you's the fox; and play 't was night, and you was prowling around the fields. Go off now out there by that stump."

Full of wonder and curiosity, I retired to the stump. Tom, meantime, turned out the mass of nests, and with it completely covered himself. The pile now resembled an enormous mouse-nest, or rather a small hay-cock. Pretty soon I heard a

low, high-keyed, squeaking noise, accompanied by a slight rustle inside the nest. Evidently there were mice in it; and, feeling my character as fox at stake, I at once trotted forward, then crept up, and, as the rustling and squeaking continued, made a pounce into the grass—as I had heard it said that foxes did when mousing. Instantly two spry brown hands from out the nest clutched me with a most vengeful grip. As a fox, I struggled tremendously. But Tom overcame me forthwith, choked me nearly black in the face, then, in dumb show, knocked my head with a stone.

"D'ye see, now!" he demanded.

I saw.

"But a fox would bite you," I objected.

"Let him bite," said Tom. "I'll resk him when once I get these two bread-hooks on him. And he can't smell me through the mouse-nests either."

That night we set ourselves to put the stratagem in operation. With the dusk we stole out into the field where the stone-heaps were, and where we had oftenest heard foxes bark. Selecting a nook in the edge of a clump of raspberry briars which grew about a great pine-stump, Tom lay down, and I covered him up completely with the contents of the big basket. He then practiced squeaking and rustling several times to be sure that all was in good trim. His squeaks were perfect successes—made by sucking the air sharply betwixt his teeth.

"Now be off," said Tom, "and don't come poking round, nor get in sight, till you hear me holler."

Thus exhorted, I went into the barn and established myself at a crack on the back side, which looked out upon the field where Tom was ambushed.

Tom, meanwhile, as he afterward told me, waited till it had grown dark, then began squeaking and rustling at intervals, to draw the attention of the fox when first he should come out into the clearing, for foxes have ears so wonderfully acute, that they are able to hear a mouse squeak twenty rods away, it is said.

An hour passed. Tom must have grown pretty tired of squeaking. It was a moonless evening, though not very dark. I could see objects at a little distance through the crack, but could not see so far as the stump. It got rather dull, watching there; and being amidst nice cozy straw, I presently went to sleep, quite unintentionally. I must

have slept some time, though it seemed to me but a very few minutes.

What woke me was a noise—a sharp suppressed yelp. It took me a moment to understand where I was, and why I was there. A sound of scuffling and tumbling on the ground at some distance assisted my wandering wits, and I rushed out of the barn and ran toward the field. As I ran, two or three dull whacks came to my ear.

"Got him, Tom?" I shouted, rushing up.

Tom was holding and squeezing one of his hands with the other and shaking it violently. He said not a word, and left me to poke about and stumble on the limp warm carcass of a large fox that lay near.

"Bite ye?" I exclaimed, after satisfying myself that the fox was dead.

"Some," said Tom; and that was all I could get from him that night.

We took the fox to the house and lighted a candle. It was the "silver-gray."

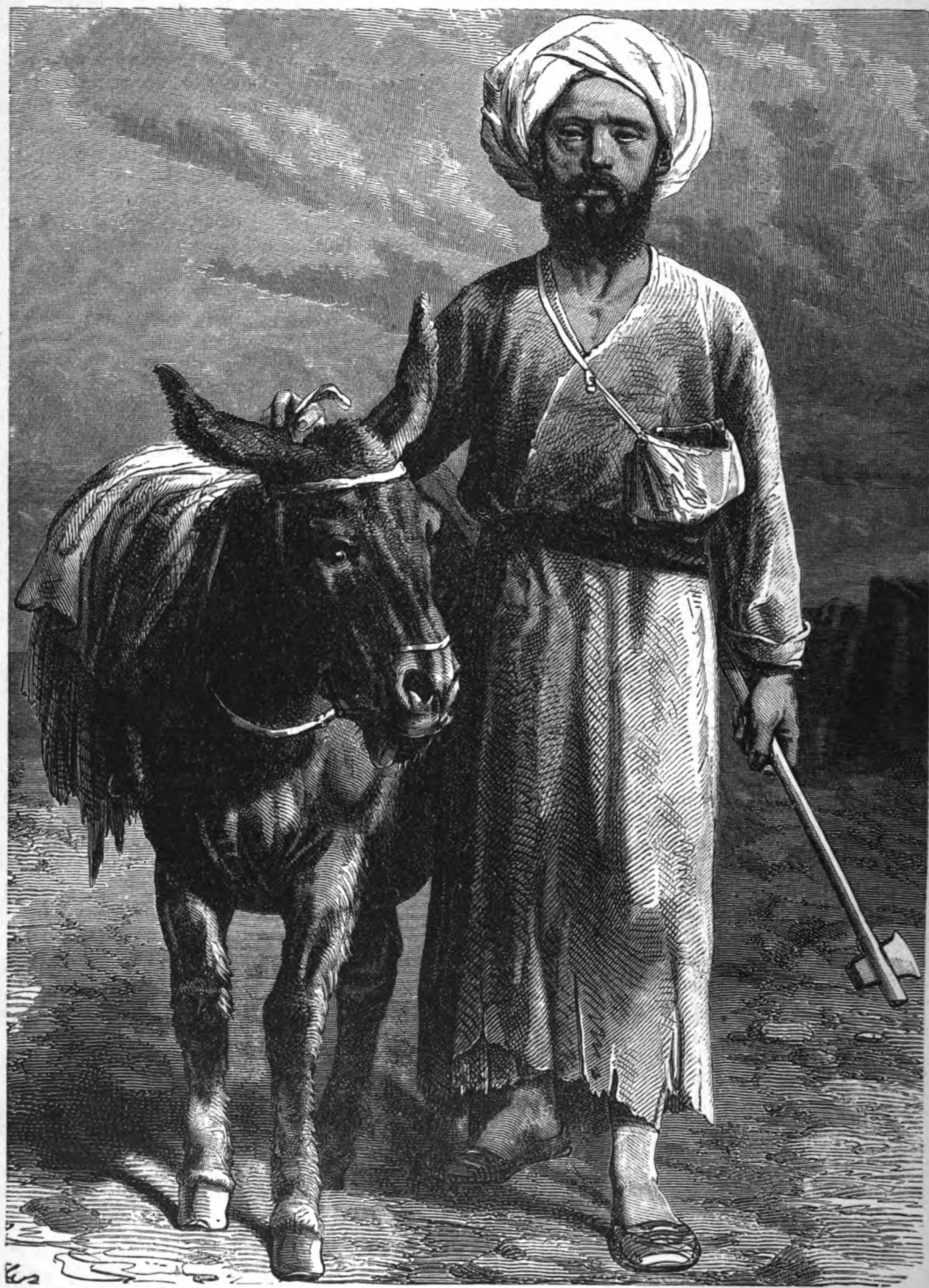
Tom washed his bite in cold water and went to bed. Next morning he was in a sorry and a very sore plight. His left hand was bitten through the palm, and badly swollen. There was also a deep bite in the fleshy part of his right arm, just below the elbow, several minor nips in his left leg above the knee, and a ragged "grab" in the chin. These numerous bites, however, were followed by no serious ill effects.

The next day, Tom told me that the fox had suddenly plunged into the grass, that he had caught hold of one of its hind legs, and that they had rolled over and over in the grass together. He owned to me that when the fox bit him on the chin, he let go of the brute, and would have given up the fight, but that the fox had then actually attacked him. "Upon that," said Tom, "I just determined to have it out with him."

Considering the fact that a fox is a very active, sharp-biting animal, and that this was an unusually large male, I have always thought Tom got off very well. I do not think that he ever cared to make a fox-trap of himself again, however.

We sold the fox-skin in the village, and received thirteen dollars for it, whereas a common red fox-skin is worth no more than three dollars.

How, or by what wiles that fox got the turkeys out of the high butternut, is a secret—one that perished with him. It would seem that he must either have climbed the tree, or else have practiced sorcery to make the turkey come down.



VAMBERY AND HIS DONKEY.

A GREAT TRAVELER.

BY JOHN LEWEES.

It would be very natural in any of us to suppose that no man who depended for his conveyance upon so small a donkey as that one on the opposite page, would be likely to go far enough to gain a reputation as a great traveler. But although a small donkey is not to be despised, when it comes to pulling and carrying and bearing hardships, still the man in the picture did not depend upon a donkey.

Indeed, with the exception of his own legs, he did not really depend upon any of the ordinary methods of traveling, for he seemed to be able to go pretty much where he pleased, whether people in general were able to get there or not.

This man—Arminius Vambery—was born in Hungary in 1832, and very early in life became noted for his knowledge of languages, especially those of Eastern countries. The first use that he made of his knowledge of these difficult tongues was to teach them to other people.

He set up at Pesth as a teacher of languages; but as the Austrian authorities expelled him from the city for political reasons, he concluded to travel, and put his acquirements to a practical use. So he went to Constantinople, and thence to many parts of the East, never before reached by a European traveler.

Some of the places which he visited were considered to be sacred, and no unbeliever was allowed to come near them, under penalty of instant death were he discovered. But Vambery disguised himself as a dervish, and traveled, sometimes alone and sometimes with pilgrims and caravans, through the deserts of Tartary to the city of Khiva. From here he made his way to Bokhara, a celebrated city of Central Asia, one of the great seats of Mahometan learning. It ought to be a learned place as well as a religious one, for there are said to be one hundred and three colleges and three hundred and sixty mosques within its walls. A good Mahometan in Bokhara might go to a different mosque almost every day in the year.

When Vambery had satisfied his curiosity in Bokhara, as far as was possible, he pushed on to Samarcand, an important city about one hundred and thirty miles to the east. Samarcand possesses the tomb of Timur, and used to be the capital of

one of the greatest empires ever known, and the center of Asiatic learning and commerce. But it has dwindled away very much since that time; and when Vambery visited it, it was full of interest, of course, but bereft of much of its ancient magnificence and splendor.

We cannot follow Vambery in his various wanderings. Sometimes he bestrode his little donkey, and sometimes he sailed in curious vessels on the Caspian Sea. He lived in Turcoman tents; hunted wild beasts; traveled with caravans; rode alone on his camel at night through the solitary desert; met with escaped murderers who lived in caves; came across a whole army of wild and savage asses, who offered battle to him and his party; attended grand festivals, where all the guests plunged their hands into the dishes; went to fairs where everybody, buyers and sellers, was on horseback.

At one time, he came very near being discovered by a sharp young prince, who declared that he believed he was an Englishman in disguise. But the good dervish, Vambery, seemed so offended and shocked at such a speech, that after awhile the prince was very sorry that he had hurt the poor man's feelings.

At last our traveler, having reached the borders of Persia, on his homeward journey, threw off his disguise, and mounted on a good horse and attended by a faithful servant, soon reached Teheran, where he was cordially welcomed by both the English and the native citizens. Even the Persian King thought so well of his exploits that he made him a member of the Order of the Lion and the Sun. I don't know what particular advantage this was to Vambery, but it was a compliment, and I suppose he liked it.

Vambery has written a book called "Travels and Adventures in Central Asia," and also several other books about Persia and Asia.

When I last heard of him he was Professor of Oriental languages at the University of Pesth.

It is a very fine thing to travel and see strange countries and strange people, but when you are obliged to make believe that you are a strange person yourself, and run the risk of being killed if you are found out, it would, in most cases, be better to stay at home.

THE RIDE TO SCHOOL.

"THOU shalt have a ride to school on my sled," said Carl to his chub-by lit-tle sis-ter Ka-ren; "and Gretch-en and I will be the horses."



"Oh, that is beau-ti-ful!" cried Ka-ren, with bright, beam-ing eyes; and she danced a-round in her lit-tle red shoes.

They were three Ger-man chil-dren who lived with their fath-er and

moth-er in the far a-way West-ern State of Min-ne-so-ta, where it is so cold in win-ter that the snow lasts a long while.

Then Carl pulled his sled out of the barn, and Ka-ren was seat-ed in the mid-dle of it, with her lit-tle bask-et, which held three round cakes and a ro-sy ap-ple. Gretch-en pinned a large warm shawl o-ver her hood, put on her nice wool-en mit-tens, and, kiss-ing her sweet lit-tle face, said: "Look, how ro-sy she is;" and Ka-ren smiled back on her, say-ing: "Yes, that is fine, dear sis-ter."

Then Gretch-en put her lunch bask-et on the sled; but Carl had his lunch in a nap-kin, which he slung o-ver his shoul-ders; and, tuck-ing his trou-sers in-to his boots, a-way they all went, laugh-ing and sing-ing.

The lit-tle rob-ins scratched in the snow, cry-ing "Tweet, tweet, we want some-thing to eat." The pig-eons strutt-ed up and down the roofs of the hous-es, or flew a-way to the barn, say-ing, soft-ly, "Coo, coo, coo, come to the barn, ver-y good eat-ing there—coo, coo, coo!" The pus-sy cat sneezed, and lift-ed her paws ver-y high, for she ha-ted the snow, and wished it were al-ways sum-mer.

But the lit-tle Ger-man chil-dren liked win-ter as well as sum-mer. They were the ver-y best chil-dren in school that day; and, when school was o-ver, Carl and Gretch-en gave Ka-ren an-oth-er de-light-ful ride.



I GAVE my puss a mac-a-roon,
And bade her eat with a sil-ver spoon;
I brought a glass of spark-ling wine,
And bade the pret-ty creat-ure dine.

But see what came of it, a-lack!
That naught-y pus-sy turned her back;
Now was n't it a dread-ful sight
To see a puss so im-po-lite?



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-MORROW, my boys and girls! What shall Jack tell you about this time? Something about something, eh? That's easily done. What say you to

CROWS' NESTS MADE OF FISH-BONES P

THE crows who live near my wood always build their nests of interwoven sticks and twigs, and they are strong enough to last year after year, if they are not as handsome as those of some other birds. But one of my crow-neighbors tells me that he has cousins who live on far-away islands where there are neither trees nor shrubs, and these crows build their nests, and very good-looking ones too, of the dried and bleached bones of large fish that have been thrown up on the shore.

Queer nests, I should think, but they show the ingenuity and perseverance of the birds. How much better than to sit down and caw sulkily that they will not build any nests at all, because they can't get just the material they prefer for the purpose.

TUMBLE-WEEDS.

MY Eastern children will say, "What *are* tumble-weeds?" when they first see this paragram; but the little Western folk will shout, "Ho! ho! we've seen them! The funniest things that ever were!"

All I know about them is that they belong to the Western prairies, but don't make their appearance until the land has been broken by the plow. Then they start up and take possession for a year or two, and after that they slowly disappear.

They have great big heads, formed of a net-work of stiff little branches, and their roots are like slender young beets. Late in the season, when they get dry, the wind tears them up, roots and all, and off they go, skipping, flying and tumbling over the country like good fellows. They look, in

the distance, like some sort of lively animals, and what is more, it would take a lively animal to catch them; for sometimes, in a high wind, they can outrun a galloping horse.

I wish some of the well-behaved children here-about would take a hint from the tumble-weeds, and be a little more nimble in their ways. One of these days a good run will be set down among the lost arts—see if it is n't—if the children don't play more. There is a teacher in a gricky green gown who walks through our meadow sometimes with her girls, making the poor things all march in a double row like soldiers. Don't I wish she'd take a hint from the tumble-weeds!

THE SUMMER-SURGEON.

SUCH news! The strangest little surgeon! But you shall hear all about him. He always carries a small case of the queerest, sharpest instruments that were ever made. He is the tiniest little fellow, and his wonderful instruments can only be seen when they are placed under a glass called a microscope, which magnifies them, or makes them large enough to be seen.

In this surgeon's case there are two cutting-blades, or lancets, two tiny saws, one hollow tube, and one sharp-pointed instrument, which is also hollow, like a tube. Now, when he thinks it worth while to bleed any one, he opens his little case, and first pierces the skin with the sharp blades; then he cuts the flesh with the two little saws to make the blood flow fast, and then he pours through one tube a fluid into the wound to make the blood thin enough to flow easily, after which he draws up the blood through the other tube into the vessel prepared for it, until he thinks that he has bled the poor patient enough.

Now what do you suppose this surgeon's name is? He is called Mr. Gnat, and he is none other than the troublesome little insect that stings one so often in summer. He uses all these wonderful instruments just to get a sip of blood from some tempting boy or girl—the rascal!

SAILORS' LANGUAGE.

I AM always in my pulpit, but not always preaching. I spend the most of my time in listening to all sorts of strange and wonderful things, in order to tell them to my children. But sometimes I hear things that puzzle me very much. The other day two sailors were talking together, and it took more than my wit to find out what they meant. One said he had just come from the "roaring forties," where he had many times "sailed in the teeth of the wind," and had been "caught in the eye of the storm." You would have believed his observation, that his companion was as "deaf as a coal-bunker," if you had heard the tone in which he shouted out his remarks.

Then the other sailor began to talk. He said that he too had just returned from a voyage. The sea had been as "smooth as blubber" most of the time, but one night when there was "just a capful of wind," and "all s's" were "set" to catch it, and "everything was as quiet as a night dog-

watch," down came a brig and struck her right "amidships." "An', sir, the cap'n only had time to sing out to man the gig, the jollyboat and dingy, when in the water we were! Indeed," the sailor went on to say, "I s'pose we'd ha' gone to Davy Jones' locker if the brig had n't sent along her dory and yawl to pick us up."

Now what do you suppose any sober-minded Jack could make of all that? I can't describe to you how it bothered me to carry all these queer expressions in my head till my traveled bird-friends should come along. Some of them had taken long voyages in ships, and so could understand the terms my sailors had used.

Well, the end of it all is, I know now that the "roaring forties" means the distance on the Atlantic Ocean between the fortieth and fiftieth parallels of latitude; that the sailors gave the name to that space because the ocean is so stormy there. To sail in the "teeth of the wind" means to proceed in the direction from which the wind comes, and to be "caught in the eye of the storm" is to be right in the center of it, which is a very dangerous thing. "A capful of wind" turns out to be a nice brisk wind, not a gale, nor even a spanking breeze—which last, by the way, is a wind that blows quite strongly, but steadily, and is just what a sailor likes best.

As for "s's," that is only the sailor-sound for sails.

When I heard that a "dog-watch" means a watch that is two hours long, I could n't imagine what sort of a watch it could be; but it appears that when a ship is at sea there must always be some one to keep watch night and day, in order to avoid accidents. So one officer will watch from six o'clock till ten, another from ten o'clock till twelve, a third from twelve o'clock till two, and a fourth from two o'clock till six. The two short periods between ten o'clock and two in the daytime, and the same in the night, are called dog-watches.

Upon hearing this, I was going to remark that this was a very queer name, but remembering that all the other names and terms were queer too, I said nothing about it.

As for hitting "amidships," that only means that one vessel struck the other in the center. "Yawl" and "dory," and many of the other words are plain enough, now that I understand them; but we have had sailor-talk long enough for this time.

A LETTER TO JACK.

HERE is a letter just received from my kinsman, Green Dragon:

Chinquepin Island, Mississippi River.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I am sure you remember your cousin Green Dragon. We were well acquainted in the long-ago days before railroads and reapers.

What a famous preacher you are getting to be, my dear cousin! There's not a pulpit in the land so quoted as you. Your fame has come across the prairies to my island home in the midst of the Mississippi's mighty waters. I am happily situated here, at the head of the Keokuk Rapids, in sight of the old Mormon town of Nauvoo, safe for centuries, I think, from the march of civilization. I don't like this same civilization. I'm sure it means no good to us flowers. Just think how it has spoiled our sweet Rose! You and I remember the time, Jack, when she was an open-faced, simple-hearted wood-symph, that either of us would have died for. Now see what a fluffy, artificial, made-up look she has!

But there's one flower here civilization has not corrupted. Jack, Jack, my dear cousin, did you ever see her—the great American lotus,—the Indian Queen? She is like a dream of the Tropics. Down in the ooze, under the solemn waters, is the long, snake-like root; up through the wave rises the sinewy stem; on the river's bosom, spread out like a knighting shield, freely floats the leaf—a yard and a-half wide, Jack. Bravely uplifted above the flood, in her yellow robes and glistening amber jewels, sits the regal lotus, sweetening the breeze with her warm, spicy, almond-flavored breath.

There are strange stories told of this Queen Lotus—of how priests and sages of old made pilgrimages to her home in the Nile; of how she played "bo-peep" with Moses in the bulrushes. Pharaoh's daughter, it is said, was making her periodical visit to the lotus when she discovered the handsome boy. Between ourselves, Jack, I don't believe this lotus of mine, here on the Mississippi, is the same as the ancient lotus of the Nile. I heard a scientific gentleman say that the Nile lotus is purple. My lotus is a delicate, creamy yellow.

The children along the Mississippi like lotus-nuts, and call them water-chinquepins. The German children call them Yankee-nuts.

The white water-lily, a relative to my lotus, is sometimes seen here; but her home is the lake. Flowers and folks are both better off at home. Here the lily draggles; she can't lift herself above the retiring waters. Your cousin, GREEN DRAGON.

STARVING CHILDREN.

IT's a terrible thing to say, but I'm told that some children *are* starving this winter. Find them and feed them, my darlings. Ask your parents to help. Good warm clothes that you never wear should not be stowed away in your homes now. *Somebody* needs them.

BERGMEAL.

A NORWEGIAN boy, with eyes as blue as wood-violets and hair of the pale gold color of a daffy that has grown in the shade, lately told a young lady, in my hearing, about a very queer sort of flour that he had seen at home, and in a few other countries—Tuscany, in Italy, for instance. It is called bergmeal, he said (or bergmehl, from the German *berg*, mountain, and *mehl*, meal). To give a loaf of bread made from this flour, would be almost literally to give a stone for bread; for the bergmehl, our boy said, is not made from grain, but from a very fine white or cream-colored powder, mainly composed of flinty shells, so very small that one square inch of the powder is said to contain millions of them.

"Is this bread good, and can one live upon it?" the young lady asked the Norwegian lad.

He shook his head rather sadly, and said, "No, it is not good, and one could not live upon it alone; but in hard times when grain-flour is very scarce and costly, the poor people go out upon the mountains and gather this powder to mix with grain-flour, to make it last longer."

He said that there was something else in the bergmehl besides the particles of flinty shells, and that this something had a little nourishment in it; but the main thing is that the mountain-flour increases the bulk of the food, and even that is an advantage in times of famine.

I was glad that the poor people of Norway could get this bergmehl when they could not get good grain-flour; but I would much rather we should send them a few shiploads of wheat, or rye, or buckwheat, or Indian-corn. Would n't you, my dears?

DON'T forget the birds this cold weather. Scatter crumbs for them, my children.

THE LETTER-BOX.

HERE is a letter from a little girl, printed word for word as it was written:

Orland, October 11, 1874.

ST. NICHOLAS: Seeing that a good many have written for this book, I thought I would see what I could do about writing a story, although I am but a little girl, nine years old. You cannot expect much from me.

Dear boys and girls, I am going to tell you a story about my little pig. You may think this rather beneath the notice of a little girl, but I do not agree with you. Any little boy or girl who did not have pity for a little motherless lame pig, does not have any heart.

One day, as my grandpa was out in the barn-yard, he saw a little lame pig laying down on the ground. It could not walk; but grandpa brought it in the yard and fed it some milk for two or three days, and then I asked pa if I could have it, and he said I might, and then I took it and fed it, and you may think it funny because I took the dish that I fed it with and washed it. It was in the summer. I took cold water and washed the pig, and wiped it, and it held just as still while I did it. It got over being lame, and grew, till all at once it began to refuse its food; and one morning when I went out to feed it I found it missing. I looked all over for it, but could not find it. Finally we found it in the wood-pile; we took it out and buried it.

I read in my last magazine about a little girl who had a cat, who would ring at the hall-door. Now my grandpa (the same grandpa that helped me take care of my little pig) had a cat that would open the door, and not wait for any one to open it. BIRDIE.

WE gladly print three verses from a poem by E. B., entitled,

THE COOKY WITH A HOLE IN IT.

Little man! did you ever see

A cooky as nice as this?

Spiciness, yellowness, richness,

All to be bought for a kiss!

And see, it is made with a hole, sir,

Framed in for the middle, so;

To hang it upon your finger,

Or even peep through, you know.

Spoke the little man then, "O yes, ma'am!"

Still a small doubt stirred his soul.

"Yes," again said little man, softly,

"But how do you eat the hole?"

JENNIE F. V. writes: "I would like to tell other girls of a way of putting coal on the fire so as not to make a noise. It is useful to know about it, in case anyone is sick, or there is a little baby asleep in the room, or you are helping to take care of your poor grandfather, sick with rheumatism. The last is my case. Grandpa cannot bear the noise made by putting coal on the fire, so I was glad to learn of a good way of doing it softly. I put the coal in little paper grocery-bags that the cook saves for me (but I suppose pieces of newspaper would do to wrap them in). Then, when I get a scuttleful of these bags of coal, I wash my hands, and Mary carries the scuttle up to grandpa's room for me. It is very handy. I can then lay these little bags of coal on the fire so softly that a mouse could n't hear it; and it is easier, too, than lifting the scuttle. Besides, it does n't soil my hands. Sometimes when the fire is n't good I break the bag just a little, so that the paper will catch fire more easily."

Brooklyn, November 23, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You told us last May how to make a "Christmas City," so I have made one. It is on a board three feet long, and two wide. There are fifty houses in all. It is laid out with streets, and green yards with fences around them, and gravel walks and flower-beds, and trees and shrubbery. Two of the yards have croquet sets, and two have artificial ponds. There is a river in one part of the city, and a park in the center. No two houses are exactly alike. There is a cathedral, with a chapel, a bishop's palace, and a nunnery. There are two churches with parsonages; a college with a chapel and library; and three houses for the President and Professors, all enclosed in one yard, which I call College Square. There are three farm-houses and twelve cottages and a school-house; two hotels, two stores, a theater, a bank, eight mansion-houses, four barns, and two little summer arbors beside the river. I was nine years old when I commenced my city, but did not finish it till after I was ten. But I fear I am writing too long a letter for your time and patience. I will only add that I sent my City to the county fair, and got five dollars premium for it. I am thinking some of making a Holiday Harbor, but do not know as I can make the ships. I hope St. Nicholas will have a good big turkey for his Thanksgiving dinner; I think he deserves one for making me so happy.—From your friend,

LIZZIE M. BENNETT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The Letter-Box asks why the mark in paper is called a "water-mark." It is so called because made by the wire through which the water is drained from the pulp of which the paper is made. ARNOLD GUYOT CAMERON.

C. V. T.—We do not wonder that "The Hidden Hand" in the conundrum picture puzzled you. We intended that it should do so. You could not, it is true, "find" the hidden hand in the picture in a literal sense, but surely the expression, "find," is quite allowable in this case. Ours was a riddle, or conundrum picture, and we expected that all who undertook to interpret it would let their fancy shed light upon their wits.

Long ago, we said to a dear old negro:

"Eliza, here's a conundrum for you. Why is a person with the rheumatism like a church window?"

"Dunno, chile," said she. "You'll hab to tell ole 'Liza dat, I 'se thinkin'."

"Why, Eliza, don't you know? It's because it's full of pains."

"G'long," cried Eliza, highly indignant. "Done come tellin' 'Liza no sich stuff; 'tain no sich thing. Dey's diff'rent kinds of pains, dem is. Don't s'pose dey rubs limiment on church window-panes, does yer? Ole 'Liza aint gwine to believe no sich stuff as dat, no how."

It has been a surprise and a pleasure to us to note that out of all the nine hundred and more who sent answers to our conundrum picture, only *seven* have since expressed any dissatisfaction whatever, and, strange to say, the things that they find fault with are the very answers (printed in December ST. NICHOLAS) that a *very large majority* of the children sent in without hesitation.

DEAR EDITOR: You have so many fine stories about animals in ST. NICHOLAS, that I want you to please put this one in. A lady who came to see my mother told it to us last night. She said that in the house right back of hers in Brooklyn, they have a pet parrot. On week-day mornings this parrot always has a good deal to say about wanting this and that; but on Sunday mornings last Summer it would rouse the neighbors by shouting, "Mary, Elizabeth, get ready for Sunday-school! Mary, Elizabeth, get ready for Sunday-school!" over and over again. The lady said that the bird was in its cage hanging out of an upper window, where no one could talk to it and tell it what to say without being seen or heard, and it never said this on any morning but Sunday. Do you suppose the parrot could count?—Your respectful friend, LANA M. WEST.

Boston.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Do you consider the expression, "can't see it," as slang? I like that society of "Non-askers," mentioned by John Gregg in the Letter-Box for last June. Don't you think the girls ought to join? Do you think it a good plan to learn poetry? Can you tell me who wrote that poem on "The Burial of Moses," beginning:

"By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave;
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave?"

Yours respectfully,

MINNIE THOMAS.

The expression, "can't see it," is not necessarily slang, but it may be used as slang, and is then disagreeable to refined persons. Whether it is slang or not depends entirely on the motive of the person using it.

We wish that every one of our girls would join the Non-askers.

There can be no doubt that, for many reasons, committing poetry—good poetry—to memory is an excellent practice.

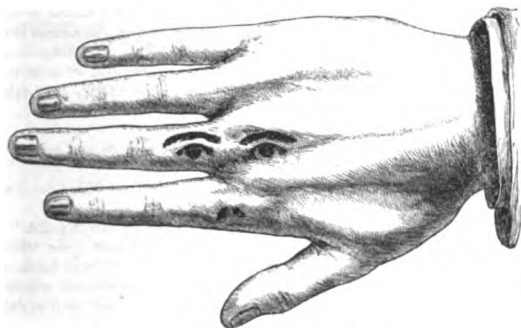
The poem you speak of was written, we believe, by a Mrs. Alexander, and appeared first in a small monthly publication, the *Christian Miscellany*, issued by the Wesleyan Methodist Conference Publication Office in London.

CARRIE MAIRE AND LOUISE QUINTARD—The army of Bird-defenders has adopted a preamble and resolutions, which fully explain "what it has to do." You will find them in Mr. Haskins' article, "For the Birds," in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1873, or in Letter-Box of the number for May, 1874.

CHARL writes: "Noticing that another contributor to your Riddle-Box is using the *nom de plume* 'Charl,' I suggest that it would be well for the latest Charl to select a different name."

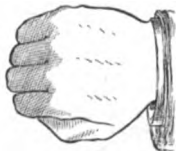
EDWIN S. BELKNAP wants to know how to make a sun-dial. Who can tell him?

OSWEGO BOY, who asks to be told "how to turn one's hand into an old woman."—As other young folks also may wish to see or exhibit this old woman during the fireside season, we will answer



your query by two pictures. The first will show you the markings of India-ink, or burnt cork, to be made on one hand (the left, not the right; our artist has made a mistake there); the second will show you how to double the same hand so as to form the old woman's face. You then put a little kerchief on her head, tying it under her chin, and Mrs. McGrundy is complete. By moving the bended thumb slowly the lady will appear to be opening and closing her mouth. A little practice will enable you to accompany this lip motion with appropriate speech, so that Mrs. McGrundy may say a few words to her admiring friends.

By way of variety, a small frilled cap with a black band can be made for the old lady's use, and a sort of stuffed gown can be held up closely to the head by means of a cord secured to the gown and held tightly between the second and third fingers of the doubled fist.



BIRD-DEFENDERS.

THE army of Bird-defenders has received a large number of recruits since our last issue.

WILLIAM J. ELDRIDGE (who writes that he is keeping an alphabetical list of the Bird-defenders) sends, besides his own, the names of John J. Eldridge, Lizzie H. Eldridge, Alice G. Troth and Lilian S. Troth.

BERTHA J. RICKOFF, of Cleveland, Ohio, sends the following list: Fauny Beckwith, Alice Burrows, Annie Burrows, Maud Hanna, Anna Shipherd, Nellie Runcy, Lillian Harwood, Florence Hyde, Mabel Allen, Tilly Huntington, Maggie Huntington, Annie Smith, Albina Sanders, Willie Rickoff, Bell J. Watterson and Bertha J. Rickoff.

LIBBIE M. BUTLER sends her own and the following names: Minnie Clements, Ella Van Patten, Gertie Layner and Jennie Butler.

CLINTON B. POE sends this list: Sam K. Poe, Robert A. Gregory, Arthur Kimerly, Carrie Johnson, Waldo Morgan, Jennie Lawrence and Clinton B. Poe.

CHARLIE J. BIGELOW joins the army, and sends other names, as follows: Frank Dingman, Willie Randall, Charlie Randall, Willie Ebberlie, Nellie Burton, Sarah Pompenella and Hattie Sullivan.

FLORENCE B. LOCKWOOD asks to be enrolled in company with a few recruits: Katie Radford, Conchita Cisneros, Clemencia Mestre, E. J. Tiemann, M. C. Murray and Benoni Lockwood.

LILY F. CONKEY sends her second list: Cornelia W. Smith, Minnie Adams, Nellie Wilkinson, Helen Kellogg, Willie Dane, Minnie Ashley, Flora Page, Selina Steinitz, N. J. Spurr and Frank L. Douglass.

Besides the above, the following new names have been enrolled: John C. Howard, Sallie F. Bailey, Fred N. Luther, Mamie Beach and Lillie McGregor, Will E. Brayton, F. Green, George S. Brown, S. Weaver, Minnie L. Sherman, Rob R. Sherman, Katie T. Hughes, Ollie Hughes/ Harry Winn, Lizzie M. Bennett, Henry K. Gilman, Ruth and Mabel Davison, George F. Pease, Frankie L. Jones, Mabel W. Baldwin, Henry O. Riddell, Harry N. Covell, A. R. Diamond, Willie G. Foote and Lincoln Righter.

"MACHEN."

Translation of German Sketch in December Number.

EARLY, when daylight appears, the peasant gets out of bed. He opens the chamber door and shuts it again, to go to his day's work, of which the beginning consists in lighting a fire, in order first of all to prepare the coffee. His wife meanwhile cleans the room, puts things in order, and arranges her hair. If she is long about it, her husband gives her a cross look. She does not really care much about that; but it is not very cheering to have the remark constantly made to you: "See that you hurry now; I am so worried, I can do nothing." At last, as he sets out to go to the fair, there is so bad a snow-storm that he hardly knows what to do, &c., &c.

Translations have been received from Corydon P. Karr, Fred W. McKee and S. A. Ammon, Joseph Jastrow, Sigismund Dormitzer, Carrie Hesse, Mary B. McCoy, Emily Schumann, Lizzie Bradford, James Espy, Edith W., Clara M. Gearhart, Willie E. Mayer and O. Smith.

THE question, "Who Was He?" in the paragraph of the December Letter-Box concerning a certain noted man, has been correctly answered by the following-named boys and girls, who send word that Dr. Samuel Johnson is the person referred to: Thomas Noel, Clara Lee, Libbie M. Butler, Mamie Wagner, T. C. Merrel, Georgie L. Blood, Nettie E. Williams, A. R. Diamond, Olive Pratt, Mamie Beach and Lillie McGregor, John O. C. Ellis, Laura A. Wilson, C. W. and M. P., Clifton B. Dare, Lizzie Johnson, May Ogden, Stella M. Luce, Edith W., five members of the reading-class of Mrs. E. P. T., Lillie F. Conkey and Nellie S. Colby.

OUR "Word-makers" will receive attention next month.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Nursery Nooning. By Gail Hamilton. Harper & Bros., New York. (A good strong book for parents.)

The Man in the Moon, and Other People. By R. W. Raymond. J. B. Ford & Co., New York. (A collection of very entertaining stories.)

F. Grant & Co.; or, Partnerships. By George L. Chaney. Roberts Bros., Boston. (A good book for boys.)

Children's Stories. By Eleven Harvard Sophomores. Roberts Brothers, Boston. (Capital for the little folks.)

A Practical and Critical Grammar of the English Language. By Noble Butler. John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.

Twilight Stories, by Miss B. C. Rogers; *Twenty Stories and Twenty Poems,* by Mrs. C. E. R. Parker; *Bob Tinker and His Friends,* by Mary E. C. Wyeth; *Bessie Kirkland,* by Mrs. M. E. Miller; *Lillie; or, The Little Christian's Toilet,* by Mrs. H. E. Brown; *Joe and Sally; or, A Good Deed and Its Fruits; Little Folks' Picture Book; Four "Dot" Books.* Published by the American Tract Society, New York.

Little Stories for Little People. By James Barron Hope, Norfolk, Va.

MUSIC RECEIVED.

Friendship's Gift. A collection of popular pieces, simplified by E. Mark. S. T. Gordon & Son, New York.

Fusionen Walts. Strauss.

Students' Ball Waltzes. Strauss.

The Happy Children. Six easy dances for the piano. By Jos. Rummel. S. T. Gordon & Son, New York.

Songs of Lapland and Finland. Translated and adapted to the music by Selma Borg and Marie A. Brown. Philadelphia.



NICHOLAS! ST. NICHOLAS!

The "Ice-Boat Song," from "Hans Brinker."

GEORGE J. HUSS.

With Spirit.

p cresc. f p sempre staccato.

Ped.

1. Friend of sail-ore
2. While through wintry
3. Sun - ny spar - kles
4. Pret - ty gifts and

1 and of children! Dou-ble claim have we
2 air we're rushing, As our voic-es blend,
3 bright before us Chase a-way the cold!
4 lov-ing les-son, Fes-ti-val and glee,

As in youth-ful joy we're sailing O'er a fro-zen sea!
Are you near us? do you hear us, Nich-o-las, our friend?
Hearts where sunny thoughts are welcome, Never can grow old.
Bid us thank thee as we're sailing O'er the froz-en sea.

1 Nich-o-las! Saint Nich-o-las!
2 Nich-o-las! Saint Nich-o-las!
3 Nich-o-las! Saint Nich-o-las!
4 Nich-o-las! Saint Nich-o-las!

Let us sing to thee.
Love can nev-er end.
Nev-er can grow old.
So we sing to thee!

1 Nich - o - las! Saint Nich-o-las! Let us sing to thee. Nich - o-las! Saint Nich-o-las! Let us sing to
 2 Nich - o-las! Saint Nich-o-las! Love can nev-er end. Nich - o-las! Saint Nich-o-las! Love can nev-er
 3 Nich - o-las! Saint Nich-o-las! Nev-er can grow old. Nich - o-las! Saint Nich-o-las! Nev-er can grow
 4 Nich - o-las! Saint Nich-o-las! So we sing to thee. Nich - o-las! Saint Nich-o-las! So we sing to

Ending for the 1st, 2d, and 3d verses. *Ending for the last verse.*

1 thee!
 2 end.
 3 old.
 4 thee.

8va.....
Ped.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

REVERSALS.

1. TAKE a word meaning to separate, reverse it, and find a snare for vermin. 2. Belonging to animals of a certain kind; reversed, to barter. 3. A pest to society; reversed, a kind of bird. 4. A nocturnal animal; reversed, an appendage to a cap. 5. A modern means of divination; reversed, a mineral. 6. To treat with contempt; reversed, small sweet-cakes. 7. An ancient poet or minstrel; reversed, a color. 8. Departed in haste; reversed, a kind of ware. R. G.

HIDDEN ACROSTIC.

At the foot of a bed,
 And the base of the stair;
 In the night, and the light,
 In the back of a chair;
 On the old marble mantel,
 In the edge of the door;
 At the head of the table,
 And inside a store.

Now place me together,
 And, like the lost geese,
 The whole you'll find never,
 For I'm only a piece. ALDEBARAN.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

EVERY other letter is omitted. N-v-r-o-d-m-w-a-y-u-o-o-u-d-r-t-n. (A bit of proverbial advice worth heeding.) RUTHVEN.

CHARADE.

My second wakes when by my first
 The birds are set a-singing.
 And with the echo of their joy
 The forest deep is ringing.

My whole, a dainty, fragile thing,
 Braved wind and wave and tide,
 And now enshrined in history's page
 It lives, a nation's pride.

RIDDLE.

In my first, or my fourth, or it may be my third, you will find my second her whom you have been so long seeking, for she may become my whole. Marry her and get the money. P. V.

CROSS-WORD.

My first is in crow, but not in hawk;
 My second is in landing, but not in dock;
 My third is in horse, and also in mule;
 My fourth is in govern, but not in rule;
 My fifth is in patch, but not in mend;
 My sixth is in tear, but not in rend;
 My seventh is in trouble, but not in grief;
 My eighth is in robber, but not in thief;
 My ninth is in saw, but not in seen;
 My whole is the name of a wicked queen. T. W. M'G.

REBUS.

(The solution is a stanza from Tennyson's "In Memoriam.")



PUZZLE.

ONE hundred and one by fifty divide,
And then if a cipher be rightly applied,
And your computation agree with mine,
The answer will be one taken from nine. x.

COMBINED SQUARE-WORD AND DIAGONAL.

SQUARE-WORD: 1. Part of every carpet. 2. An open space. 3. Used in guiding horses. 4. A short breathing. Diagonals: A writing—a glimpse. M.

REVERSIBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. To marry. 3. A mechanical power. 4. A cave. 5. A consonant. Reversed: 1. A consonant. 2. A boy's name. 3. A feast. 4. Moisture. 5. A consonant. J. S. R.

STAR PUZZLE.

1. SLANG for companion. 2. Deceased. 3. A color. 4. To make certain kinds of liquors. 5. To twist. C. A. M.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER.

A PLUM PUDDING.—1. Mace (M-ace). 2. Flour (Flower). 3. Clove (C-love). 4. Currants (currents). 5. Indian-meal. 6. Allspice (awls-p-ice). 7. Molasses (Mo. lasses). 8. Candied lemon-peel (candied-lemon peel). 9. Citron (sit run). 10. Suet (Sue ate).

ENIGMA.—Do not judge the feelings of others by your own.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Rainbow, Sunbeam.—Riddles, Adieu, Indian, Nab, Believe, Opera, Wisdom.

REVERSIBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.—L, Wen, Repel, Ned, R.

RIDDLE.—Camel, Carmel, Caramel.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.—St. Nicholas.—Saratoga, Tanganika, Nanking, Iceland, China, Himalaya, Obi, Lapland, America, Scotland.

BEHEADED RHYMES.—Spin, pin, in. Charmed, harmed, armed.

EASY DIAMOND PUZZLE.—E, Ear, Easel, Red, I.

A PICTURE PUZZLE.—The inscription on the sign:

Rove not from pole to pole. The man in here
Will shave you close and smooth, from ear to ear;
And that without a scratch to mar your beauty.
Your hair he'll cut to suit you in a trice,
And when 'tis done, you'll marvel at the price.
Then let your wanderings stop,
And enter in this shop.

AN ENTERTAINMENT.—I rented neat, entertained, entered in at—estimate, time seat, I set meat—sixteen on, extension—side-table, blest idea, lest I bade—several, reveals—meats, steam—Keats, takes, steak, skate—is grave, graves—I on no, onion—Arago sat, Saratoga—gets veal be, vegetables—conversation, tin covers on a—amused, am used, made us—separate, ate pears—a speech, peaches—apricots, to a crisp—rice came, ice-cream—sinew, wines, swine—left, felt.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER were received previous to December 18th, from James E. Whitney, Jr., Florence B. Lockwood, James Alexander, Jr., Milly I. Smith, Lizzie M. Park, M. E. and G. H., Bessie T. B. Benedict, "May B. Not," Susie A. Murray, James McCall, Jr., Mabel W. Baldwin, Jacob A. Hountain, George Loutzenheirer, Fannie Griswold, Carrie A. Johnson, E. H. B., Edgar L. R., Libbie M. Butler, Henry O. Riddell, Clara Lee, "Pennsylvania and California," Helen Worrell Clarkson, Adelle T. Peck and Lizzie M. Knapp, Florence Palmer, "May and Rhecia," Everett B. Clarke, Maggie Charlton, Harriet Lagoutz, Louise F. March, Clinton B. Poe, Charles George Martin, Alice W. Ives, Ruth C. Stetson, Mamie Beach and Lillie McGregor, Carrie L. Hastings, Edwin B. Saunier, Helen B. Fancharl, Nanna Fife, John B. Neale, Frank E. Vaughan, Eva G. Wanzer, D. P. L. Postell, Laurens T. Postell, Susie M. Brown, Ida E. Christianoy, John O. C. Ellis, Fred H. Wilson, Herbert E. Mathews, Lillian Carter, Clara Carter, Franklin M. Welsh, A. L. Benedict, Lulu Isabel Needham, Bennie Melvin, Katie T. Hughes, Willie Thorn, Frank S. Halsey, Jessie Field, James J. Ormsbee, F. B. James, Agnes Stevens, Hattie Beecher Scoville, Ella Condie, Maggie T., Lizzie C. Brown, Eugenia C. Pratt, Eddie L. Heydecker, Robert Van Voorhis, Jr., Arthur M. Little, Willie Boucher Jones, John C. Howard, Sophie Winslow, Rachel Hutchins, Carleton Brabrook, Gertie Bradley, Katie Walsh and Bessie Shubrick, Julia Dean Hunter, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Emily Bodstein, Arthur E. Smith, Stella M. Luce, Howard G. Nott, D. W. McCullough, Rosa M. Raymond, Arthur C. Burnham, Neenah M. Dunn, Florence B. Lockwood, Mary S. Wilcox, O. Smith, Lily F. Conkey, Freddy Forehand, Nellie S. Colby, John Ruggles Slack, M. L. Palmer, May Trumbull, Lucy Barbour, Grace Nunemacher, George H. Smith, Jr., Lizzie C. Wells, and C. D. Benedict.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THE answer contains eleven letters, and is the name of a river of the United States. The 1, 9, 11, 5 is a medium. The 8, 2 is an exclamation. The 10, 7, 6, 2, 4, 3, is a body of water.

RUTHVEN.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. A SERVANT. 2. A sacred shield. 3. Rare. 4. A Hindoo chief. 5. A governor of a castle. 6. Looked obliquely.

RUTH G.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

THE primals, centrals, and finals form the names of three musical instruments. 1. Smooth. 2. Concord. 3. A soldier. 4. To environ. R.



THE TWO FRIENDS.

FROM A PICTURE BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. II.

MARCH, 1875.

No. 5.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

BY PAUL FORT.

THERE was once a bear who was very lonely (La Fontaine tells about him in one of his fables), and as he grew older he began to feel that his solitary lot was too much for him to bear. He had no wife, no children, no parents. The larger animals generally avoided him, and as for the smaller créatures, such as rabbits and little pigs, they would have nothing whatever to do with him, if they could help it. He had

No one to love, none to caress,

and he grew sadder day by day.

Not many miles from the mountain on which this bear lived, was the house of a man who was in very much the same condition. He had a comfortable home, with gardens and shade-trees, and pillars and alcoves, with statues of Saturn and Jupiter and the rest of the heathen gods, and lakes on which swans glided about.

In all this the man was ever so much better off than the bear, who had almost nothing at all; but he was not happy. He, too, had no wife, or child, or parents. He longed for companionship—some one into whose ear he could pour his sorrows and his joys, some one on whose heart he could lovingly lean.

One day, when he was out walking, he met the bear. At the same instant the same idea struck each of these individuals. Each said to himself:

“Perhaps I have at last met my friend!”

After a few words of ordinary salutation, they became quite at their ease, and soon struck up a very pleasant acquaintance as they walked together through the wood.

The bear was a good honest sort of fellow, and the man took such a liking to him, that when they

reached his house he invited the bear to stay all night.

The bear staid all night, and also the next day, and the two new friends got along so well together that they made an arrangement by which the bear came to live with the man.

They were both very well satisfied with this plan. The bear had a good house to live in, plenty to eat, and delightful grounds in which he might rove about. The man, who was very fond of gardening, and did not care much for hunting or anything of that kind, found the bear extremely useful in getting an occasional deer or wild pig for the family table.

Besides, when warm and tired after working in the garden, he was not afraid to lie down and go to sleep under the shade of one of his great trees, if the bear were near. He knew very well that no wild beast or wicked man would dare to harm him when that true friend stood guard.

And thus they lived pleasantly during a great part of the Summer. They confided in each other, they never quarreled, and they seemed to suit each other admirably.

But one was a man and the other was a bear.

The bear was very strong and good-natured, but he did not know much. Of course he was not to blame for that; but his extreme ignorance did not have a good effect upon his companion. It is very seldom that we are benefited by intimate association with ignorant people.

One day the man was asleep under a tree, and the bear was watching him. There was nothing to molest the sleeper but flies and gnats, and these the bear carefully brushed away so that his dear friend might rest at ease.

There was, however, one pertinacious gnat, who would not be brushed away. He buzzed about the man's head and alighted on his nose. He whisked himself here, and he whisked himself there; the more the bear brushed him away, the more he came back again, buzzing and humming like a little winged demon.

The bear lost all patience.

"My good friend can't get a decent nap for that wretched gnat! I'll kill the malicious little insect. It's the only way to do with such stupid creatures."

So he took up a big stone and hurled it at the gnat, which had just settled on the nose of the sleeping man.

The bear killed the bothersome gnat, but he also crushed the head of his dear friend.

Two or three days afterward, the bear was sitting under a tree in the forest, thinking about all this.

"The trouble was," he said to himself, "that the man ought to have been careful to choose a friend with more sense than I've got." Which proves that the bear was not altogether an idiot.

EIGHT COUSINS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER V.

A BELT AND A BOX.



WHEN Rose came out of her chamber, cup in hand, next morning, the first person she saw was Uncle Alec standing on the threshold of the room opposite, which he appeared to be examining with care. When he heard her step, he turned about and began to sing:

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a-milking, sir, she said," answered Rose, waving the cup; and then they finished the verse together in fine style.

Before either spoke, a head, in a nightcap so large and beruffled that it looked like a cabbage, popped out of a room farther down the hall, and an astonished voice exclaimed:

"What in the world are you about so early?"

"Clearing our pipes for the day, ma'am. Look here, auntie, can I have this room?" said Dr. Alec, making her a sailor's bow.

"Any room you like, except sister's."

"Thanks. And may I go rummaging round in the garrets and glory-holes to furnish it as I like?"

"My dear boy, you may turn the house upside down if you will only stay in it."

"That's a handsome offer, I'm sure. I'll stay, ma'am; here's my little anchor, so you will get more than you want of me this time."

"That's impossible! Put on your jacket, Rose. Don't tire her out with antics, Alec. Yes, sister, I'm coming!" and the cabbage vanished suddenly.

The first milking lesson was a droll one; but after several scares and many vain attempts Rose at last managed to fill her cup, while Ben held Clover's tail so that it could not flap, and Dr. Alec kept her from turning to stare at the new milk-maid, who objected to both these proceedings very much.

"You look chilly in spite of all this laughing. Take a smart run round the garden and get up a glow," said the doctor, as they left the barn.

"I'm too old for running, uncle; Miss Powers said it was not lady-like for girls in their teens," answered Rose, primly.

"I take the liberty of differing from Madame Prunes and Prisms, and, as your physician, I order you to run. Off with you!" said Uncle Alec, with a look and a gesture that made Rose scurry away as fast as she could go.

Anxious to please him, she raced round the beds till she came back to the porch where he stood, and dropping down upon the steps, she sat panting with cheeks as rosy as the rigolette on her shoulders.

"Very well done, child; I see you have not lost the use of your limbs though you *are* in your teens. That belt is too tight; unfasten it, then you can take a long breath without panting so."

"It is n't tight, sir; I can breathe perfectly well," began Rose, trying to compose herself.

Her uncle's only answer was to lift her up and unhook the new belt of which she was so proud. The moment the clasp was open the belt flew apart several inches, for it was impossible to restrain the involuntary sigh of relief that flatly contradicted her words.

"Why, I did n't know it was tight! it did n't feel

so a bit. Of course it would open if I puff like this, but I never do, because I hardly ever run," explained Rose, rather discomfited by this discovery.

"I see you don't half fill your lungs, and so you can wear this absurd thing without feeling it. The idea of cramping a tender little waist in a stiff band of leather and steel just when it ought to be growing," said Dr. Alec, surveying the belt with great disfavor as he put the clasp forward several holes, to Rose's secret dismay, for she was proud of her slender figure, and daily rejoiced that she was n't as stout as Luly Miller, a former schoolmate, who vainly tried to repress her plumpness.

"It will fall off if it is so loose," she said anxiously, as she stood watching him pull her precious belt about.

"Not if you keep taking long breaths to hold it on. That is what I want you to do, and when you have filled this out we will go on enlarging it till your waist is more like that of Hebe, goddess of health, and less like that of a fashion-plate,—the ugliest thing imaginable."

"How it does look!" and Rose gave a glance of scorn at the loose belt hanging round her trim little waist. "It will be lost, and then I shall feel badly, for it cost ever so much, and is real steel and Russia leather. Just smell how nice."

"If it is lost I'll give you a better one. A soft silken sash is much fitter for a pretty child like you than a plated harness like this; and I've got no end of Italian scarfs and Turkish sashes among my traps. Ah! that makes you feel better, does n't it?" and he pinched the cheek that had suddenly dimpled with a smile.

"It is very silly of me, but I can't help liking to know that"—here she stopped and blushed and held down her head, ashamed to add, "you think I am pretty."

Dr. Alec's eyes twinkled, but he said, very soberly:

"Rose, are you vain?"

"I'm afraid I am," answered a very meek voice from behind the veil of hair that hid the red face.

"That is a sad fault." And he sighed as if grieved at the confession.

"I know it is, and I try not to be; but people praise me, and I can't help liking it, for I really don't think I am repulsive, uncle."

The last word, and the funny tone in which it was uttered, were too much for Dr. Alec, and he laughed in spite of himself, to Rose's great relief.

"I quite agree with you; and in order that you may be still less repulsive, I want you to grow as fine a girl as Phebe."

"Phebe!" and Rose looked so amazed that her uncle nearly went off again.

"Yes, Phebe; for she has what you need—

health. If you dear little girls would only learn what real beauty is, and not pinch and starve and bleach yourselves out so, you'd save an immense deal of time and money and pain. A happy soul in a healthy body makes the best sort of beauty for man or woman. Do you understand that, my dear?"

"Yes, sir," answered Rose, much taken down by this comparison with the girl from the poor-house. It nettled her sadly, and she showed that it did by saying quickly:

"I suppose you would like to have me sweep and scrub and wear an old brown dress, and go round with my sleeves rolled up as Phebe does?"

"I should very much, if you could work as well as she does, and show as strong a pair of arms as she can. I have n't seen a prettier picture for some time than she made of herself this morning, up to the elbows in suds, singing like a blackbird while she scrubbed on the back stoop."

"Well, I do think you are the queerest man that ever lived!" was all Rose could find to say after this display of bad taste.

"I have n't begun to show my oddities yet, so you must make up your mind to worse shocks than this," he said, with such a whimsical look that she was glad the sound of a bell prevented her showing more plainly what a blow her little vanities had already received.

"You will find your box all open up in auntie's room, and there you can amuse her and yourself by rummaging to your heart's content; I've got to be cruising round all the morning getting my room to rights," said Dr. Alec, as they rose from breakfast.

"Can't I help you, uncle?" asked Rose, quite burning to be useful.

"No, thank you. I'm going to borrow Phebe for awhile, if Aunt Plenty can spare her."

"Anybody—anything, Alec. You will want me, I know, so I'll give orders about dinner and be all ready to lend a hand;" and the old lady bustled away full of interest and good-will.

"Uncle will find that I can do some things that Phebe can't; so now!" thought Rose, with a toss of the head as she flew to Aunt Peace and the long-desired box.

Every little girl can easily imagine what an extra good time she had diving into a sea of treasures and fishing up one pretty thing after another, till the air was full of the mingled odors of musk and sandal-wood, the room gay with bright colors, and Rose in a rapture of delight. She began to forgive Dr. Alec for the oatmeal diet when she saw a lovely ivory work-box; became resigned to the state of her belt when she found a pile of rainbow-colored sashes; and when she came to some distractingly

pretty bottles of attar of rose, she felt that they almost atoned for the great sin of thinking Phebe the finer girl of the two.

Dr. Alec meanwhile had apparently taken Aunt Plenty at her word, and *was* turning the house upside down. A general revolution was evidently going on in the green room, for the dark damask curtains were seen bundling away in Phebe's arms; the air-tight stove retiring to the cellar on Ben's shoulder, and the great bedstead going up garret in a fragmentary state, escorted by three bearers. Aunt Plenty was constantly on the trot among her store-rooms, camphor-chests and linen-closets, looking as if the new order of things both amazed and amused her.

Half the peculiar performances of Dr. Alec cannot be revealed, but as Rose glanced up from her box now and then she caught glimpses of him striding by, bearing a bamboo chair, a pair of ancient andirons, a queer Japanese screen, a rug or two, and finally a large bathing-pan upon his head:

"What a curious room it will be," she said, as she sat resting and refreshing herself with "Lumps of Delight," all the way from Cairo.

"I fancy *you* will like it, deary," answered Aunt Peace, looking up with a smile from some pretty trifle she was making with blue silk and white muslin.

Rose did not see the smile, for just at that moment her uncle paused at the door, and she sprang up to dance before him, saying, with a face full of childish happiness:

"Look at me! look at me! I'm so splendid I don't know myself. I have n't put these things on right, I dare say, but I do like them *so* much!"

"You look as gay as a parrot in your fez and cabaja, and it does my heart good to see the little black shadow turned into a rainbow," said Uncle Alec, surveying the bright figure before him with great approbation.

He did not say it, but he thought she made a much prettier picture than Phebe at the wash-tub, for she had stuck a purple fez on her blond head, tied several brilliant scarfs about her waist, and put on a truly gorgeous scarlet jacket with a golden sun embroidered on the back, a silver moon on the front, and stars of all sizes on the sleeves. A pair of Turkish slippers adorned her feet, and necklaces of amber, coral and filigree hung about her neck, while one hand held a smelling-bottle, and the other the spicy box of oriental sweetmeats.

"I feel like a girl in the 'Arabian Nights,' and expect to find a magic carpet or a wonderful talisman somewhere. Only I don't see how I ever *can* thank you for all these lovely things," she said, stopping her dance, as if suddenly oppressed with gratitude.

"I'll tell you how—by leaving off the black clothes, that never should have been kept so long on such a child, and wearing the gay ones I've brought. It will do your spirits good, and cheer up this sober old house. Wont it, Auntie?"

"I think you are right, Alec, and it is fortunate that we have not begun on her spring clothes yet, for Myra thought she ought not to wear anything brighter than violet, and she is too pale for that."

"You just let me direct Miss Hemming how to make some of these things. You will be surprised to see how much I know about piping hems and gathering arm-holes and shirring biases," began Dr. Alec, patting a pile of muslin, cloth and silk with a knowing air.

Aunt Peace and Rose laughed so that he could not display his knowledge any farther till they stopped, when he said good-naturedly:

"That will go a great way toward filling out the belt, so laugh away, Morgiana, and I'll go back to my work, or I never shall be done."

"I could n't help it, 'shirred biases' were so very funny!" Rose said, as she turned to her box after the splendid laugh. "But really, auntie," she added soberly, "I feel as if I ought not to have so many nice things. I suppose it would n't do to give Phebe some of them? Uncle might not like it."

"He would not mind; but they are not suitable for Phebe. Some of the dresses you are done with would be more useful, if they can be made over to fit her," answered Aunt Peace in the prudent, moderate tone which is so trying to our feelings when we indulge in little fits of charitable enthusiasm.

"I'd rather give her new ones, for I think she is a little bit proud and might not like old things. If she was my sister it would do, because sisters don't mind, but she is n't, and that makes it bad, you see. I know how I can manage beautifully; I'll adopt her!" and Rose looked quite radiant with this new idea.

"I'm afraid you could not do it legally till you are older, but you might see if she likes the plan, and at any rate you can be very kind to her, for in one sense we are all sisters, and should help one another."

The sweet old face looked at her so kindly that Rose was fired with a desire to settle the matter at once, and rushed away to the kitchen just as she was. Phebe was there, polishing up the queer old andirons so busily that she started when a voice cried out: "Smell that, taste this, and look at me!"

Phebe sniffed attar of rose, crunched the Lump of Delight tucked into her mouth, and stared with all her eyes at little Morgiana prancing about the room like a brilliant parouquet.

"My stars, aint you splendid!" was all she could say, holding up two dusty hands.

"I've got heaps of lovely things upstairs, and I'll show them all to you, and I'd go halves, only auntie thinks they would n't be useful, so I shall give you something else; and you wont mind, will you? because I want to adopt you as Arabella was in the story. Wont that be nice?"

"Why, Miss Rose, have you lost your wits?"

No wonder Phebe asked, for Rose talked very fast, and looked so odd in her new costume, and

what to do," thought Rose, much discouraged by this reception of her offer.

"Please, forgive me; I did n't mean to hurt your feelings, and hope you wont think ——" she faltered presently, feeling that she must undo the mischief if possible.

But Phebe gave her another surprise, by dropping the apron and showing a face all smiles, in spite of tears in the eyes, as she put both arms round Rose, and said, with a laugh and sob:

"I think you are the dearest girl in the world, and I'll let you do anything you like with me."

"Then you do like the plan? You did n't cry because I seemed to be kind of patronizing? I truly did n't mean to be," cried Rose, delighted.

"I guess I do like it! and cried because no one was ever so good to me before, and I could n't help it. As for patronizing, you may walk on me if you want to, and I wont mind," said Phebe, in a burst of gratitude, for the words, "we are all sisters," went straight to her lonely heart and nestled there.

"Well, now, we can play I'm a good sprite out of the box, or, what is better, a fairy godmother come down the chimney, and you are Cinderella, and must say what you want," said Rose, trying to put the question delicately.

Phebe understood that, for she had a good deal of natural refinement, though she did come from the poor-house.

"I don't feel as if I wanted anything now, Miss Rose, but to find some way of thanking you for all you've done," she said, rubbing off a tear that went rolling down

the bridge of her nose in the most unromantic way.

"Why, I have n't done anything but given you a bit of candy! Here, have some more, and eat 'em while you work and think what I *can* do. I must go and clear up, so good-by, and don't forget I've adopted you."

"You've given me sweeter things than candy, and I'm not likely to forget it." And carefully wiping off the brick-dust, Phebe pressed the little hand Rose offered warmly in both her hard ones, while the black eyes followed the departing visitor with a grateful look that made them very soft and bright.



ROSE AND PHEBE.

was so eager she could not stop to explain. Seeing Phebe's bewilderment, she quieted down and said, with a pretty air of earnestness:

"It is n't fair that I should have so much and you so little, and I want to be as good to you as if you were my sister, for Aunt Peace says we are all sisters really. I thought if I adopted you as much as I can now, it would be nicer. Will you let me, please?"

To Rose's great surprise Phebe sat down on the floor and hid her face in her apron for a minute without answering a word.

"Oh dear, now she's offended, and I don't know

CHAPTER VI.

UNCLE ALEC'S ROOM.

SOON after dinner, and before she had got acquainted with half her new possessions, Dr. Alec proposed a drive, to carry round the first installment of gifts to the aunts and cousins. Rose was quite ready to go, being anxious to try a certain soft bur-noose from the box, which not only possessed a most engaging little hood, but had fuzzy tassels bobbing in all directions.

The big carriage was full of parcels, and even Ben's seat was loaded with Indian war-clubs, a Chinese kite of immense size, and a pair of polished ox-horns from Africa. Uncle Alec, very blue as to his clothes, and very brown as to his face, sat bolt upright, surveying well-known places with interest, while Rose, feeling unusually elegant and comfortable, leaned back folded in her soft mantle, and played she was an Eastern princess making a royal progress among her subjects.

At three of the places their calls were brief, for Aunt Myra's catarrh was unusually bad; Aunt Clara had a room full of company, and Aunt Jane showed such a tendency to discuss the population, productions and politics of Europe, Asia, and Africa, that even Dr. Alec was dismayed, and got away as soon as possible.

"Now we will have a good time! I do hope the boys will be at home," said Rose, with a sigh of relief, as they wound yet higher up the hill to Aunt Jessie's.

"I left this for the last call, so that we might find the lads just in from school. Yes, there is Jamie on the gate watching for us; now you'll see the clan gather; they are always swarming about together."

The instant Jamie saw the approaching guests he gave a shrill whistle, which was answered by echoes from meadow, house and barn, as the cousins came running from all directions, shouting, "Hooray for Uncle Alec!" They went at the carriage like highwaymen, robbed it of every parcel, took the occupants prisoner, and marched them into the house with great exultation.

"Little Mum! little Mum! here they are with lots of goodies! Come down and see the fun right away; quick!" bawled Will and Geordie amidst a general ripping off of papers and a reckless cutting of strings that soon turned the tidy room into a chaos.

Down came Aunt Jessie with her pretty cap half on, but such a beaming face below it that one rather thought the fly-away head-gear an improvement than otherwise. She had hardly time to greet Rose and the Doctor before the boys were about her, each clamoring for her to see his gift and rejoice over it with him, for "little Mum" went

halves in everything. The great horns skirmished about her as if to toss her to the ceiling; the war-clubs hurtled over her head as if to annihilate her; an amazing medley from the four quarters of the globe filled her lap, and seven excited boys all talked to her at once.

But she liked it; oh dear, yes! and sat smiling, admiring and explaining, quite untroubled by the din, which made Rose cover up her ears and Dr. Alec threaten instant flight if the riot was not quelled. That threat produced a lull, and while the uncle received thanks in one corner, the aunt had some little confidences made to her in the other.

"Well, dear, and how are things going with you now? Better, I hope, than they were a week ago."

"Aunt Jessie, I think I'm going to be very happy, now uncle has come. He does the queerest things, but he is *so* good to me I can't help loving him;" and nestling closer to little Mum, Rose told all that had happened, ending with a rapturous account of the splendid box.

"I am very glad, dear. But, Rose, I must warn you of one thing; don't let uncle spoil you."

"But I like to be spoilt, auntie."

"I don't doubt it; but if you turn out badly when the year is over he will be blamed, and his experiment prove a failure. That would be a pity, would n't it? when he wants to do so much for you, and can do it if his kind heart does not get in the way of his good judgment."

"I never thought of that, and I'll try not to be spoilt. But how *can* I help it?" asked Rose anxiously.

"By not complaining of the wholesome things he wants you to do; by giving him cheerful obedience as well as love; and even making some small sacrifices for his sake."

"I will, I truly will! and when I get in a worry about things may I come to you? Uncle told me to, and I feel as if I should n't be afraid."

"You may, darling; this is the place where little troubles are best cured, and this is what mothers are for I fancy;" and Aunt Jessie drew the curly head to her shoulder with a tender look that proved how well she knew what medicine the child most needed.

It was so sweet and comfortable that Rose sat still enjoying it till a little voice said:

"Mamma, don't you think Pokey would like some of my shells? Rose gave Phebe some of her nice things, and it was very good of her. Can I?"

"Who is Pokey?" asked Rose, popping up her head, attracted by the odd name.

"My dolly; do you want to see her?" asked Jamie, who had been much impressed by the tale of adoption he had overheard.

"Yes; I'm fond of dollies, only don't tell the boys, or they will laugh at me."

"They don't laugh at me, and they play with my dolly a great deal; but she likes me best;" and Jamie ran away to produce his pet.

"I brought my old doll, but I keep her hidden because I am too big to play with her, and yet I can't bear to throw her away, I'm so fond of her," said Rose, continuing her confidences in a whisper.

"You can come and play with Jamie's whenever you like, for we believe in dollies up here," began Aunt Jessie, smiling to herself as if something amused her.

Just then Jamie came back, and Rose understood the smile, for his dolly proved to be a pretty four-year-old little girl, who trotted in as fast as her fat legs would carry her, and making straight for the shells scrambled up an armful, saying with a laugh that showed her little white teeth:

"All for Dimmy and me, for Dimmy and me!"

"That's my dolly; is n't she a nice one?" asked Jamie, proudly surveying his pet with his hands behind him and his short legs rather far apart,—a manly attitude copied from his brothers.

"She is a dear dolly. But why call her Pokey?" asked Rose, charmed with the new plaything.

"She is such an inquisitive little body she is always poking that mite of a nose into everything; and as Paul Pry did not suit, the boys fell to calling her Pokey. Not a pretty name, but very expressive."

It certainly was, for, having examined the shells, the busy tot laid hold of everything she could find, and continued her researches till Archie caught her sucking his carved ivory chess men to see if they were not barley-sugar. Rice-paper pictures were also discovered crumpled up in her tiny pocket, and she nearly smashed Will's ostrich-egg by trying to sit upon it.

"Here, Jim, take her away; she's worse than the puppies, and we can't have her round," commanded the elder brother, picking her up and handing her over to the little fellow, who received her with open arms and the warning remark:

"You'd better mind what you do, for I'm going to 'dopt Pokey like Rose did Phebe, and then you'll have to be very good to her, you big fellows."

"Dopt away, Baby, and I'll give you a cage to keep her in, or you won't have her long, for she is getting worse than a monkey;" and Archie went back to his mates, while Aunt Jessie, foreseeing a crisis, proposed that Jamie should take his dolly home, as she was borrowed and it was time her visit ended.

"My dolly is better than yours, is n't she? 'cause she can walk and talk and sing and dance, and



JAMIE AND HIS DOLLY.

yours can't do anything, can she?" asked Jamie with pride, as he regarded his Pokey, who just then had been moved to execute a funny little jig and warble the well-known couplet:

"Puss-tat, puss-tat, where you been?"
"I been Lunnin, to saw a Tween."

After which superb display she retired, escorted by Jamie, both making a fearful din blowing on conch shells.

"We must tear ourselves away, Rose, because I want to get you home before sunset. Will you come for a drive, Jessie?" said Dr. Alec, as the music died away in the distance.

"No, thank you; but I see the boys want a scamper, so if you don't mind, they may escort you home, but not go in. That is only allowed on holidays."

The words were hardly out of Aunt Jessie's mouth when Archie said in a tone of command:

"Pass the word, lads. Boot and saddle, and be quick about it."

"All right!" And in a moment not a vestige of a boy remained but the litter on the floor.

The cavalcade went down the hill at a pace that made Rose cling to her uncle's arm, for the fat

old horses got excited by the antics of the ponies careering all about them, and went as fast as they could pelt, with the gay dog-cart rattling in front, for Archie and Charlie scorned Shelties since this magnificent equipage had been set up. Ben enjoyed the fun, and the lads cut up capers till Rose declared that "circus" was the proper name for them after all.

When they reached the house they dismounted, and stood, three on each side the steps, in martial attitudes, while her ladyship was handed out with great elegance by Uncle Alec. Then the clan saluted, mounted at word of command, and with a wild whoop tore down the avenue in what they considered the true Arab style.

"That was splendid, now it is safely ended," said Rose, skipping up the steps with her head over her shoulder to watch the dear tassels bob about.

"I shall get you a pony as soon as you are a little stronger," said Dr. Alec, watching her with a smile.

"Oh, I could n't ride one of those horrid, frisky little beasts! They roll their eyes and bounce about so, I should die of fright," cried Rose, clasp- ing her hands tragically.

"Are you a coward?"

"About horses I am."

"Never mind, then; come and see my new room;" and he led the way upstairs without another word.

As Rose followed she remembered her promise to Aunt Jessie, and was sorry she had objected so decidedly. She was a great deal more sorry five minutes later, and well she might be.

"Now take a good look, and tell me what you think of it," said Dr. Alec, opening the door and letting her enter before him, while Phebe was seen whisking down the back stairs with a dust-pan.

Rose walked to the middle of the room, stood still, and gazed about her with eyes that brightened as they looked, for all was changed.

This chamber had been built out over the library to suit some fancy, and had been unused for years, except at Christmas times, when the old house overflowed. It had three windows: one to the east, that overlooked the bay; one to the south, where the horse-chestnuts waved their green fans; and one to the west, toward the hills and the evening sky. A ruddy sunset burned there now, filling the room with an enchanted glow; the soft murmur of the sea was heard, and a robin chirped "Good night!" among the budding trees.

Rose saw and heard these things first, and felt their beauty with a child's quick instinct; then her eye took in the altered aspect of the room, once so shrouded, still and solitary, now so full of light and warmth and simple luxury.

India matting covered the floor, with a gay rug here and there; the antique andirons shone on the wide hearth, where a cheery blaze dispelled the dampness of the long-closed room. Bamboo lounges and chairs stood about, and quaint little tables in cosy corners; one bearing a pretty basket, one a desk, and on a third lay several familiar-looking books. In a recess stood a narrow white bed, with a lovely Madonna hanging over it. The Japanese screen half folded back showed a delicate toilet service of blue and white set forth on a marble slab, and near by was the great bath-pan, with Turkish towels and a sponge as big as Rose's head.

"Uncle must love cold water like a duck," she thought, with a shiver.

Then her eye went on to the tall cabinet, where a half-open door revealed a tempting array of the drawers, shelves and "cubby holes," which so delight the hearts of children.

"What a grand place for my new things," she thought, wondering what her uncle kept in that cedar retreat.

"Oh me; what a sweet toilet-table!" was her next mental exclamation, as she approached this inviting spot.

A round old-fashioned mirror hung over it, with a gilt eagle a-top, holding in his beak the knot of blue ribbon that tied up a curtain of muslin falling on either side of the table, where appeared little ivory-handled brushes, two slender silver candle-sticks, a porcelain match-box, several pretty trays for small matters, and, most imposing of all, a plump blue silk cushion, coquettishly trimmed with lace and pink rose-buds at the corners.

That cushion rather astonished Rose, in fact the whole table did, and she was just thinking with a sly smile:

"Uncle is a dandy, but I never should have guessed it," when he opened the door of a large closet, saying, with a careless wave of the hand:

"Men like plenty of room for their rattle traps; don't you think that ought to satisfy me?"

Rose peeped in and gave a start, though all she saw was what one usually finds in closets,—clothes and boots, boxes and bags. Ah, but you see these clothes were small black and white frocks; the row of little boots that stood below had never been on Dr. Alec's feet; the green bandbox had a gray veil straying out of it, and—yes! the bag hanging on the door was certainly her own piece-bag, with a hole in one corner. She gave a quick look round the room and understood now why it had seemed too dainty for a man, why *her* Testament and Prayer-Book were on the table by the bed, and what those rose-buds meant on the blue cushion. It came upon her in one delicious

burst that this little paradise was all for her, and, not knowing how else to express her gratitude, she caught Dr. Alec round the neck, saying impetuously:

"Oh, uncle, you are *too* good to me! I'll do anything you ask me; ride wild horses and take freezing baths and eat bad-tasting messes, and let my clothes hang on me, to show how much I thank you for this dear, sweet, lovely room!"

"You like it, then? But why do you think it is yours, my lass?" asked Dr. Alec, as he sat down looking well pleased, and drew his excited little niece to his knee.

"I don't *think*, I *know* it is for me; I see it in your face, and I feel as if I didn't half deserve it. Aunt Jessie said you would spoil me, and I must not let you. I'm afraid this looks like it, and perhaps—oh me!—perhaps I ought not to have this beautiful room after all!" and Rose tried to look as if she could be heroic enough to give it up if it was best.

"I owe Mrs. Jessie one for that," said Dr. Alec, trying to frown, though in his secret soul he felt that she was quite right. Then he smiled that cordial smile, which was like sunshine on his brown face, as he said:

"This is part of the cure, Rose, and I put you here that you might take my three great remedies in the best and easiest way. Plenty of sun, fresh air and cold water; also cheerful surroundings and some work; for Phebe is to show you how to take care of this room and be your little maid as well as friend and teacher. Does that sound hard and disagreeable to you, dear?"

"No, sir; very, very pleasant, and I'll do my best to be a good patient. But I really don't think any one *could* be sick in this delightful room," she said, with a long sigh of happiness as her eye went from one pleasant object to another.

"Then you like my sort of medicine better than Aunt Myra's, and don't want to throw it out of the window, hey?"

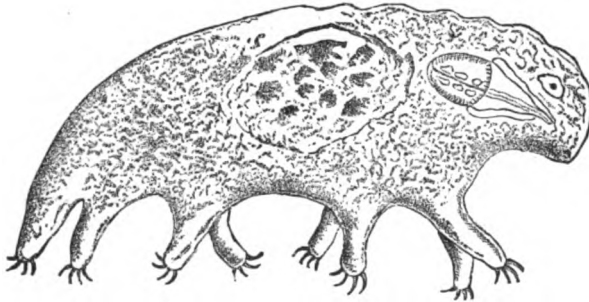
(*To be continued.*)



"LITTLE BOY BLUE, COME BLOW YOUR HORN,
THE SHEEP'S IN THE MEADOW, THE COW'S IN THE CORN!"

THE WATER-BEAR.

BY MARY TREAT.



THE WATER-BEAR.

THE water-bear is a comical-looking little animal. His home is in fresh-water shallow ponds, and he is so small that only the practiced eye can detect him without the aid of the microscope. Being less in size than an ordinary pin-head, it is not necessary to take guns and dogs to go in search of our "bear." All that the successful hunter needs is a stout stick (a forked one is best), to pull the plants that harbor him from the pond, and a supply of vials to hold the water and plants.

An experienced hunter knows pretty well from the look of the water and plants whether he has hit upon good "hunting grounds." Satisfied with his captures, he returns home, takes a tiny spray of plant from one of the vials, spreads it on a glass slide hollowed out on one side for the purpose, and adds a little water from one of the vials to fill the cavity. It is now ready for the microscope. With a very strong magnifying power, the water in the glass slide appears like a deep pond, and the little spray of plant like a great branch; and here are myriads of strange creatures swimming about and frolicking with each other. But the "bear" is the main object of our search, and here he is. He looks very much like his larger namesake, only he has eight legs instead of four.

The portrait does not look quite natural; he would not keep still long enough to have his portrait taken, and so had to be held fast between two glasses, and this flattened him somewhat.

He goes slowly grubbing about among the plants, eating as he goes, and food is so abundant where he lives that we never find a poor, half-starved specimen. Water-bears always are fat and plump,

from the tiny cub up to full-grown, grave-looking fellows.

I have a family of these bears in a little glass cage upon my study table. The cage is supplied with pond-water and plants; and as often as I find a bear I cage him; and when I become tired and cross, I take a look at this happy family, and the bears' droll maneuvers never fail to restore me to good humor. The cage is so constructed that I can conveniently place it under the microscope.

Sometimes I find a bear sitting on his haunches, entrapped and held in this position by the plants. He strikes about with his fore paws, but still eats away as if his very life depended upon his devouring a certain amount of food, before he can stop to extricate himself.

He changes his skin, I don't know how many times, but as often as the old dress becomes too tight and uncomfortable, I suppose; and he slips out of it so nicely, leaving it all whole even to the little claws, and there it stands, not thrown down in a heap nor mused at all! For a time I was completely puzzled on seeing these old dresses standing about as if inflated, and thought they must be skeletons—that the body had decomposed and left only the skin; but after awhile I caught one slipping out of his dress, and the mystery was explained.

The mother-bear makes good use of her old dress. She converts it into a nursery. In slipping out of her skin, she manages to leave four or five eggs inside of it; for the water-bear, unlike its great namesake, lays eggs, and the little ones

must take care of themselves as best they may. The egg is covered with a membrane, so transparent that we can see through it, and in a few days after the eggs are left, we can see the outline of the little bear all coiled up, with its tiny paws close to its mouth. It soon bursts the membrane,

and goes slowly plodding about, sometimes within the nursery walls for a day or so, until at last it makes its exit through a slit or opening in the back, and is fairly launched into the great world of water and plants, where it at once becomes as much at home as the oldest inhabitant.

A GLIMPSE AT NAPLES.

BY PROF. ISAAC E. HASBROUCK.

"*Vedi Napoli e poi mori*," say the Neapolitans; and all strangers say so too; only the American and the Englishman say it in English: "See Naples and die." A very foolish thing to say, you think. Well, you know people often say more than they mean. This saying simply means that Naples is so beautiful that a man cannot find a more lovely place; and that having seen this city, he might die contented. We, sober-minded boys and girls, who see so much that is beautiful and lovely in life; who find so many reasons why we wish to live,—*we* should not be ready to die just because we had seen Naples or any other beautiful city.

But let me tell you a little of this old city. Look on your maps, on the front of what we used to call the "boot" of Italy,—just above the "instep." You see how the sea goes a little way into the land and forms a bay, and on that bay is our city—"Napoli;" or, as we call it, "Naples."

Imagine, then, that we are on a steamer going into this Bay of Naples. First, a narrow place where the shores come out into the sea, as if they intended to meet each other, with three beautiful islands resting like stepping-stones between. And here we look over a broad surface of water, spreading in front of us and at the sides like a very large, nearly round, basin, and about twenty miles across. But the air is very clear, and we can see the shores and the houses on them quite as easily as we could see half that distance in New York Bay or Long Island Sound. The scene is so beautiful that an old poet of Naples called it "a piece of heaven fallen upon the earth." The shores generally slope up and back from the water with level country in some places.

On our right we see Vesuvius, the wonderful and

dreadful volcano, rising like a black sugar-loaf a few miles away, but seeming very near. About half-way up from the level of the sea, its sides become very steep and precipitous, covered everywhere with the hard, black *lava*, and the *scoria* which have been thrown from the inside of the mountain through the large *crater* or hole in the top. There is nothing very beautiful about Vesuvius; yet it is to be seen from every place near Naples, always black, and sometimes with smoke or steam coming out of its sides, or forming a cloud and floating away from the top. At the bottom of the mountain, and in the valley toward Naples, the eye sees with relief the bright and rich green of trees and fields. Then we see houses scattered along the curved line of the shore,—Resina built over where Herculaneum once stood, and then the city, with its numerous white houses, looking, as some one has said, like a crowd of pilgrims going up the hill, while further on, around this circular shore, we see the celebrated San Elmo, the great fort, on a higher part of the hill-side.

The steamer soon touches the dock. Now look out! Beggars without number are there; they know exactly when the steamers will come. How they pester us! If we have taken a hotel omnibus, we shall get through easily; but if we attempt to walk, we must prepare for a siege. Every man there looks darker and uglier than his neighbor; you feel almost sure that they are not to be trusted, and yet they all want to carry your satchel or show you where you do not wish to go. So much for being a foreigner and a stranger.

We reach the hotel in time and soon set out to see the city. The hotel is not very different from those in New York—only almost nobody speaks English.

But the city does not remind us of New York. At first we pass along a wide street with the bay at our right, but when we turn off to "see the city," we can easily believe that Naples is more than two

a home may be, there is generally some one there who coaxes a plant or two into bloom.

I said there were a few exceptions to the narrow streets. Around on the west side of the bay, near the shore, is the *Chiaja* (chee-ä-yah), a fine wide drive, with a garden, bright with flowers, nearly a mile long. Here, just before sunset, nearly all Naples comes to drive or promenade. A stream of carriages as far as you can see, and four abreast, with the walks full of pedestrians, and the riding-paths of people on horseback,—all this, with music and the soft air of an Italian evening, makes the Chiaja a delightful change from the ugly faces and whining voices of the beggars who beset you in the streets. There is another wide street called the Toledo, and one end of it, near the Royal Palace, seems always full of people. That "country cousin," who thought all the people on Broadway must be just coming from church, would think that *two* churches must have "let out" at once on the Toledo.

Here comes a fruit and vegetable dealer with his donkey, here are dark-eyed toddlers offering flowers for almost nothing,

and here stand boys who try to sell you canes. If you are willing to buy one, all the boys rush up at once and make such a clatter that you feel like running away. Two francs is the price asked; but do not pay it. These urchins intend to sell you one for half that price before they let you go. It is just so in the stores; the price is twice or three times as much as they expect to get. A "shopper" would find a capital opportunity to "beat down" the prices if she should go to Naples; but even if she bought anything for half-price, she would pay more than some one else had given for a much better article of the same kind.

But here comes a procession. Stand at one side. A man with a bell, followed by priests in long black gowns, and carrying candles; also boys with lights. They are going to the house of a man who is dying; many of the crowd go along; all are quiet. Perhaps it is a funeral procession with the bier; then the people remove their hats—a beautiful custom—and make a sign of the cross on their



BRINGING FRUIT AND VEGETABLES INTO NAPLES.

thousand years old. There is a story—not in the histories—that it was founded by a Siren called Parthenope, and at first called by her name. The story is true as to the name, but we must disbelieve the first part, for a Siren—who tries to attract people—would certainly have planned and built a different city. The houses are high and dingy, the streets, with a few exceptions, very narrow, so that they seem more like cracks than like thoroughfares.

But every picture has a bright spot somewhere. These streets are paved all over as nicely as a New York sidewalk with large blocks of lava that, when it poured out of the crater of Vesuvius, was soft as mud and hotter than the red iron from a blacksmith's forge. Then this pavement is generally quite clean, and, since the high buildings keep the street shady, and the sidewalks are not much wider than a plank, the people walk in the middle of the streets, which gives it a lively appearance. The balconies and roofs of the houses are often turned into little flower gardens; for however poor and wretched

breasts. Now let us go to the "*Duomo*," or Cathedral, to see the worship. The Cathedral of Naples was begun in the year 1272, or six hundred years ago. At the sides, as we enter, there are little rooms, something like large, dark bay-windows, without any window. These are called "chapels." In one we may see a marriage ceremony; in another, a baptism; in another, a funeral service. The Roman Catholic churches are always open for any service or worship.

One of these chapels is called the "Chapel of St. Januarius." It ought to be elegant if not grand, for it cost 2,000,000 dollars. In this chapel are kept two vials, which are said to contain the blood of St. Januarius. Three times each year, in May, September, and December, the blood is said to become liquid. Of course this is a great event, since the saint was beheaded more than 1500 years ago, and his blood ought to be pretty hard by this time. Nevertheless, many of the people believe that the blood does become liquid, and they have these three days as festivals, or gala days. They go to the Cathedral, and if they think they see the "miracle" accomplished, they are satisfied that St. Januarius can still hear them and protect their city from pestilence and the eruptions of

ago, notwithstanding that the saint's blood had become liquid a few months before.)

Festivals, begging, dining, and doing nothing are the favorite occupations of these people. This is one of the countries where even a beggar rides if possible. They cannot understand how any one should walk from choice. A person on foot, unless he shows too plainly that he is a stranger (all foreign pedestrians get the name "*Inglesi*"—English), may go his way without much fear of beggars; he soon has the reputation of being a *pittore*, or beggar himself; not an enviable reputation, perhaps, but one which, about Naples, saves the unending torment of being followed and called after by every second man, woman or child you meet, asking for a few *centessimi*. The picture on this page shows how they ride—or, if you please, how they do not walk—at Naples. It is no jest. On one of the holidays a dozen or twenty people of all kinds—priests, monks, porters, women—get a sort of cart, a *calesso*, or calesh, and piling in, from the patriarch to the infant in arms, away they go for a picnic. The artist has given this party a better-looking horse than they usually have, the *horse* frequently being a little *donkey* no larger than some of the men in the calesso. This party have left the city and



A NEAPOLITAN PICNIC PARTY.

Mount Vesuvius. (I am sorry to have to add in this parenthesis that Vesuvius had an eruption, with great destruction of property, only two years

ago, notwithstanding that the saint's blood had become liquid a few months before.)

are going on a delightful excursion through the *Chiaja*, probably to Virgil's tomb or some favorite place in the country.

You have seen on page 276 a picture of a donkey loaded with fruit and vegetables. In this way the country people every morning bring their loads to market. Very often you scarcely notice the donkey, but all you can see is a huge pile of hay or onions, carrots, &c., moving along very deliberately with four little black feet under the pile. Sometimes a pair of long ears stick out in front, or if it is fly-time, a tail appears at the other end, switched in a way which is a warning to the flies. A donkey thus bearing his two *panniers*, or



"YOU SCARCELY NOTICE THE DONKEY."

large baskets, suspended over his back, heaped up with bright turnips, yellow carrots, shining onions and long squash pumpkins, is often seen in the streets of Naples.

But, of course, there is some business done in so large a city as Naples; the people do not all ride and walk and look at each other. The shopkeepers know that the foreigners who visit their city are fond of beautiful things, and they fill their shops accordingly. There are many jewelry stores, and very beautiful ornaments of coral, most delicately tinted with pink, and of lava from Vesuvius, and of tortoise-shell. The girls who read this sketch would be delighted to go into one of the large manufactories where they make these beautiful articles. And there, too, these things are very cheap, for the coral and tortoise-shell, and lava, are obtained close by Naples, and the workmen receive small wages, and the merchants are anxious to get your money. Then there are handsome boxes, fans, &c., made from wood, beautifully carved, and brought from Sorrento, a city near by. Beautiful silk goods are made here; the girls who read ST. NICHOLAS all know of the "Gros de Naples." Violins, too, are among the things which these people can make better than almost any others, and we need not wonder how so many little Italian

boys about our streets, as ragged as they are little, yet play so easily on this instrument; they come from the land of violins. There is another article in the manufacture of which you would be interested, and that is macaroni. As you ride along the west shore toward Vesuvius, you see building after building in which, and before which, the long white macaroni, or vermicelli, is hung up on poles to dry. Inside is the machine which kneads the flour into a paste, and the iron cylinder into which this stiff dough is placed, when a big pounder shoves it down tight until the little stems come through the holes in the bottom of the cylinder, and are pulled off every few minutes and hung up to dry. The Italians can eat macaroni almost as fast as they can make it—in fact, during their meal it seems that there is one unbroken string of it passing from their dishes into their mouths.

One thing a stranger notices in Naples, that the people seem to live in the streets. Indeed there are about forty thousand of them—called *Lazzaroni*, from the Church of St. Lazarus, where many go at night—who have no homes. They are certainly to be pitied and to be feared too, for about twenty-five years ago they took it into their heads that so many of them could do as they pleased and could have what they wanted; and, before they could be taught better, sixteen hundred of them were killed in the fight which followed. But it is not only the beggars who live about the streets. You know about the "Chiaja" and their picnics; also, there are a great many little stands on the streets where you can buy almost any thing—wonderful fruits, and such luscious grapes at five or six cents a pound! The *cafés*, a kind of restaurant, have their half of the street filled with little iron tables and chairs, where people sit and chat and laugh as only contented Italians can. The shoemaker and tinker, and women with their work for the large stores—for there are few large factories where the work-people are collected together—all sit before their doors and hammer or sew.

Another feature of the out-of-door trade of Naples is the basket-seller, with his top-heavy, swaying pyramid of wares. The illustration on the next page describes him better than words can do it.

Baskets of all sorts, sizes, shapes and colors, the pile topped out with a bouquet or sprig of some tree of flower. See, too, his plan for obtaining a light—the lantern carried over his head from the beak of a large bird—a good labor-saving idea.

But you wonder what there is in Naples to attract so many travelers. Well, you know there are very many people who travel because they think it is fashionable, or *the thing* to do, or to be able to say: "Oh! yes; I know; I was there in such or such

a year." Genuine travelers do not remain in Naples, but go on to visit the beautiful and wonderful scenery about the city. No one tires of looking at the bay or at Vesuvius. Then there are the two cities long ago buried by Vesuvius—Herculaneum, which is still under the ground, and Pompeii, which has been partly uncovered. And the country, hardly a day's travel from the city, is superb. Artists come here from every land to sketch and paint the beautiful nooks and landscapes which nature has scattered here.

There are, however, a few places of interest in the city. The churches, though dull enough outside, are richly decorated within. The historian and antiquary find some ancient landmarks of interest to themselves. But the only place we shall care to visit is the "Museum." This is a very large building, very full of curious and interesting articles; indeed the collection is, in some respects, the finest in the world. We shall only notice a few things. A large part of the objects preserved here with so much care are from 2,000 to 5,000 years old, or even older, and have been found in the ruins of Pompeii and other cities. They show, then, how people used to live and dress in that old, old time. We often think that those people, who lived so far back, did not know how to make themselves comfortable. But in this Museum are the funniest arrangements for stoves, as well as jewelry of gold, earrings, bracelets, ankle-bands, and other articles. A snake, with his tail in his mouth, was a favorite form of ornament, being to them a symbol of eternity. Their lamps were cunningly shaped in bronze, and there are numerous mantel and table ornaments also in bronze. Their statuettes and groups show that the artists and workmen 2,000 years ago were not less skillful than those who fill the show windows of New York with elegant workmanship. Another curious collection contains pieces of walls taken from the houses of Pompeii when the ground was dug out 1,800 years after the city had been covered up by one of the eruptions of Vesuvius. The Pompeiians had the walls of their rooms frescoed, and so well did their painters understand the mixing of paints, that the colors of the frescoes are brighter, better, to-day, after being under ground so long, than anything our fresco-painters can do. These frescoes were not simply colors, but the representation of some person or scene in history or mythology, so that even the walls suggested some subject for conversation or thought. But the most wonderful relics of Pompeii, which

have been preserved in this collection, are those which show just what people were doing when the



A BASKET-SELLER.

storm of ashes from the mountain overwhelmed them. Especially interesting are the articles taken

from the ovens of the bakeries. Among others are loaves of bread, bearing the name of the baker—Q. Cranivs—the *v* being for a *u*. Then there are

eggs that were boiled in the kitchen, and then baked in the great oven into which all Pompeii was turned in the year 79—nearly 1,800 years ago.

LITTLE CHRISTIE.

BY AMALIE LA FORGE.

"WELL, Jackson, I'm sorry you're going to leave Burnshope."

"Well, Miss, I wunno say I beant, but it's best for the lad yon."

Miss Eldred spoke quickly: "You mean this miserable business about the Rectory fruit?"

"Ay, Miss."

"I can't understand it at all. What does my brother say?"

"Well, Miss, I wunno say nought agin Parson; but he thinks more nor he ought o' what old John says. It's hard on the lad."

"Of course it is, poor boy," with a quick glance out at the little figure lying on the grass, his brown eyes fixed on the arching sky, visible in peeps through the leaves of the apple-tree. "I have but just got home; tell me how it all happened."

"Well, Miss, the fruit was gone, and old John wanted it for the show; and my lad 'd been there that day, and it was all taken from low down, like my lad could reach, and old John he said it was Christie; and he come down to the school, and the master beat my lad, and I was that angered, Miss, I could ha' twisted their necks, to call my Christie a thief! And this man in Lunnon, he liked my work, and so we're to go—Christie and me. It's hard leavin' the old place and the forge, an' my lad he feels it."

"I will go out to him." And Miss Eldred passed swiftly down the little walk, bordered with wall-flowers and southernwood, and so over the grass in the orchard.

"Christie!" she said, softly.

Christie sprang to his feet at the familiar voice, his cheeks flushed with pleasure; then his eyes drooped, the color grew deeper, and then faded, and he drew back shyly.

"Why, Christie!"

That was all; but he understood, and as Miss Eldred sat down on the grass, he flung himself beside her, and, burying his face in his hands, sobbed passionately.

"Why, Christie! did you think I don't know?"

He lifted his head presently. "I thought they would tell you, Miss, and —"

"Well, and if they did, I think I know my little Christie better than they do."

His face brightened. "Then, Miss, you don't believe —"

"Don't be foolish, Christie."

"Thank you, Miss."

Miss Eldred smiled. "And now tell me how your back has been since I saw you?"

"Pretty bad, Miss; it hurts me to sit in church now. I can't mind what Parson says, sometimes, for the ache."

"My poor Christie."

They sat quiet a few minutes; then Miss Eldred spoke again:

"Where is your father going to work, Christie?"

"I don't rightly know, Miss; only it's some big works. Father's pleased, and says he'll have money soon, and I'll see some great doctor about my back. But I'll never be well, Miss; only father—he likes to talk about it, Miss; but I know." And Christie's eyes wandered off to the sky again—a trick they had.

Miss Eldred looked at him sadly. The white little face, with its pleading brown eyes and look of patient suffering, was one to attract even a stranger's compassion. A fall having injured his spine, he was forced to use crutches, and could then only walk with difficulty. But here in Burnshope, there were few that did not love the little lame Christie; and, with a thrill of pity, she thought of his loneliness in the great city to which he was going.

Christie himself broke the silence. "I wonder if Master Harry would take my rabbit, Miss; he said once it matched one of his?"

"Has Master Harry been to see you lately, Christie?"

"No, Miss," he spoke quietly; but a flush crept into his cheek.

Miss Eldred understood, and said nothing more about it till she was going away; then she said, holding the wan little hand: "I will speak about the rabbit, and Christie, remember, if we are patient and trust in God, light *will* be brought out of darkness yet." And Christie smiled up at her trustfully.

The next Sunday, many eyes were turned to the place where the little lame boy sat for the last time. He had a peculiarly sweet soprano voice, and for some months had led the choir of boys.

"Here endeth the second lesson."

There was a hush, then clear and sweet sounded the plaintive notes of the *Nunc Dimittis*: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word."

Christie forgot himself in his singing, his form

drooped heavily on her shoulder—Christie had fainted.

• • • • •

A large old house in London, grimy and dirty. Up the long, weary stair a little figure is slowly toiling, clinging to the railing with one hand; he manages to carry a basket and help himself by his crutch with the other.

"Lame duck! lame duck!"

Christie pauses and looks down. Through the door-way peers an elfish face, surrounded by tangled black hair. Christie sighs softly, and, as the ungainly figure thrusts itself into sight, he sits down on the step—he is too unsteady to risk an encounter standing. The face grins derisively, and then the owner thereof limps across the hall with a well-executed copy of Christie's halting step.

The thin cheeks flush, and the brown eyes fill with tears.

The boy stops at the foot of the stair. "Wot 's it got in its basket, eh?"

"Apples," said Christie, gently. "Would you like one?"

A text had crossed his mind: "Do good to them that despitefully use you, and persecute you."

The boy stared at this offer. Christie opened his basket and took out one, red and shining.

"Can you catch?" The boy opened his hands mechanically. "There!" and Christie smiled.

Then, as the boy made no further move, he went slowly on again. As he neared the top, he heard quick steps after him. He sat down immediately, from habit.

"I aint goin' to touch you," said his tormentor, half-angrily; "here's your apple."

"It is n't my apple now," and Christie put back his hand. "It's yours, and I wish you'd keep it."

"Here! I'll take your basket."

Christie gave it up quietly. He mistrusted his companion, but resistance was useless. At his own door he paused; the boy stopped also.

"Will you come in?" asked Christie, hesitatingly.

Greatly to his astonishment, and not a little to his disturbance, his invitation was accepted. Pointing to a chair, Christie dropped exhausted into his own.



"I AINT GOIN' TO TOUCH YOU; HERE'S YOUR APPLE."

straightened, the sun shining through the west window tinged his face with its glory, his eyes were raised, and full and clear the notes rang out.

"'T was like an angel singing," whispered one to another.

That was the last they heard him sing. His face grew paler and paler. As Miss Eldred left the organ, she touched him softly.

"Are you in pain, Christie?"

"Yes, Miss."

"I think you would better go home, wouldn't you?" She slipped her arm round him; his head

"Tired, aint you?" And his visitor looked at him critically.

"Yes, very."

"Wot makes you go up an' down so?"

"Oh, I have to. There's many things to get for father and me, and I can't stay here always,"—with a half-despairing look at the bare walls and grimy windows. "There's some grass and trees round that corner, and I go there."

"Wot's your name?" was the next question.

"Christie Jackson. What's yours?"

"Jim."

Unconsciously, Jim had lowered his voice from its usual high key. The gentle influence of Christie's brown eyes and quiet manner was already felt.

"Wot makes you speak so soft?" he asked presently.

"Soft? Oh, I don't know!—perhaps because I'm small and lame."

"No, that aint it,"—and Jim shook his head sagely,—"'cause there's Bobbins, he's wus than you, and my! don't he swear though."

Christie looked uneasy, and tried to turn the conversation away from himself.

"What do you do, Jim?"

"Nuthin," was the prompt answer.

"Why, how do you live?"

"Oh! I gets a sixpence sometimes, holdin' gentlemen's hosses, an' I prigs a five now an' then. My! there's a many ways o' livin', if you only knows 'em."

Christie's brown eyes opened wider; but here the conversation was abruptly ended by Jim seizing his old cap, and darting out at the door, with the exclamation, "There's your father!" much as he would have said, "There's a tiger!"

"Well, my lad, how goes it?"

"Pretty well, father." And Christie smiled cheerfully. He never troubled his father with complaints of the rough usage he sometimes suffered, and now he said nothing of Jim's visit. He was yet undecided whether to regard him as friend or foe, so thought it best to say nothing.

After that, he was never molested by Jim. Several times the boy carried his basket for him up the long stairs; and once, when some urchin in the court was jeering and laughing at Christie as he limped past, Jim darted suddenly out of an alley and knocked the offender flat on the stones.

One day in the early Autumn, the question of their friendship was finally settled. Christie had been getting worse and worse; he was nervous too, and easily frightened, and as the days grew colder he went out but seldom. But this day he had crept out for a breath of air to some less confined spot than that he now called home, and on his re-

turn he came upon a group of the roughest boys in the vicinity. Instantly he was surrounded; questions and jests flew around him like bees, stinging as fiercely. His progress was stopped; one took his crutch, and poor Christie, the tears filling his sad brown eyes, stood perfectly helpless. At that moment, Jim turned the corner. Christie saw him, and stretched out his hands imploringly:

"Oh, Jim!"

He turned and saw the boy's appealing face. In an instant he dashed in amongst them, and, seizing Christie's slight form in his strong, young arms, carried him safely to his room, and placed him in a chair. Then, saying hurriedly, "I'll be back," he vanished down the stair, with the whoop of an Indian. Presently he returned in triumph, with Christie's cap and crutch.

"Now, Christie, don't you never go down there alone; wot you wants, I'll get. Don't you be afeard—I'll be honest; and you aint fit for 'em down there."

Christie smiled gratefully; but when Jim turned to go, he stretched out a detaining hand.

"Please stay, Jim; I'm afraid."

That was the proudest moment in Jim's life, that anything so small and weak should want *him*. The tears actually started to his eyes.

For some time Christie obeyed Jim's injunction; but, one foggy evening, he stole quietly out into the street. There was no bread for supper, and the baker's was not far. The lamps shone but dimly, and it was with some difficulty that he found his way. With the bread under his arm, he was crossing the street on his return, when he heard a trampling near him. A voice on the other side shouted, "Look out you there!" Something struck him on the shoulder, and Christie knew nothing more till he opened his eyes in a room filled with little white beds. Beside him stood two gentlemen. There was a queer feeling in his head, and a kind-looking woman was holding something to his lips.

"Where's father?"

"He's coming, dear," answered the woman. Then she hurried away to the corner where Jim was crouching. "Where's your father, my boy?"

"Aint got none."

"Why, your little brother's asking for him."

"Oh, *his*! I'll fetch him."

When Jim dragged Christie from under the wheels of the cab, his grief and rage at the accident were so violently expressed that he was supposed to be the brother of the lame child, and on this account he was allowed to accompany him to the children's hospital, where some compassionate bystander had him at once conveyed. Now, as he darted through the fog, he was revol-

ing in his mind how the delusion could be kept up; but, as he neared Christie's home, the thought of telling Christie's father drove everything else from his mind.

Jackson had just come home, and, wondering at Christie's absence, was preparing to go out in search of him, when the door was burst open and Jim appeared.

"Here! you're wanted."

"*Wanted?*" and Jackson stared at the intruder. "Who wants me?"

"Christie."

"Christie! What ha' you done to my lad?" And he grasped Jim's arm fiercely.

"Nuthin." And Jim's head drooped on the back of a chair.

"Where's my lad?" The strong man's voice trembled.

"Oh, Mr. Jackson! he were crossin', and a cab runned over him, an' I pulled him out, and they took him to a hospital, an' his leg's broke, an' he wants you?" And here Jim's voice ended in a sob.

"Come along, my lad; an' thank you kindly for comin'."

Poor little Christie! Day after day he lay moaning on the little white bed, standing in a row of other little white beds, in the hospital ward. He could not move himself at all; the nurse hurt him, he said, and it was only by Jim's young arms that he consented to be lifted; and Jim, grown strangely quiet and tender, would sit beside him for hours, ready in an instant to respond to the feeblest call.

Often Christie was delirious, and then he would talk of the green fields, the cottage and the old forge, of the church, of "Master Harry," and his rabbit. But Miss Eldred's name was oftenest on his lips; and one day, when he opened his eyes after a fevered sleep, he thought his dream was not yet ended, for there, beside his bed, sat Miss Eldred, and Master Harry was standing beside her.

Christie looked at them quietly for some moments, expecting them to fade away, as all his visions did. But when they did not move, but grew more and more distinct to his eyes, he stretched out his hand feebly.

"Miss Eldred!"

"My little Christie!" And she kissed his forehead.

"How did you come?"

"Your father got the doctor to write about you."

"And Master Harry!"

"Oh, Christie! I'm awful sorry; and we know now it was Jacko, my monkey, that took the fruit!"

His aunt would have stopped him, but as she saw the wan face on the pillow slowly brighten, she let Harry tell his story in his own way.

"This Fall, when the plums were ripe, I saw Jacko creeping along the wall, and he picked some off the *low branches*. Christie, I followed him, and he stuffed them all into a hole in the wall. I got a stick and poked out apricot stones and plums that had been there for ever so long. Did n't I give John a jolly rowing! There was his old fruit he'd made such a fuss about. I did n't half believe it, Christie, and grandpapa never did, nor Aunt Elsie, and papa says——"

"There, Harry, that will do," for Miss Eldred saw Christie's eyes close to keep in the tears. The pale lips moved, and she bent down to listen. He was repeating softly part of the "Song of the Virgin," a chant of which he was particularly fond: "My soul doth magnify the Lord my God, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."

When they had gone, Jim's head appeared from the other side of the bed.

"Wot was they talkin' about, Christie,—the young chap, I mean?"

And Christie told him, with many a break in his weak voice.

Jim's fists doubled, and his eyes flashed, as Christie finished.

"I'd like to punch his head!" But *whose* head forever remained an open question.

"But the Squire—that's Miss Eldred's father—he did n't believe it," said Christie, with a proud smile. "Nor Miss Eldred, and Master Harry only for a bit,—and oh, Jim, I'm so happy!"

The next day Miss Eldred returned. She had had a talk with the doctors, and her face was bright with the kindly thought that filled her heart.

"Little Christie, how would you like to go back to Burnshope?" she asked, as she took her place beside him.

"Oh, Miss, if I could!"

"Well, I've been talking to your father, and he is willing. The cottage is empty, and so is the forge; and the doctors say London air wont do for you. So, if you get better fast, they say you may be moved. This is the first of December. Would you like to be there for Christmas?"

"Oh, Miss Eldred!"

Christie could say nothing more, but his face was enough. Presently, a shadow stole over it.

"Oh, Miss, I can't leave Jim!"

"Who is Jim?"

And then Christie, in his simple words, told her what he had never told anyone before,—of the cruel words, and often cruel hands, of his rough neighbors; and the tears gathered in his listener's eyes as he spoke of sufferings which he had borne so quietly, alone.

"And so you love Jim, Christie, and don't want to part with him?"

"No, Miss."

"Well, we'll see about it; but you need n't say anything about it to him yet."

But Jim knew that Christie had a secret, from his absent manner, and the odd answers he sometimes gave to his questions; and the poor wild little heart was wrung with a fierce pain when he thought that the old friends were stealing his Christie's love away from him. He, in turn, became silent and constrained; and Christie would gaze wistfully into his moody face, and then turn away with a sigh that somehow always ended in a smile.

But, the next day, Jim was fully repaid for his misery; for, as he was turning away on coming in and finding Miss Eldred and Harry, Christie held out his hand.

"Come, please, Jim!" Then drawing him down beside him, he turned with bright eyes to Miss Eldred. "Now, Miss, tell him, please!"

"Christie wants me to tell you, Jim, that the doctors think he can soon be moved, and we are going to take him back to Burnshope."

Jim said nothing, but a dark flush swept over his face. Christie slipped his hand into his, and Miss Eldred went on:

"Now, our little boy here does not want to leave *you*, and so I've been talking to his father, and he says that he often wants a boy about the forge, and Christie here will need some one to help him for some time yet; and we want to know if you would like to go with him and take care of him?"

She stopped, for a sob came from Jim, who had buried his face in Christie's pillow.

"Oh, Miss, and I was just hating you!"

"Hating me?"

"Why, Jim?" said Christie.

"Yes, Miss. I thought you was takin' my little lad here away, and I'd never see him no more; and now—*you* speak, Christie."

And he turned imploringly to Christie, who was lying smiling happily to himself.

"You need n't speak, Jim—nor me; Miss Eldred knows."

On Christmas Eve, when the London train came thundering up to Burnshope station, a little white, eager face was looking out at one of the carriage windows. The porter hastened to open the door, and Jim leaped out, followed by Jackson, with little Christie in his arms. Miss Eldred and Harry were on the platform, and the Squire's carriage stood waiting for him; but before he reached it, the Rector came up, holding out his hand.

"Welcome back to Burnshope, little Christie;

and I ask your pardon, dear boy, for my unjust suspicions."

"Oh, please, sir, don't!" And Christie turned a distressed face to Miss Eldred.

But the triumphant Jim, following, looked on with a grim pleasure. His Christie had been abased; it was just he should be exalted now. At the door of the cottage stood the very same Susan that they had left behind, and, in a new hutch, Christie's rabbit was calmly munching cabbage.

That night, Christie was awakened by singing, which came nearer and nearer, till it sounded under the cottage window.

Jim crept to his side. "Christie! Christie! is it the angels?"

"It's the waits, Jim."

"Waits—what's them?"

"They sing on Christmas morning. Listen! That's the clock striking one, and they've come here. Carry me to the window, Jim."

Jim did so, and, seating him on a low chair, wrapped the bed-clothes round him. Christie's face beamed with delight.

"Now open the window. Listen, Jim!"

Then, loud and clear, from many voices, came the grand old hymn:

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around."

With his arm slipped over Jim's shoulder, Christie listened. The moon shone on the dark figures standing in the newly fallen snow; beyond, rose the tower of the old church, where he was to sing again as soon as he got well; beside him knelt Jim—his tender, trusty friend. Christie's heart brimmed over with thankfulness; and, as the last verse began, high and clear, as of old, Christie's voice joined in the strain:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace:
Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men,
Begin and never cease."

The singers looked up when the hymn ended; and, as they caught sight of the little figure at the window, the carpenter, their leader, turned to the rest: "If it is Christmas morn, my lads, let's give three cheers for little Christie!" And, knowing all his story, with what hearty good-will were they given—such cheers as only *can* come from English lungs! And many a one turned back, as they tramped away over the snow, to catch the wave of the little thin hand from Christie's dormer window.

WINTER-FRIENDS.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

SOME little sparrows on a tree
 Were chattering together:
 Said one of them, "It seems to me
 We'll soon have falling weather;
 I would n't feel the least surprise
 If I should hear it thunder."
 "Well, you're extremely weather-wise,"
 An old one said; "I wonder
 Where you were hatched, and when, my dear,
 To talk of that, *this* time of year!"

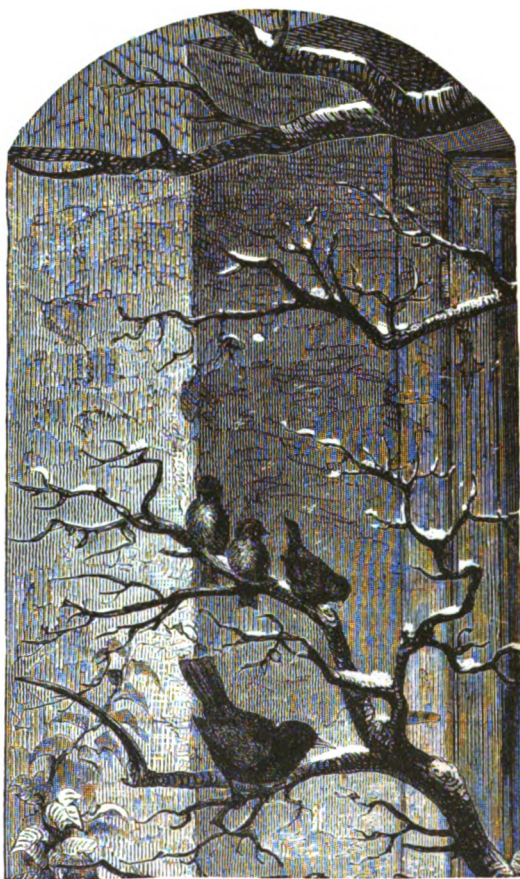
"It's much more likely, let me say,
 Although it's to my sorrow,
 That you will see it snow to-day—
 At all events to-morrow."
 He hopped off to another twig.
 When he had thus admonished
 His neighbors not so wise and big,
 And left them quite astonished.
 "What does he mean? and what *is* snow?
 They asked each other: "Do *you* know?"

And not a single one could tell;
 So after lots of chatter,
 They all concluded, very well,
 'Twas no such mighty matter.
 But in the night-time came the snow,
 According to his warning;
 And oh! what flying to and fro
 And twittering, next morning!
 "How cold it is!" they chirped—"O dear!
 How disagreeable and queer!"

The old one swelled with self-conceit;
 "I told you so," he muttered.
 "Now see what you will find to eat"—
 And off again he fluttered.
 The little sparrows, in despair,
 They looked at one another—
 "Oh! where is all the seed, and where
 The bugs and worms, my brother?
 To die of hunger, that's a fate
 One shudders but to contemplate."

Now, in the house behind the tree,
 There was a little maiden,
 Who laughed out merrily to see
 The branches all snow-laden.
 She broke her bread up, crumb by crumb,
 Along the sill so narrow,

And called, "Dear little birdies, come!
 Here's some for ev'ry sparrow.
 I'll feed you, darlings, every day,
 Because you never fly away."



"The blue-bird and the bobolink,
 They're birds of gayer feather,
 But not so nice as you, I think,
 That stay in winter weather.
 So hop along the window-sill,
 There's food enough for twenty;
 Come every day and eat your fill,
 You'll always find a-plenty."
 And after that, come frost or snow,
 Be sure the birds knew where to go!

LE BOULANGER ET LE MARCHAND DE TABAC.*

PAR A. D. F. H.

Voilà une maison bien curieuse ! Trop grande pour une maison ordinaire, trop laide pour un palais, et d'une architecture bizarre ; elle excite sans doute parmi les milliers qui lisent le S. NICOLAS une grande curiosité et beaucoup de rires. C'est à l'égard de cette maison que je vais vous raconter une petite histoire intéressante comme un conte arabe, mais en même temps tout à fait vraie.

Dans un des immenses bazars si nombreux à Constantinople, il existait, au milieu du siècle passé, un bureau de tabac Turc et une boulangerie Grecque. Les propriétaires des deux établisse-

veaux amis ; ses poids étaient toujours justes, sa mesure exacte ; sa bonté était sans limites, et sa pitié faisait l'admiration de tout le monde. Il se maria enfin ; et quand Dieu lui donna des enfants, il les instruisit dans les mêmes principes de probité et de justice. Et il pensait toujours à son ami absent ; car avant de se séparer, ils s'étaient juré une amitié éternelle, se promettant que celui qui parviendrait le premier aux richesses et au pouvoir, se souviendrait de l'autre pour l'aider de tous les moyens possibles.

Ce fut donc une grande surprise aux voisins et à

Yorghi lui-même quand il se vit un jour appeler par deux officiers, pour comparaître devant le Grand Vizir. En ce temps-là, un pareil appel indiquait généralement quelque accusation de crime et une prompt punition ; et craignant quelque malheur terrible, Yorghi supplia les officiers de lui expliquer le sujet de l'appel.

“ Quel est mon crime ? ” leur dit-il ; “ jamais je n'ai fait de mal à personne ; tous les voisins en sont témoins. ”

Mais les officiers répondirent qu'ils n'en savaient rien, et qu'ils obéissaient seulement aux ordres du Vizir. Yorghi se vit donc

forcé à les suivre au milieu d'une foule de ses voisins qui pleuraient ses malheurs tout en maudissant les officiers inexorables.

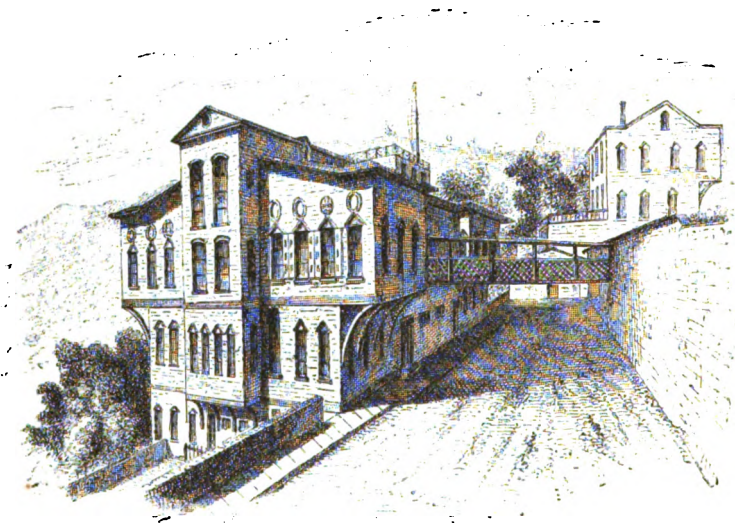
Enfin, ils arrivèrent au palais et se présentèrent devant le Grand Vizir. Celui-ci regarda Yorghi fixement : puis avec un sanglot à peine supprimé et les larmes aux yeux, il dit au pauvre boulanger qui n'avait pas encore levé la tête :

“ Me connais-tu ? ”

“ Non, ” répondit celui-ci.

“ Mais tu avais autrefois un ami intime nommé Ibrahim, n'est-ce pas ? ”

A ce nom, Yorghi leva les yeux, regarda le Vizir un moment, — et reconnut son ancien ami ! C'était



LA MAISON CURIEUSE.

ments, nommés respectivement *Ibrahim* et *Yorghi*, avaient conçu l'un pour l'autre une ferme amitié, perpétuée avec une égale sincérité par leurs deux fils qui portaient les mêmes noms que leurs pères. L'un musulman, l'autre chrétien, ces deux garçons étaient toujours ensemble, soit qu'ils jouassent, soit qu'ils travaillassent ; la nuit seule pouvait les séparer. Mais les bonnes choses ne peuvent continuer toujours ; étant devenus hommes, les deux amis furent forcés de se soumettre à une séparation. Ibrahim partit pour Bagdade, où il allait servir de page au Pacha de la province ; tandis que Yorghi restait à Constantinople, où il succéda enfin à son père dans la boulangerie. Là, il se faisait toujours de nou-

* We shall be glad to see translations of this story from our readers who are studying French. Translations, to be credited, must reach us by April 10th.

bien lui; de page chez un Pacha, il était devenu Grand Vizir à force d'intégrité et de mérite. Il se jeta dans les bras de Yorghi, le serra sur son cœur; puis après l'avoir embrassé longtemps, au grand étonnement de la cour, il lui ordonna de faire venir sa femme et ses enfants au palais pour y faire leur demeure, "puisque," lui dit-il, "je te fais mon banquier. Maintenant tu seras riche comme tu as toujours mérité de l'être."

Voilà donc notre jeune marchand de tabac devenu premier ministre, et notre boulanger premier banquier de l'empire,—position où il montra toujours la même fidélité que dans son petit commerce de boulanger, et dans laquelle il continua jusqu'à sa mort.

"Mais," direz-vous, "qu'a à faire toute cette histoire avec notre grande maison?" Beaucoup, mes amis; cet immense bâtiment, si laid à l'extérieur, mais paré d'une splendeur toute orientale à l'intérieur, fut un des trois palais bâtis par notre boulanger-banquier. Ce vaste édifice, construit sur le côté d'une colline, est haut de *six étages* d'un côté; de l'autre, il n'en a que trois. La date que l'on voit sur la façade est celle de son achèvement; elle est en Grec, et signifie le 17 Mars 1799. Elle est maintenant bien employée, comme école de demoiselles, par les diaconesses Prussiennes. Espérons qu'elle servira longtemps de témoignage à l'honnêteté et à la fidélité d'un marchand de tabac Turc, et de son ami, le boulanger Grec.



A TRAINING-SCHOOL FOR SAILORS.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

On a drenching day, several years ago, I stood on the great landing-stage at Liverpool, waiting for a steamer then due in port. An English iron-clad lay in the stream, under sailing orders, and white wreaths of vapor arose in the moist atmosphere from her short, thick funnel. Her black lines loomed heavily through the mist, dwarfing the other vessels moored near her. Her form seemed so ponderous, indeed, that it was difficult to think of her as a floating thing. An active little tender occasionally ran between her and the shore, and a number of men—sailors in blue jackets and soldiers in red—were gathered in a knot, waiting to be taken on board. Among them was a slender lad, not older than fourteen years, dressed in the brand new uniform of an English midddy. A lady with a sad face was bidding him good-by. The little fellow was inclined to cry, but between the tears he looked proudly at the bright gilt lace on his coat, and smiled as he saw that some one noticed it.

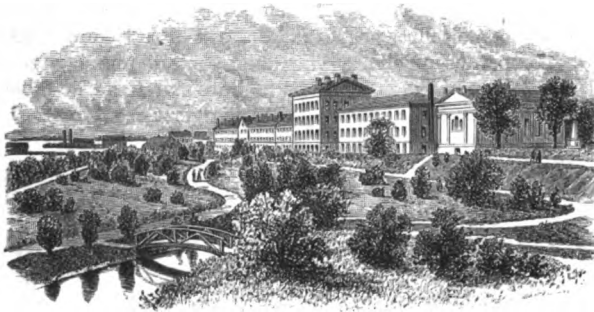
I pitied him in the depths of my heart. It was

plain that he had never been to sea before, and that his experiences had always been tempered by his mother's kindness. He had come from a quiet country home. Perhaps he had not even tasted salt air before; and yet he was embarking in a profession of which he was almost completely ignorant,—a profession requiring more endurance than any other. An hour later he would be on board the iron-clad, and assigned, with very little preparation, to trivial duties, in the intervals of which he would be expected to learn the more difficult ones, and to qualify himself for a higher position.

He knew nothing of the different parts of a vessel and their names, nothing about the science of navigation, not as much, in fact, as the small boy who cleaned the cannon. If his nature was sensitive, he would be exposed to heart-breaking mortifications. His superiors would order him to do things which he could not understand, and when he failed he would be punished. Starting out in life, he knew nothing of the path before him, and could

only find his way by crude and slow methods. What wonder if he stumbled and broke down, sick and weary-hearted?

This is one of the things we do better in America. Here we have a school for training midshipmen, where raw lads are put through a mill and brought out fitted for their future duties. As far as practicable, they are taught everything that can make a naval officer efficient and creditable to his country,



THE NAVAL ACADEMY AT ANNAPOLIS.

—not only those duties that he must do himself, but also those to be done by the men who are under him. The school is called the Naval Academy of the United States. It is situated at Annapolis, in the State of Maryland, on the banks of the pretty river Severn. In the Summer it is one of the loveliest places you can imagine. Velvet-like lawns reach upward from the water's edge, and the white buildings of the Academy are seen through leafy avenues of trees and shrubs. The opposite bank of the stream is high and wooded; farther down you can see the broader waters of Chesapeake Bay, into which the Severn pours itself, and at the wharf several war vessels attached to the Academy are moored.

Two hundred and sixty-two young men are in training here for service in the United States navy. Meantime they rank as cadet-midshipmen. I have been warned not to call them boys, or lads, or "middies." They are gentlemen, or men, and will not answer to any other title. On all matters of etiquette, indeed, they are very strict, and will tolerate no affront.

Candidates for admission to the Academy are nominated by Congressmen, one from each Congressional district, one from the District of Columbia, and one from each Territory. Twice a year an examination of candidates to fill vacancies is held. They must be between fourteen and sixteen years of age; sound in body and mind, and well versed in reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography and English grammar. Those who pass are appointed as cadet-midshipmen, and are

repaid the cost of traveling from their homes to Annapolis, and included on the pay-roll of the navy with \$500 a year salary to their credit. We don't think more liberal treatment could be asked for. Apprentices in other professions pay large sums in the first years of their service; the cadets are taught and paid for learning.

They sign articles, binding themselves to serve in the navy for eight years, which includes the time spent at the Academy, and deposit two hundred dollars each for an outfit and textbooks. Then behold the greenhorns transformed! They come in the slouchy clothes of country lads, looking timid and dull. Their commissions put fresh life into them, and the tailor turns them out for duty in a uniform of the bluest of navy-blue cloth. The jackets are double-breasted, and have a row of nine bright gilt buttons on each side; more gilt buttons on the cuffs; a band of gold lace around the collars, which have also two anchors embroidered upon them in gold thread. The caps, too, are made of blue cloth, and have sharp, polished leather visors, an anchor embroidered in gold and a gold cord. The trousers are made of the whitest duck. When we have seen the cadets thus arrayed, we can understand the sentiment that prompts them to feel aggrieved when they are not called officers and gentlemen.

They assemble at bugle-call for their first dress parade. All are provided with rifles, and a line is formed on the lawn in front of the main building. The splendid band plays a lively quick-step as the line is formed, and the companies are led through the movements of military drill. They acquit themselves admirably; march, halt, shoulder arms, present and fire with the steadiness of a veteran corps. It is a very pretty sight, and an inspiring one, but the greenhorns soon learn that there are harder duties, and that the life before them in the Academy is not too full of play and prettiness. Unless the new-comer is in earnest, and has plenty of courage, I am afraid he will wish himself home again before he has served many days. The course of studies for each of the four classes occupies the greater part of the time. A loafer has no chance. The *reveille* is sounded at six in the morning, and between then and ten P. M.—bed-time—the students have not much more than two hours for themselves. Some of the studies are recreations, to be sure, but they are all compulsory, and we suspect they are not the more enjoyed on that account. Gymnastics, sword practice, rowing, sailing, dancing and swimming are among them.

The midshipmen are berthed two in a room on the "upper deck" of the main building. The

rooms are small and neat, furnished with two camp beds, a wardrobe, two chairs, a small table and washing utensils. We were disappointed at the absence of even the simplest decorations in them, as we had expected to find them looking like cosy cabins, with more space and comforts than could be had on board a ship. One room is exactly the same as the other; without pictures on the walls, or vases of flowers on the table, or shelves loaded with books of adventure and travel, or, in fact, any of the natty little odds and ends that a boy usually amasses in his own sanctum.

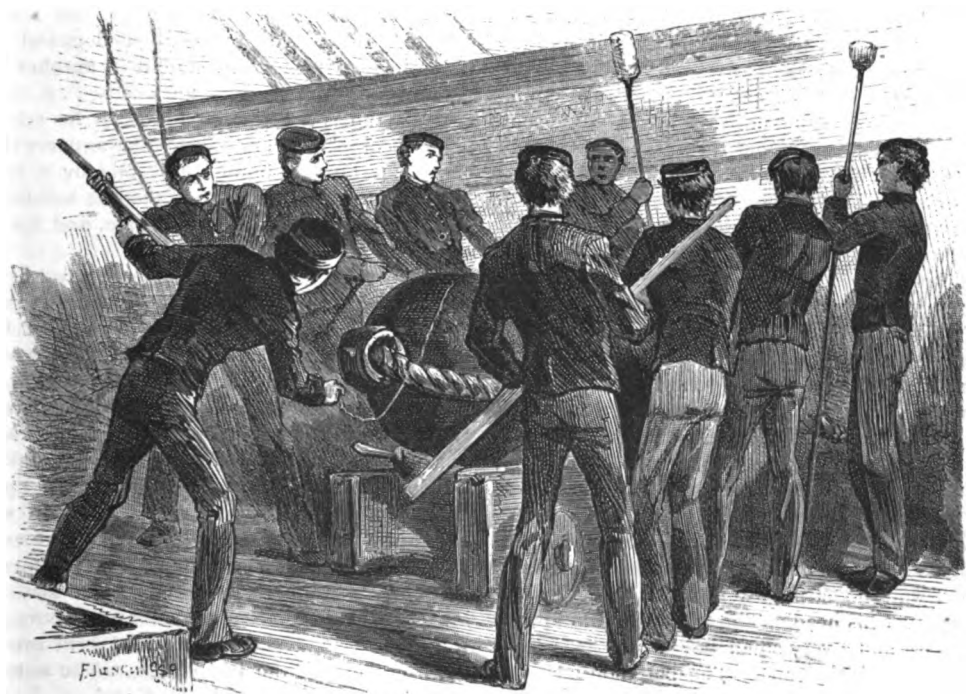
We asked why?

Dr. Philip Lansdale, the Surgeon-in-Chief, told us in answer that it was according to the rules of the Academy. Formerly the midshipmen were allowed to decorate their rooms, and the wealthier ones turned their quarters into miniature drawing-rooms, filling them with expensive furniture, pianos, richly-bound books, and all the luxuries of home. The rooms of the poorer students looked so shabby and dismal in comparison, that envy and uncharitableness cropped out in many a heart, and to avoid this evil the seemingly harsh

of mothers and sisters on the walls, which it does not. But they are martinets at the Academy, and among their other lessons the members are taught to endure discipline.

In most of the rooms the law is evaded, but not violated. The wardrobes are supplied to contain clothes, and the clothes are stowed away in the smallest possible compass, leaving considerable space for other things. So we found pictures hung in the inside, and ornaments of various kinds ranged on little shelves,—sometimes a case of butterflies, a model ship, a model marine engine, a musical instrument, or a magnificent postage-stamp album.

The etiquette between the classes is exacting, and is closely observed. A third or fourth class-man is not allowed to sit down until all the first and second class-men are seated. Frequently it happens that the first class-man is a bit of a fellow scarcely four feet high, while the fourth class-man stands six feet, and has a manly pair of side-whiskers. The difference in stature and age matters not, and the great fellow has to salute the mite and treat him with all respect due to a supe-



GUNNERY EXERCISE ON BOARD THE PRACTICE-SHIP.

law was passed that all rooms should be furnished in the plainest and most uniform fashion. Perhaps it would be better if the law was not quite so strict, or if it gave permission to hang the photographs

rior officer. Sometimes it seems a little absurd, but if the observance were neglected there would be a terrible row, and the fourth class-man would be taken in hand by the fellows of the first, and

punished. "Hazing" is forbidden, and any midshipmen found guilty of it are dismissed instantly, as they deserve to be.

There was one occasion when the fourth classmen united in a refusal to submit to the second class. A pitched battle was fought, and the tyrants were beaten, and for the rest of the year they had to treat the victors as equals. But such an occurrence is rare, and the juniors submit themselves to the advanced classes with very good grace. To our mind, some of the practices do not seem fair. A mischievous youngster may select an overgrown greenhorn and mount him on his dressing-table and force him to sing, while he—the little monster!—tilts himself in a chair, and complacently strokes the place where the moustache ought to be. Why can't the big fellow resist? Simply because if he did his tormentor would tell the first class, and the first class would "punch" him.

Foolish and heartless practical joking was once too common in the Academy, but it has been almost entirely done away with. One custom remains, and that is one of the most harmless. When a new-comer has been notably impudent to his elders, or is unusually "green," he is honored with an "undress parade." At "taps," the drum-beat ordering all to bed, the lights are put out, and the great building is as silent as the cloister of a church at midnight. The officers retire, and everything is supposed to be snug until daybreak. But soon one of the bedroom doors turns silently upon its hinges, and a midshipman, in the breeziest, whitest and lightest dress, steals into the corridor, and utters an almost inaudible signal. One door after another is quietly opened, until the long row is filled with ghostly young gentlemen, all of them dressed in the same fluttering white. There are low whisperings and a waving of arms; some dreadful conspiracy is hatching.

From one room alone only one comes forth, and the white brigade marches in an orderly file and brings out the second occupant. It happens to be the offensive new-comer, who shivers in the cold, while his companions push him rudely from side to side and poke him in the ribs.

A rope with a loop in it is found, and a horrible thought enters the greenhorn's mind. He implores mercy, and he struggles in vain. The loop is slipped over his head. The others form in marching order, and a very small boy in the rear leads the prisoner by the rope. The battalion advances along the corridor. All the maneuvers of a full-dress parade are performed in the gravest manner. The corners where the cold is the greatest are sought, and the greenhorn is thrust into them. Frightened and shivering, he is at last led to his own room and imprisoned in his wardrobe, with

orders to sing a comic ditty. The door is closed upon him, and while he plaintively chants "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," to the accompaniment of his chattering teeth, one of his judges grinds at the handle of a visionary organ. He is then put to bed, with the benedictions of his visitors, and the white robes flutter awhile longer before they vanish, and the corridor is again silent.

The midshipmen have college songs and a slang of their own. The songs are not wonders in the way of composition, but they speak eloquently enough of the longings of a midshipman's heart.

One of the chief aims of the officers is to impress the midshipmen with a sense of responsibility, and they are not treated as boys, but as men of honor. All the orders issued by the admiral speak of them as gentlemen and officers. These orders, by the by, are models of good sense, and appeal to the best stuff in a lad. Is it manly, is it generous, is it honest? These are the questions that are put to the wrong-doer, and he is shown the error of his ways by the light within himself, that only needs stirring to burn more brightly. Our sins shown to us by the light of others are not so easily cast out. A lad who offends is taught how to see the fact, and when he has seen it he is sorry, and ready to expiate. I wish you to clearly understand what the principle is, and will state it in another way. A midshipman commits an offense; it is discovered; he is asked if it is honest; he refers to his own conscience, and conscience answers that it is not. If he was immediately told by a second person that it was not honest, and was scolded, his vexation might make him obstinate, and his light would be put out.

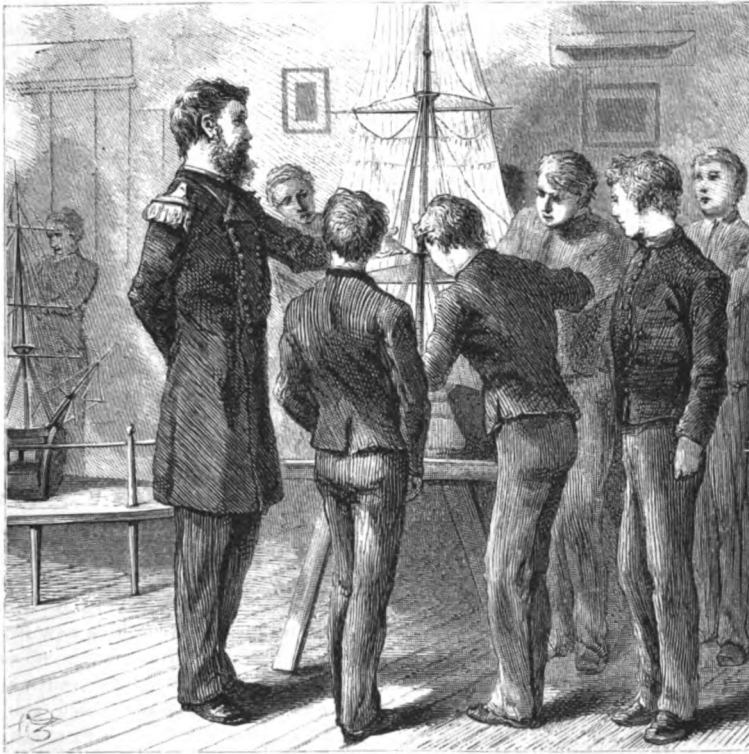
The superintendent is one of our naval heroes. He was victor in the famous fight between the "Monitor" and the "Merrimack." You know the story of how the Confederate monitor "Merrimack" steamed from Norfolk on the 8th of March, 1862, and engaged the United States vessels "Congress" and "Cumberland." The "Merrimack" was built of iron, and easily sunk her wooden adversaries. She then turned up the "Elizabeth," and people feared that she would also destroy the "Roanoke" and the "Minnesota." But in the nick of time the "Monitor" arrived, and the "Monitor" was a match for her. The engagement was fierce and hot for four hours. The cannon-balls and shells rattled in shrill music on the iron plates of the two vessels. The water was plowed by monstrous balls aimed at the vital parts below the water-line. It was one of the most exciting battles in all the war. The two flags—"bonny blue" and "star-spangled"—streamed defiance at one another for those four long hours; but the "Merrimack" could not much longer

endure. The "Monitor's" incessant fire was answered slowly and unsteadily, and soon afterward the "Merrimack" was vanquished.

The commander of the "Monitor" on that brave day was John L. Worden, now an Admiral, and Superintendent of the Naval Academy. He is a gruff old sailor, frank in his bearing and kindly. If personal association with a hero is inspiring, the

midshipmen think of me personally, but I insist upon their showing all the respect my rank is entitled to."

I think I told you, at the beginning, that all things that can make a good sailor are taught at the Academy. Old fore-castle hands, at one time, secretly looked down upon naval officers, and complained that they knew nothing of the harder duties



INSTRUCTIONS IN THE SEAMANSHIP-ROOM.

midshipmen could not have a better master. He carries with him the honor-marks of his famous fight. One of his cheeks is tinged with the blue stain of gunpowder, and the use of one of his eyes is lost. During the fight he was at his post in the turret, directing the movements of his vessel. While he was looking through one of the sighting-slits in the walls of the turret a shell exploded, tearing his face dreadfully and throwing him senseless upon the deck.

He was a little angry when we visited Annapolis. Some newspaper had published an article complaining of lax discipline among the students. The truth is that the Admiral is a very strict disciplinarian. He declared to us that if manners and attention to duty are not taught in the Academy, nothing is taught. "I do not care," he said, "what the

of sea-life. If there was any truth in this once, there is none now. As we crossed the grounds, we met a detachment of midshipmen, dressed in common canvas suits, bound for the practice-ship. Here they are instructed in all things that fall to the lot of the poorest sailor.

Once a year, they are also sent out on a cruise, and are required to handle the light sails, yards and masts, entirely by themselves. The instructions given to them at sea are purely practical, and are such as a lad could only learn on board an ordinary vessel in many years of experience. They are taught what to do in fair and foul weather, in times of peace and times of war, and how to do it. Gunnery-practice and torpedo-practice are included in the higher branches of seamanship and navigation (see picture, page 289). Each midshipman is

given an opportunity to see all the workings of a ship and to study them, and afterward describe them in a log-book to be examined by his superior officer.

The instructions in seamanship given on the voyage, however, are only supplementary to those given ashore.

Among the buildings of the Academy is one called the seamanship-room. It is not a bit like a common school-room, with maps, charts and globes, and illuminated texts for ornaments. We should think that anyone who has a real taste for the sea would find abundant pleasure in it. There are beautiful models of nearly every kind of vessel afloat, from a simple sloop to a modern turret-ship. Shelf after shelf is filled with the smaller ones, and in the center of the room are others with masts reaching almost to the ceiling. On the walls there are also some curious old prints and oil-paintings of famous sea-fights. One of the good qualities of the models is that they all will work, just as though they were full-sized.

The second class was under examination while we stood by. One of the largest model frigates had all her canvas set, and was supposed to be bowling along with a fair wind. The midshipmen stood around her, with the instructor at the head. Some of them were dull, no doubt, and could not forget the walls of the room. But others were so earnest that they imagined themselves on board a real frigate, plowing a wild, gray sea, and plunging and rolling in real waves. Suddenly the wind was supposed to fall,—it had been blowing a tempest in the minds of those brighter fellows,—but after a few moments it was roaring again in a terrific squall.

The instructor gave the word to reduce sail. There was a creaking of blocks, spars and running rigging, skillfully worked by nimble fingers. The vessel ran more steadily, and a short time afterward the wind fell to a moderate breeze, blowing on the starboard quarter. The instructor next gave the alarm, "Man overboard!" One of the midshipmen instantly described what was to be done, suiting the action to the word, bringing the ship around, lowering boats, and heaving to. We supposed the unfortunate was saved, for the ship resumed and followed her course without interruption, until orders were given to shorten sail, that the depth of water in which she was sailing might be ascertained.

She was now nearing her destination. A boat was lowered and manned, under directions given in a clear, unhesitating voice by one midshipman in command. Various preparations were made for entering port; sails were furled and anchors cast.

In the squall the vessel's bottom was damaged.

How could it be repaired? There was no dry dock in the port on which she could be placed. The midships' wits were taxed to solve the difficulty. It was an urgent case, and the instructor was impatient. One small fellow came forward and gave orders that all the armament be transferred to the shore to lighten the vessel; she was also stripped of part of her rigging; massive braces were put against her sides; and then, with some ponderous tackle, she was slowly hauled over against the wharf, until she was almost on the beam-ends, and the plating of her bottom could be plainly seen. The task was one requiring great ingenuity and caution, and when it was successfully done the midshipman received a mark of honor.

A war broke out. The midshipmen had now to manage a miniature fleet instead of one vessel. The instructor stated the movements of the enemy, and the midshipmen described the tactics necessary to defeat them. Line of battle was formed, the fleet being in a double column. The enemy changed position, and the vessels were next ranged in a single column. So every possible maneuver was illustrated, and all the cunning of the enemy checked, our men coming out victorious with flying colors.

The gunnery-room is scarcely less interesting than the seamanship-room. Here the gradual improvement in small-arms is shown by many specimens of each kind, from the old-fashioned match-lock to the needle and Remington guns. Among other curiosities is a bronze cannon, brought over by Cortez in the conquest of Mexico. The breech-loader was supposed to be a new invention, but the principle exists in this old relic of earlier centuries. Side by side with it is the mitrailleuse, the latest weapon invented, about which you may have read in accounts of the Franco-Prussian war. It has a great number of barrels, which revolve and pour out showers of bullets. Elsewhere in the room, which is overcrowded, are models of all sorts of nautical artillery, including shells, hand-grenades, and torpedoes. At every turn the visitor takes he is confronted by some death-dealing instrument. A collection of old trophy flags, blood-stained, singed with gunpowder, rent and riven, are festooned on the wall at one end. Among them are the British colors captured during the war of 1812, including those of the "Guerrière," captured by the "Constitution," and the famous flag that Lawrence flew in the battle between the "Chesapeake" and "Shannon," bearing nothing but the brave words: "Don't give up the ship."

That noble old craft, the "Constitution," which fought so many immortal battles in her long life, was attached to the Academy until within a few days of our visit. I think every boy must have

felt a little sentiment in looking at her as she departed. Her timbers were falling apart with age; the beams were loose in their sockets, but the old war-ship was still fair to see, and substantial enough, as far as you or I could judge. As I write she lies quietly at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, awaiting final orders; and we can fancy the waves lapping more softly around her for the grand service she has done.

The engine of a steamer is in charge of an engineer, who is inferior to the captain in position, and subject to his orders. Unfortunately, a great many captains know nothing about marine engineering, and have to depend entirely on the word of their inferiors. The Academy means to better this state of affairs, and, accordingly, all students are instructed so far in the construction and working of marine engines as to enable them to see for themselves, when they command a ship, whether or not the engineers are doing their work properly. There is also a special class of cadet-engineers in the Academy, who are taught the details of these things. For their use a steam-room is provided, fitted with as many valuable models as the seamanship department. The subjects could not be taught or learned by text-books merely, and the students have the things about which they are lectured placed under their eyes.

Among other appliances, there is a full-sized marine engine in perfect working order. When the class assembles, and steam is up, the students themselves are stationed at different parts of the immense machine. The instructor gives the word, "Turn ahead, full speed!" and to the music of the shafts and wheels he discourses in a sensible way on the cylinders, boilers, and tiny brass and steel things that have power to propel a large vessel at the rate of fourteen miles an hour.

I cannot even mention all the subjects that are taught, but I can say that no study that will not be

of certain service is given to the students. They are taught international law, because some day they may have to sit as judges on the high seas; they are taught astronomy, because the stars are the sailor's most faithful guides; they are taught climatology (the science of climates), because that will show them how to save the lives of their crews in the unhealthy countries they may have to visit; and they are taught, above all, to be gentlemen, because they must do their share in sustaining the honor of America.

Nor can I mention all their amusements. They have a hop once a month, and a grand ball once a year. They have boat-clubs and ball-clubs. They also have a barber, to whom the smoothest-faced



DISTRIBUTING LETTERS.

youngsters submit themselves with the importance of bearded men; and twice a day they have a delivery of letters from home and friends. The post-master sits at a little desk in the center of one of the corridors, and the boys crowd around him excitedly until every scrap of paper has been surrendered. As they hurry to their rooms and to secluded spots in the grounds to read the tidings, you and I will leave them to their pleasure.

LITTLE GRETCHEN AND HER KID.

BY K.

SOMEWHERE in good King John's little realm of Saxony, not far from the Court city, stands the humble cottage of good Hans Steinberg, with great high gables, red-tiled roof, and deep-set windows, after the usual fashion of all North-German peasant houses.

Once Hans was gamekeeper in the royal preserves of M—, a fact he was very fond of telling, and adding, too, that now he owned his game himself—which meant, poor soul! a drove of goats. These, and the little red-roofed cottage, gave the happy Hans, and his good frau, a most affluent old age—while the very pride of their eyes, and the joy of their hearts, was little Gretchen, their grandchild, who, for five years of her life—all the years in fact of her motherless babyhood—had been the sunshine of their simple home. Such a simple home as it was, too—only two rooms under all that spread of roof; and such a tidy, thrifty look as those two rooms had, is scarcely to be found outside of the dear "Vaterland." Indeed, when the day comes in which the good Frau Steinberg fails to scrub with her own hands the smooth tiles of her kitchen floor, it will be the day when those honest, hard-working hands will be through with work, and life as well.

And Hans was a model goat-herd, too, in his way, and kept his little flock as carefully and tenderly as we would a pet colt, housing, feeding, and cleaning them, as no other goat-herd ever did. He had a name, too, for every goat, taken from the baptismal records of the royal house—one was "Princess Hedwig;" and one, "Countess Olga;" another, "Duchess Amelia," and so on; all of which no one ever remembered but Hans and Gretchen, and the knowing little goats themselves.

During the grazing season, Hans always took his little flock to some far-off hill-side for a half-day or so, with his old dog, Wurst, to help herd them till they could get their fill of tender nippings. And sometimes, when the skies and sunshine and green fields were very tempting, old Hans would yield to the little Gretchen's earnest pleading, and mount her upon his great strong shoulders, and then it was a merry party indeed that went off to "the green pastures."

One lovely summer morning old Hans started out with his shaggy flock for the grazing grounds, with little Gretchen on her high perch, much to Wurst's delight. Such a happy little girl as she was, too, for her own pet *Lillie* was to go with her—

dear, snow-white *Lillie*—a little kid that old Hans had discovered one bitter morning nearly frozen to death in a neighboring forest. The kind old man had wrapped the shivering foundling in his great coat and brought it home to Gretchen. And now she was a lusty, frolicsome kid, able to hold her own with the best of them—only she did like the Steinberg family so much better than her own tribe, and quite forgot that well-regulated little goaties did n't sleep in houses on red cushions, and eat out of dishes, and wear ribbons and bells on their necks! And so Miss *Lillie* put on a great many airs, and would not stay with the "common herd," which quite, disgusted old Hans when once he took her with the others for their nibblings—for she would go off by herself and give Wurst a deal of trouble. But on this day Gretchen begged so heartily for permission to take her pet along, and promised to watch her all the time, that of course *Lillie* went. Wurst objected decidedly; he did not want any self-willed, frisky kids in his charge, to give him chase, and then divide with him his dinner; but he could n't help himself, poor doggie! and so they all started off together.

They could not have found a lovelier spot than that shady hill-side and fresh green lawn, and the dear little bubbling brook that came down with a touch of snow yet in its waters. Gretchen doused her little curly pate right into the cool rushing water, and then, in her dripping locks, scampered off with Wurst and *Lillie*. How they did romp and play! Old Hans laughed till his jolly German sides ached, and the matronly goats looked on in mild-eyed wonder. Then Gretchen gathered bunches of white daisies; she stuck them all through Wurst's shaggy coat, made a wreath for herself, and one for *Lillie*, and lo! it was dinner-time.

It was a long while after they had emptied the well-stuffed basket, which the good Frau had filled for them (not forgetting a large, special piece for Wurst), that Gretchen, having had all the play she wanted, sat down under a spreading tree, just to rest a minute, making *Lillie* lie down beside her. But how long a minute that was the weary little girl never knew, for she fell fast asleep, with one little brown hand thrown out on *Lillie*'s white neck, and the other tucked under her own ruddy cheek. How she did sleep! And for a while the kid seemed to think it a very good arrangement—but, alas! kids will be frisky, and

will not indulge in afternoon naps; so she slipped away from the little hand that would keep so strangely quiet, and bounded off up the hill!

When Gretchen opened her eyes, her grandfather was just taking her up in his arms, and it was time to go home. There was a heavy storm coming up, he said, and they must hurry; the goats were already started, and Wurst was driving them up pretty lively, for he knew a thing or two about getting home quick when he wanted to. All this, and more, the jolly old Hans told the half-dazed little girl in his arms while walking across the fields. But they had not gone very far, when Gretchen gave a piteous cry—*where was Lillie?* In the hurry of starting, Hans had forgotten her, and poor little Gretchen was too sleepy to miss her pet. What was to be done? The storm was close upon them, and even if Hans had been alone, he would hardly have risked a search in the face of such a threatening sky; but, with dear little Gretchen to care for, of course he could not go back. No, he would not turn, though the child pleaded and sobbed quite heart-broken, and his tender old eyes filled with tears as fast as hers. So he tried to comfort her. "Lillie knew the way home herself," he said; "perhaps had gone there already, naughty kid! or, if not, he would go early in the morning and find her; besides, she was a stout, hearty little kid now, and one night out would not hurt her."

So Gretchen was quiet at last, if not quite satisfied. But as they neared home, and were met by the anxious Frau in the door-way, poor Gretchen's last hope failed her, for Lillie was not there!

It was midnight in good Hans Steinberg's cottage, and the furious storm of that afternoon had long since passed, leaving a glorious sky, with a radiant moon which now shone brightly through the little window, and lay like a patch of silver on the rude floor. The outer door was ajar, and old Wurst lay curled up on his bed near by, fast asleep. But what was the vision that suddenly appeared on the threshold as bright and noiseless as the rays themselves!—though, for all that, Wurst heard the soft footfall, and looked up in wide-eyed surprise! What was it but a little child robed in white, with a halo of golden curls about her head, with little bare feet that stepped out into the moonlight, while

one beseeching little hand beckoned the dog to follow! Such a sight as the moon saw that night, and grew brighter as she looked!—for down the lonely, silent path, went the little vision, with one arm around the dog's great shaggy neck, fearless and confiding. On and on toward the moonlit hill-side, looking with eager eyes, and fairly listening to the silence,—past fallen trees, past the little brooklet that had bubbled so merrily in the morning, and was now groaning under the weight of its



"GRETCHEN STEPS OUT INTO THE MOONLIGHT."

burdens; on, more than half-way to the hill-side, when, suddenly, there came a faint sound on the breathless stillness—a tinkle of a little bell—and the baby-feet stood still, and old Wurst pricked up his knowing ears. Then it came again, and with it a plaintive little bleat! The next minute Wurst was barking vigorously and pawing with all his might near an old thicket of trees which the storm had broken into brush-wood, and there lay the poor little kid in the midst of the rubbish utterly unable to extricate herself.

Lillie struggled wildly and gave one joyous bleat as she recognized her little mistress, and then waited, still and patient, perfectly sure of deliverance since Wurst's great paws dug so frantically the earth and broken roots, and the dear little hands of the white-robed angel tugged so royally

at the twisted branches. And thus was she finally freed unharmed.

The moonlight still lay on the polished floor of the Steinberg cottage, when a vision broke on the dreams of the slumbering inmates, and a child's glad voice rang through the silent house: "O, grandpa! I've found her! me and Wurst have found her! my dear little Lillie!" And full in the

open door-way, with the moonlight falling softly all around her, brightening the halo of her golden curls, the grand old dog standing by her side, knelt the little Gretchen with her arms about the kid, kissing the tufted white head at every word. The old couple looked for a moment wonderingly at the vision, and reverently bowed their heads, for they thought they saw the Christ-child!

THE WAR OF THE RATS AND MICE.

(Almost a Fairy Tale.)

BY GEORGE W. RANCK.



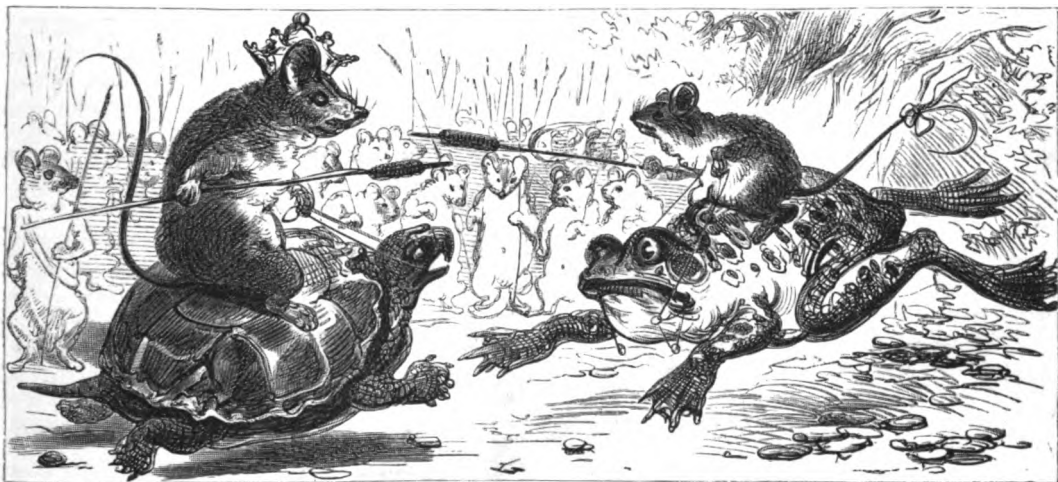
THE MOUSE-KING MOUNTS HIS STEED.

FAR back within an age remote,
Which common history fails to note,
When dogs could talk, and pigs could sing,
And frogs obeyed a wooden king,
There lived a tribe of rats so mean,
That such a set was never seen.
For during all the livelong day
They fought and quarreled in the hay,
And then at night they robbed the mice,
Who always were so kind and nice.
They stole their bread, they stole their meat,
And all the jam they had to eat;
They gobbled up their pies and cake,

And everything the mice could bake;
They stuffed themselves with good, fresh meal,
And ruined all they could not steal;
They slapped their long tails in the butter
Until they made a frightful splutter;
Then, sleek and fine in coats of silk,
They swam about in buttermilk.
They ate up everything they found,
And flung the plates upon the ground.
And catching three mice by their tails,
They drowned them in the water-pails;
Then seeing it was morning light,
They scampered home with all their might.

The mouse-tribe, living far and near,
At once this awful thing did hear,
And all declared, with cries of rage,
A war against the rats they'd wage.
The mouse-king blew a trumpet blast,
And soon the mice came thick and fast
From every place, in every manner,

The rats had eaten so much jam,
So many pies and so much ham,
And were so fat and sick and swollen
With all the good things they had stolen
That they could neither fight nor run;
And so the mice the battle won.
They threw up rat-fur in the air;



THE TWO KINGS MEET IN BATTLE.

And crowded round the royal banner.
Each had a sword, a bow and arrow;
Each felt as brave as any sparrow,
And promised, in the coming fight,
To die or put the rats to flight.
The king put on a coat of mail,
And tied a bow-knot to his tail;
He wore a pistol by his side,
And on a bull-frog he did ride.
"March on!" he cried. And, hot and thick,
His army rushed, in "double quick."
And hardly one short hour had waned,
Before the ranks the rat-camp gained,
With sounding drum and screaming fife,
Enough to raise the dead to life.

The rats, awakened by the clatter,
Rushed out to see what was the matter,
When down the whole mouse-army flew,
And many thieving rats it slew.
The mice hurrahed, the rats they squealed,
And soon the dreadful battle-field
Was blue with smoke and red with fire,
And filled with blood and savage ire.

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They piled up rat-tails everywhere;
And slaughtered rats bestrewed the ground
For ten or twenty miles around.

The rat-king galloped from the field
When all the rest were forced to yield;
But though he still retained his skin,
He nearly fainted with chagrin,
To think that in that bloody tide
So many of his rats had died.
Fierce anger blazed within his breast;
He would not stop to eat or rest;
But spurring up his fiery steed,
He seized a sharp and trusty reed—
Then, wildly shouting, rushed like hail
To cut off little mouse-king's tail.
The mouse-king's face turned red with passion
To see a rat come in such fashion,
For he had just that minute said
That every thieving rat was dead.
The rat was scared, and tried to run,
And vowed that he was just in fun;
But nought could quell the mouse-king's fury,—
He cared not then for judge or jury;

And with his sharp and quivering spear,
He pierced the rat right through the ear.
The rat fell backward in the clover,

Down which their little children slid.
And after that eventful day
The mice in peace and joy could play,



"DOWN WHICH THEIR LITTLE CHILDREN SLID."

Kicked up his legs, and all was over.
The mice, with loud and joyful tones,
Now gathered all the bad rats' bones,
And with them built a pyramid,

For now no wicked rats could steal
Their cakes and jam and pies and meal,
Nor catch them by their little tails,
And drown them in the water-pails.

WHY WALTER CHANGED HIS MIND.

BY HENRIETTA H. HOLDICH.

"MAMMA, Nurse Grant says you have asked Kitty Lennox to spend the summer with us, and that she is coming. Have you, mamma? Is it true?"

Walter had rushed, or rather tumbled, through the low window into the room where his mother was sitting. The first shock of the horrible intelligence was fresh upon him. His yellow hair fairly bristled under the brim of his sun-burned hat, his blue eyes flashed and his cheeks were like peonies.

Mrs. Morgan looked up.

"Hadn't you better take off your hat, in the house, Walter?" she said. "Yes; Kitty Lennox is coming next Wednesday to stay for two months, and I hope you will be kind to her."

"Kind to her!" exclaimed Walter. "But I hate girls, mamma; you know I do! and now you've gone and asked her for the whole of my vacation, and I think it's a shame! I do so! What am I going to do with her?"

"I hope at least you will be polite to her," said Mrs. Morgan, quietly.

"Polite to her!" ejaculated Walter, with withering scorn. "I don't *want* to be polite to her. What's the use? Girls are no good. They can't think of anything but their clothes and complexions. She'll be afraid to do anything for fear of getting tanned, or tearing her dress. And she'll want me to take her out in my boat, and then she'll squeal if the wind blows."

"Girls are no good!" echoed Willy, who, finding his legs too short for Walter's favorite mode of entrance, had trotted round to the door, and now stood on the threshold, a baby likeness of Walter, whom he admired and imitated to the best of his ability. "What's the good of girls? They can't row, or run, or climb. They can't luff, or jib, or haul in a sheet. They don't know the difference between a schooner and a brig."

Willy was a little, delicate-looking boy. Though he was eight years old he looked no more than five, and his baby swagger was so ludicrous that sturdy twelve-year-old Walter burst out laughing.

"Just hear Willy, mamma! He thinks he's every bit as big as papa! But what *did* you ask Kitty to come here for?"

He spoke more mildly now, for his laugh had done him good.

"Kitty's mamma has been very ill," replied Mrs. Morgan, "and is obliged to go to Europe for her health. Mr. Lennox is going too, and they

don't know what to do with Kitty until he comes back. I asked her to come here, because Mrs. Lennox is a very dear friend of mine, and I am glad to do anything I can for her. And I hope my boys will remember that they are little gentlemen, and that gentlemen are always polite to ladies."

Walter grumbled still, but promised reluctantly:

"I won't tease her, mamma, if that's what you mean by being polite, and I'll take her out in my boat sometimes; but I can't stay home the whole time and give up all my fun for her."

"I should be very sorry to have you give up all your fun," said Mrs. Morgan, "and I don't believe Kitty will be at all anxious to have you stay at home with her, if you are in no better humor than you are now. I am sorry to find I have two such selfish little boys. And now run away and 'luff' and 'jib' to your heart's content, for I am busy."

Wednesday night came, and brought Kitty Lennox under the charge of Mr. Morgan, who had gone to meet her. Walter hovered about the gate as the carriage drove up, moved by a sheepish curiosity which tortures would not have forced him to acknowledge, while Willy circulated around him. A little figure, crowned with a tangle of brown curls, under which peered out two very red eyes and a most woful little mouth, walked straight out of the carriage into their mamma's arms, and then vanished into the house, and that was all that Walter and Willy saw of their new guest that night.

"Just like a girl; great cry-baby!" ejaculated Willy in disgust. But Walter, with a reluctant sense of justice, admitted:

"Well, I guess if our mamma had gone away sick, and we knew we should n't see her again for a year, may be we'd cry too. I know *you* would, any way, Willy. You blubbered hard enough when she went to Aunt Fanny's for a week and left us behind."

"Pooh!" said Willy, a little sheepish over the recollection, but braving it out, "that was 'most a year ago. I was only a baby then. Catch me crying now!"

"Well," said Walter, turning away, "I s'pose we've got to be polite to her, for mamma says so; but she is n't going in my boat, for all that, only just when I choose."

Poor little Kitty had not the slightest desire to go in his boat the next day, nor for many days after that. She crept about the house, homesick

and miserable, with pale cheeks and red eyes, weeping quietly in corners, refusing to eat, turning away from offered books or toys. Walter really felt sorry for her, in spite of his aversion to girls, and after various futile attempts at cheering her, one day in a fit of acute compassion he burst out with a proffer of what he considered an unfailing panacea for all woes:

"I say, Kitty, I'll take you out in my boat to-day, if you like."

Kitty was feeling a little less unhappy than usual that morning. Her mamma had been gone a week, and a week is a very long time for a healthy, active little girl to stay miserable. Then, too, everybody was so kind to her that she began to feel herself an ungrateful little creature. Mrs. Morgan was as gentle and tender as her own mamma, and Mr. Morgan hardly ever came home from the city without some trifling present for her. They were continually trying to amuse and interest her, and even Walter had offered her all his prettiest books and choicest treasures, and now, crowning grace! had proposed to take her out in his dear boat. So Kitty sighed, and said, quite cheerfully for her:

"Thank you, Walter; I think I should like to go;" and they trotted down to the little wharf below the lawn, with Willy trudging sulkily in their wake.

For Willy was not yet reconciled to Kitty. Walter's careless words had taken deep root in that little heart; and Willy, of all the family, had alone held himself aloof from the stranger, gazing at her with contemptuous and critical eyes. Sometimes he ventured on a comment to Walter.

"Is *n't* she a stupid! Just sitting round in corners and crying all day long. If I was mamma I'd just leave her alone and not bother about her as she does. I hate girls; don't you, Walter? Stupid things!"

"You just shut up," retorted Walter, to Willy's intense amazement. "You're a mean fellow, to go and laugh at a little girl because her father and mother have gone away. Just wait till yours go, and see how you like it yourself."

Which retort was all the more unkind because Willy had never dreamed of disliking girls until Walter's expression of opinion on the subject had convinced him that that was the right and proper frame of mind for boys to entertain. And now to be deserted and even snubbed in this way! It was too much! Willy walked off in silence, but the arrow rankled in his heart, and now to the contempt he felt for Kitty was added jealousy, for he considered her responsible for the snubbing he had received from his admired brother.

"I wish I could take you in the sail-boat," said Walter, as they reached the wharf, where the two

little boats danced on the dimpling, sunny water. "It's a great deal more fun than the row-boat, but papa says Willy and I must not go out alone in it until we know how to swim."

"Oh, I'd a great deal rather go in the row-boat," said Kitty. "But can't you swim, really? How queer!"

"Why, can you?" said Walter, looking at her curiously.

"Oh dear, yes," said Kitty, carelessly. "I've known how ever since I was as little as Willy there, and a good deal younger."

"As little as Willy!" Poor Willy could n't stand that, for his small size was one of his many sore points, and he retorted:

"Girls always do brag; it's all they're good for. I s'pose you think you're going to steer, but you ain't."

"Oh, no!" said Kitty, brightly. "I'd rather row. Will you take the stroke, Walter?"

Walter declined the honor, and Kitty, stepping to her place, began to handle her oar with a dexterity which excited very different feelings in Walter and Willy. Walter's objection to girls gradually melted away as he timed his oars to her long, steady stroke, and watched her artistic feathering; but Willy sat glooming and glowering in the stern, brimming over with bitter envy at the sight. To pull at one oar for a few minutes at a time, with a three-mouse-power, was all poor Willy had ever yet achieved.

"Where did you learn to row, Kitty?" asked Walter.

"I—oh dear! my papa taught me;" and poor Kitty burst into a flood of tears, to Walter's horror and dismay, and Willy's frank delight and exultation.

"Now you've got it!" he chuckled. "I hope you like girls now! Horrid things! always going about crying and spoiling all your fun!"

"Hold your tongue, Willy!" exclaimed Walter in an undertone. "Did n't mamma tell you to be polite to Kitty?"

"I don't care," retorted Willy, sulkily. "You always said you did n't like girls, and now you go and make a fuss over the first one that comes along. But I ain't going to like her, all you can do,—so there!" And Willy looked at Walter with impish rage and defiance shining out of his blue eyes.

Kitty and Walter both laughed. Somehow people always did laugh at poor Willy's outbreaks, because he was so little and delicate, and his big blue eyes with their long black lashes looked so mournful and pathetic that the contrast with his raging, blustering words was very droll. Willy could n't understand it at all. People did n't laugh when his father got angry, and why should they

laugh at him, he would like to know? All the stored-up bitterness of the week suddenly overflowed.

"You're a mean, hateful old thing," shouted Willy, springing up and dancing wildly in his rage. "I'll tell mamma! You sha'n't laugh at me! I'll bat you over the head!" And he made a dive at Kitty's oar.

Walter sprang up hastily to stop him, but it was too late. Willy had overbalanced himself in his frantic plunge; the boat gave a lurch, and, with one wild cry, he shot headlong into the water and disappeared. Both Walter and Kitty sprang to their feet, but while Walter, quite dazed with terror, could only exclaim wildly, Kitty, quickly tossing off hat and sacque, stood with her eyes fixed on the spot where Willy was last seen. In an instant a little head appeared above the water; the fair hair, drenched and lank, fell around the pale face; the blue eyes were stretched wide with horror; the little hands clutched and struggled in the air, and a wild shriek rang from the blue lips as he sank again. Sank, but not for long; for, quick as a flash, Kitty had darted from the boat into the deep, cold water, and caught the fair floating hair with one hand, while with the other, as soon as they rose to the surface, she struck out for the boat. Willy struggled wildly in her grasp, clutching at her and impeding her, in spite of her imploring:

"Oh, be quiet, Willy! Don't struggle so, or I can't save you, and we shall both be drowned." For heroic little Kitty had no idea of letting go when she had once taken hold.

Willy was very small and light, and Kitty was very tall and strong for her age, and as much at home in the water as a duck, but Willy made her task so hard that she was rapidly becoming exhausted. It was all she could do to keep herself and him afloat, and to reach the boat would have been quite beyond her powers had not Walter fortunately regained his presence of mind and caught up the oars.

"Back the boat down, or we'll upset it," she said. And Walter, obeying, reached them just in time.

"Willy first!" gasped Kitty, faintly, as Walter seized her wrist; and Willy was dragged into the boat, dripping and choking, but safe. Then, after resting a moment, Kitty, with Walter's aid, managed to scramble in after him, and then Walter rowed rapidly to the shore.

You may imagine Mrs. Morgan's feelings when she saw the two drenched and shivering little figures wending their way slowly over the lawn, for Walter had staid behind to put up the boat. By this time, Willy's teeth were chattering so that he could not speak, and Kitty's only explanation was:

"We both got in, you see, aunty;" for so she always called Mrs. Morgan.

It was not until Willy was safely in bed, and after Mr. Morgan's return, that they heard the whole story of Kitty's heroic feat from Walter, who could not be enthusiastic enough over it.

"I tell you what, mamma," he wound up, "Kitty's just a bully girl, and I'm awful glad you asked her here to spend the summer. She's a regular brick, and you'd just ought to've seen her go over after Willy. She never stopped to wink, but just as soon as Willy was up she was down on him and grabbed him. She never once thought about her dress. I'd never have said a word against girls if I'd known they were like that. Kitty and I are going to be the biggest sort of chums after this."

Kitty was a regular heroine, as you may suppose. She bore her honors carelessly enough, though,—declaring that it was all nonsense to make such a fuss about it, and that what she had done was nothing at all. Yet I think she was very proud of the little gold watch Mr. Morgan gave her, with the inscription on the back telling the story. Even Willy, who had at first been rather inclined to resent her rescue of him, as "putting on airs," was won by her patient and tireless efforts to amuse him during the painful attack of rheumatism which followed his wetting. Neither he nor Walter was ever heard to complain again of the stupidity of girls, and it would be hard to say which was the most sorry when Kitty's visit came to an end.



A GIRL OF STARS.

BY ELIZA C. DURGIN.

THE next clear evening, when the moon is on the other side of the sky, and our side is full of stars, ask your papa or mamma, or your teacher, to go out of doors with you and show you some of the beautiful star-pictures that the wise people call constellations. Very likely you have often noticed

know where it is, as you need to know where the North Pole is on a globe.

The sky is to us like a vast globe, only we seem to be in the center of it, and to look up into it, instead of down upon it. Around the North Star as a center, each of the twinkling fixed stars seems to



A GIRL OF STARS.

the Great Bear, which looks so much more like a dipper than a bear, that ordinary folk call it the Great Dipper, and have learned to trace the line of the "pointers" up to the small glittering North Star in the end of the Little Bear's tail, or the Little Dipper's handle, whichever you please to call it. If you have never found this star, be sure to ask your teacher to show it to you, for you need to

move in a circle; but you will not see this unless you watch them a long while, for it is not really their motion, but that of our own little earth that causes this appearance.

The fixed stars always keep the same relative places with regard to each other. If one of them is eight degrees east of another on one night, you will always find it in the same direction and dis-

tance from its neighbor, in whatever part of the sky you see them.

The heathen people who lived many hundreds of years ago, and who worshiped the gods and goddesses of Greece and Rome, used to see very strange things in the starry sky. To them, gods and goddesses, heroes and heroines, and animals, great and small, shone where we see myriads of mighty worlds.

It is of one of the star-heroines that I wish to tell you. Ask your teacher to point out to you the constellation called Andromeda. You would never dream, to look at it, that it was meant for a girl, bound by cruel chains to a rock on the sea-coast; but if you will look on an astronomical atlas, you will see it very plainly.

There is an almost straight line of four brilliant stars, beginning with a very beautiful one called Almaach, about fifty degrees from the North Star. (Be sure to find out about degrees.) Almaach is in Andromeda's foot. The next one, Mirach, with two others north-west of it, makes her girdle. The third bright one of the line marks her breast, and makes a little triangle, with two dimmer ones south of it, and a straight line with one of these and another north of it. The last star of the four is a little farther north than it would be if the line were perfectly straight; it is called Alpheratz, and is at the same time the chief star of Andromeda's head, and the corner of a beautiful great square, which is clearly seen.

The stars which I have mentioned are easily traced; and, if you look very sharply, you may see the triangle in her right arm, the star of her right hand, the one in her left arm, and many others,—for there are sixty-six stars, which bright and patient eyes may see in this constellation.

Now, I suppose you would like to know why poor Andromeda was left chained to a rock. Well, here is the story.

She had a very vain mother, Cassiopeia (whose star-picture, according to astronomy, is also in the sky, north of her daughter). She was beautiful, and foolish enough to boast of it. That was what made the trouble. She began to say that she was more beautiful than Juno and the sea-nymphs. The nymphs had no idea of letting her talk in that way, and they went straight to Neptune, the god of the sea, and told him all about the matter. The sea-god was very angry, and determined to avenge the insulted nymphs.

Terrible was the punishment that overtook poor Cassiopeia. A great flood began to pour its torrents over the fields and homes of Ethiopia, the kingdom over which her husband Cepheus was king. What was the poor vain queen to do? Her pretty face was distorted with horror and drenched

with tears. She sent to the oracle of Jupiter Ammon to ask counsel.

When the ignorant heathen people of those old times and lands were in trouble, they used often to send to consult certain oracles. There were oracles at various places, where they thought that gods talked with men, and told them of things that would come to pass. Very unsatisfactory and obscure the answers often were, but then human creatures must pray. Those people heard the voice that the dear Heavenly Father has put into all His children's hearts, telling them to come to Him for what they want; but they did not understand to whom they were to go, and how very near He is,—so, as I told you, they sent to the oracles.

It was a fearful answer that was brought back to the waiting queen. Neptune was not to be satisfied unless the Princess Andromeda should be given up to a horrid sea-monster that had come with the flood. It seemed very hard that an innocent girl must suffer so cruel a death; but as the choice was between the loss of her one life and that of the lives of many people, she was taken out to a rock by the sea, and left chained there, to be killed by the monster.

Just as he was about to seize her, a gallant youth, named Perseus, came along through the air, and, seeing the beautiful maiden, fell in love with her. He had just succeeded in a very dangerous experiment, which was no less than that of killing a dreadful gorgon, who had snakes in her hair, and who had had a very disagreeable habit of turning every one that she looked at into stone. Perseus did n't dare to look at her when he killed her; he looked at her reflection in the bright shield that he carried.

You may imagine that he felt very brave after this feat. He had the gorgon's head still in his hand when he came to the place where Andromeda was. He had on winged shoes, and this was the reason that he could go through the air as well as on the ground.

As I said, he fell in love with the beautiful Andromeda; but he was a business-like young man, and he was determined to have the bargain clearly made before he released the lady. He said he would save her if her father would promise to give her to him for a wife. Of course the king said "yes," for he felt badly enough to have the princess in so piteous a plight. So Perseus gave the sea-monster a good look at the gorgon's head, which, not having lost its petrifying power, turned him stone-dead.

Andromeda was already engaged to her uncle Phineus, who was in a great passion when he found that he was to lose her. He had a fight with Per-

seus; but what was the use of fighting with a man who had a gorgon's head at his service? Phineus was turned into a stone, too, at sight of it.

Perseus and Andromeda were married, and

"lived happy ever after;" and when they died, they were turned into stars and put into the sky.

Some people don't believe this story, but there are the stars!



A SNOW-KING.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CASPAR was his name. He lived on a very high mountain,—so high that his home was almost in the region of eternal snow. Indeed, he could almost always find snow six or seven feet deep without going very far from the door. But Caspar did not care particularly for such snow. He was used to it.

It was only when the great storms came, and the snow-drifts piled up forty feet high against the walls of the old house, and the snow-flakes fell and fell and fell, as if they would never stop until they had filled up all the valleys with their powdery whiteness, that Caspar felt at all anxious about the depth of snow.

At such times, however, he was very apt to put himself to a great deal of trouble and anxiety about the snow.

He did n't mind snow-storms himself, because he was a snow-king; but there were people who did mind them, and it was about these people that he concerned himself.

Caspar was a dog, and he lived with the monks in the monastery of St. Bernard, far up on the Alps—the very highest dwelling in that great range of mountains.

You have all heard of these great St. Bernard dogs; but if you have never seen Caspar, you can have no idea how grand a dog can be,—that is, if he happen to be a snow-king.

And Caspar was a king of the snow, every inch of him.

Sometimes, when the skies were tolerably clear, and here and there, there was a little sunshine on the hardy grass that grew about the rocks of the monastery, when the snow was good enough to give them a chance to show themselves, Caspar would trot around very much like an ordinary dog, and lie down and take a comfortable nap in a sunny spot among the shadows of the grand old Alps, as quietly as if he had never heard of glaciers and avalanches, and had never thought of such a thing as people perishing in the snow.

Now Caspar was not a very old dog, and he had already saved two lives. And yet he was not proud—or, at any rate, he did not show it.

In fact, if you had seen him jogging around the monastery, you might never have thought that he was a king of any kind—much less such an important monarch as a snow-king. For almost any intelligent person might make a pretty good king of the ordinary kind, but kings of the snow are very scarce indeed.

One day it began to snow, early in the morning, up on the mountains. It did not snow very hard at first, but people who were weather-wise thought that there would be quite a storm after awhile.

As the day wore on, it became colder and colder,

and the wind began to freeze the snow-flakes into little icy lumps, and it hurled them like showers of bullets across the valleys and over the mountain-peaks.

Although the wind roared sometimes around the craggy corners, and showers of icy shot would now and then rattle against some frozen crust of snow, the mountains seemed quiet, and certainly they were desolate.

Up on the mountain-sides lay vast masses of snow and ice that were growing heavier and heavier as the snow fell faster and faster. These were all ready to come thundering and crashing down into the valleys below, and seemed only waiting for the signal to begin their mad rush down the mountain-side.

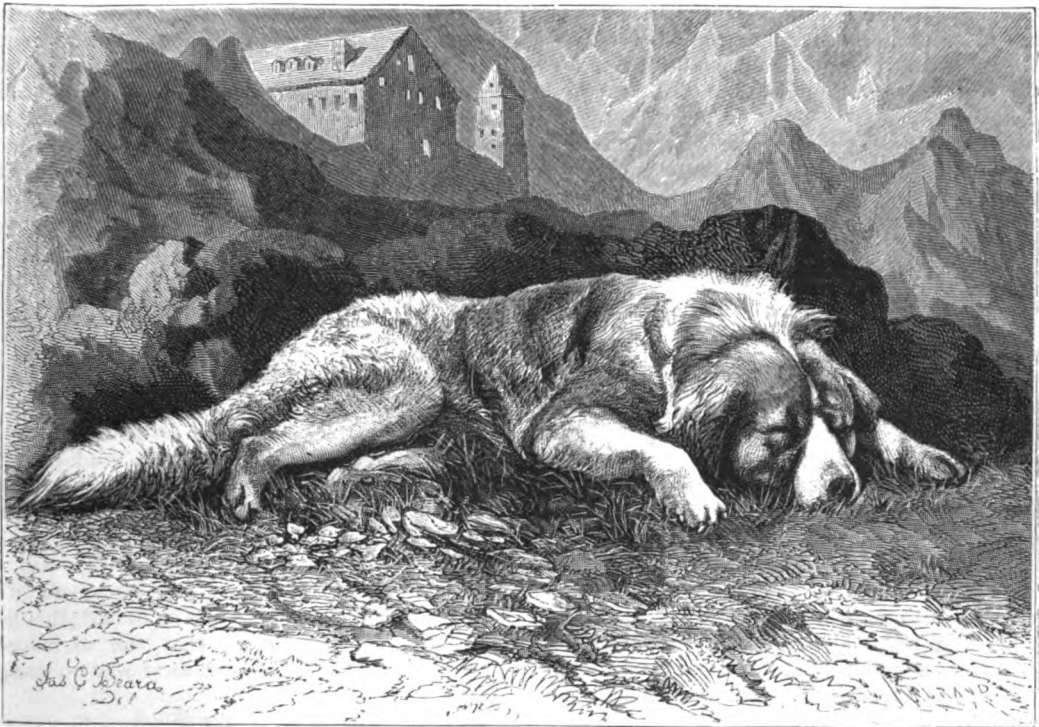
For when these great masses of snow and ice are piled up in this way in the Alps, it often requires but a very little thing to start them off. Sometimes a loud word, or the breaking of a stick, or a

were five persons toiling up the road toward the monastery.

Four of these were men, and one was a boy about fourteen years old. His name was Paolo Vennatti, and he lived down the mountain-side, some miles below the place where we find him on this snowy afternoon.

For a day or two, Paolo had been very anxious about the fate of a stray goat which he believed could be found up the mountain, and probably at or near the monastery of St. Bernard. So when that afternoon four men stopped at Paolo's home to rest a little before continuing their journey over the Alps, by the way of the St. Bernard Pass, the boy determined to go with them, at least as far as the monastery.

He did not say anything to his parents about his plan, for he had heard his father tell the men that it would be foolhardy to attempt to cross the mountains that day, when it was not only snowing



CASPAR. (DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE.)

heavy footstep, will jar the air or the snow sufficiently to send an avalanche on its way.

It would hardly be supposed that on such a day as this any one would be out of doors; but, notwithstanding the bad weather and the promise of worse weather to come, on that afternoon there

but the wind was blowing at such a terrific rate that it would be certain to start an avalanche somewhere on the road.

"And you know well enough that it does n't need much of a wind to start an avalanche," said Paolo's mother.

"But the wind's been blowing all the morning and half the night," said one of the men; "and if there were any avalanches to start, they would have been on their way before this."

So the four men started off just after dinner, and Paolo slipped out after them and joined them when they had got out of sight of the house.

One of the men wanted to make him go back, but the others said that he might as well come if he chose—it was n't snowing so very hard, and if he wanted to find his goat as much as he said he did, there was no reason why he should not try to do it.

So they all trudged on, and nothing of any importance happened for an hour. They did not have much difficulty in making their way, for the snow-storm seemed to be decreasing, and the wind was certainly going down.

But all of a sudden something very astonishing happened.

A violent gust of wind seemed to leap from around the corner of a tall mass of rocks and crags, and in its arms it carried a vast cloud of snow, which it raised in the air and hurled down upon our travelers, who were instantly buried from sight.

This was one of the terrible whirlwinds which often occur in the Alps, when great volumes of newly fallen snow are carried through the air and thrown here or there in masses many feet in depth.

It was as sudden as a flash of lightning—one moment Paolo was walking cheerfully along the road, and in the next he was buried deep under an immense heap of snow!

For a moment he did not know what had happened—it seemed as if he had been struck blind. He was not hurt, but the world had suddenly disappeared from his sight.

It was not long, however, before he knew what had happened. There was snow above and below him—snow in his eyes, snow in his ears and nose and mouth.

He could not get up because there was snow on top of him, and, when he tried to get his legs under him, he could find no support for his feet, for there was nothing but soft snow beneath him.

He could breathe, but that was about all he could do.

Paolo soon felt himself sinking lower and lower in the soft snow. He tried again to get his feet straight down under him, and this time they touched something hard. He knew then that he stood on the ground.

He had no idea how much snow was piled up over him, nor did he think much about it. Now that he could get his feet on something firm, all

that he thought of was to push or scratch himself out of that bed of snow just as fast as he could. He thrust his feet against the ground; he leaned forward and scratched and dug with his hands and arms like a little terrier after a rat. He kicked and rolled and pushed and dug and sputtered snow out of his mouth, and so scratched his way along for several yards. Then he suddenly stumbled out into the open air and went plump down a precipice.

He did not know how far he fell, but he knew that he went backforemost into a bed of snow with a crust on it, through which he broke with a gentle crunch, as when you throw a stone through a pane of glass.

The snow under the crust was not very hard, and his fall only jarred him a little. And yet the snow was packed hard enough to give him a chance to crawl out of the hole he had made and to look around him. He found that he was on an old bed of snow that lay on a ledge some twenty feet below the road, and from which the fresh snow had been blown. The mass of snow which had overwhelmed him and his companions he could see piled up on the road above him. If another gust of wind should come around that corner it might be blown down upon him and cover him again.

So he hurriedly scrambled to his feet and tried to get away from under that steep precipice with its great cap of snow. But he could not go very far. The crust broke beneath him very often; there were hollow places filled with new snow, through which he could scarcely push his way; it was snowing faster and faster, and he was very cold. He could not climb up to the road, and if he could have done so there was that great mass of snow out of which he had been so glad to get.

He did not know what to do; so he sat down.

Then he drew up his knees and tried to get warm and to think. He could not get warm, but he could think very easily. He thought about his parents, and what a wretch he was to come away from them as he had done. What was a goat, after all, that he should risk his life for it? And yet he did n't know, when he started, that he was risking his life, though that was no matter now, for he had done it, and there was no going back.

Here he was, alone in the midst of the great Alps. It was dreadfully solemn and cold. The air was full of the smell of snow. Snow beneath him and all around him. Above him, too; for it was falling on him until he looked like a little snow-boy as he sat there drawn up in a bunch.

He did not expect any help now. He knew the Alps too well to suppose, even if his companions had succeeded in getting out of that snow-drift, that

they could find him where he now was. He could not shout. His lips and tongue seemed frozen stiff. He could not see very far.

He began to feel a little warmer now, and drowsy. He knew that if he went to sleep he would never wake again. But he did n't care; he might as well be comfortable. And there was nobody on earth who could save him. If anybody came to him there, they would die too. The best thing he could do would be to go to sleep.

In all the whole world there was no one who could save this poor boy,—that is if you did not count in Caspar, the snow-king.

He could do it. And he did do it.

Right through the snow-storm came that great beast! Rushing over the frozen crust, plunging through the deep places; bounding, leaping, caring not for drift or storm, like a snow-king, as he was, came Caspar!

He made one dash at Paolo, and rolled him over in the snow. Then he barked at him as much as to say:

"Wake up! you foolish boy! Don't you know I'm here? It's all right now."

He pushed Paolo first on one side and then on the other, and when he had made him open his eyes and stare about him, the great Caspar barked again in his loudest, freest tones. A snow-storm did n't interfere with *his* voice.

Again and again he barked, as if he were shouting:

"Hello-o! I've found him! Here he is!"

Caspar had not barked very long before two men came toiling through the storm. One was a St. Bernard monk, and the other was one of the men with whom Paolo had started out in the morning.

These two took the boy by the arms and raised him up. They shook him, and they made him drink a little brandy that the monk had with him, and then they led him away between them.

Caspar went ahead, so that it should be all right.

They walked back with great difficulty by the way they had come, and soon reached a place where the road could be regained, at a point some distance beyond the snow-drift.

Then they pressed on to the convent.

The four men had been overwhelmed by the snow-drift, but as they were considerably in advance of Paolo, the greater part of the mass of fresh snow seemed to pass over them and hurl itself on the boy.

After some struggling the men got out of the deep snow. They

missed the boy, but could not tell how to look for him or save him. If they stopped they were afraid they would perish themselves. So they hurried on, and before they had gone very far they met Caspar and two of the St. Bernard monks.

They told their story, and one of the monks, with the dog, started down the mountain. He thought the boy might be saved. The youngest of the four men thought he would go too. It was a shame to desert the poor boy so.

As they hurried along, the man said:

"If the snow-drift is still there we shall never be able to get around it or into it to find the boy."

"Caspar will attend to that," said the monk.

He believed in Caspar.

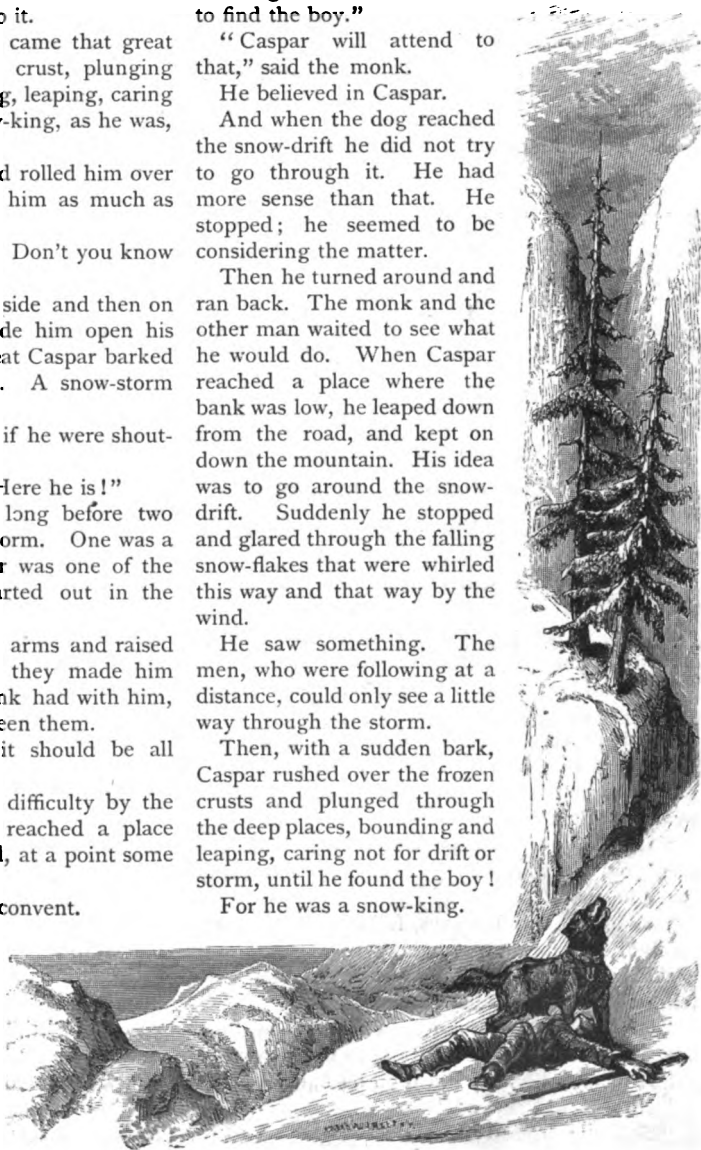
And when the dog reached the snow-drift he did not try to go through it. He had more sense than that. He stopped; he seemed to be considering the matter.

Then he turned around and ran back. The monk and the other man waited to see what he would do. When Caspar reached a place where the bank was low, he leaped down from the road, and kept on down the mountain. His idea was to go around the snow-drift. Suddenly he stopped and glared through the falling snow-flakes that were whirled this way and that way by the wind.

He saw something. The men, who were following at a distance, could only see a little way through the storm.

Then, with a sudden bark, Caspar rushed over the frozen crusts and plunged through the deep places, bounding and leaping, caring not for drift or storm, until he found the boy!

For he was a snow-king.



MARCH.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

MARCH! March! March! They are coming
 In troops, to the tune of the wind
 Red-headed woodpeckers drumming,
 Gold-crested thrushes behind;
 Sparrows in brown jackets hopping
 Past every gateway and door;
 Finches with crimson caps stopping
 Just where they stopped years before.

March! March! March! They are slipping
 Into their places at last,—
 Little white lily-buds, dripping
 Under the showers that fall fast;

Buttercups, violets, roses;
 Snowdrop and bluebell and pink;
 Throng upon throng of sweet posies,
 Bending the dewdrops to drink.

March! March! March! They will hurry
 Forth at the wild bugle-sound,
 Blossoms and birds in a flurry,
 Fluttering all over the ground.
 Hang out your flags, birch and willow!
 Shake out your red tassels, larch!
 Grass-blades, up from your earth-pillow
 Hear who is calling you—March!

THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER X.

JACK AND VINNIE IN CHICAGO.

VINNIE poured out her story to her friend as they walked along the street.

Jack was so incensed, when she came to the up-shot of the adventure, that he wished to go back at once and make the slim youth's acquaintance. But she would not permit so foolish a thing.

"It is all over now. What good would it do for you to see him?"

"I don't know; I'd like to tell the scamp what I think of him, if nothing more. He wanted a little fun, did he?" And Jack stood, pale with wrath, looking back at the hotel.

"If it hadn't been for him, I might not have seen you," said Vinnie. "May be you can't forgive him that!"

Jack looked into her eyes, full of a sweet, mirthful light, and forgot his anger.

"I'll forgive him the rest, *because* of that. But tell me just how the fellow looked."

"Rather tall and slender; a face without much character, but a pair of pretty keen black eyes."

"A mean little fuzzy beard on his chin?"

"No; he was shaved."

"Shabbily dressed?"

"He had on pretty good clothes," said Vinnie, "and a black stove-pipe hat. But his shirt-bosom looked as if it had been slept in."

After some hesitation, Jack turned to walk on with her.

"I did n't know," said he, "but it might possibly be the fellow who stole my horse."

He had written to Vinnie of that adventure; and she was now eager to know if Snowfoot had been found.

"Not a hair of him!" said Jack. "I got an old hunter and trapper to go with me the next day; we struck his trail on the prairie, and after a deal of trouble tracked him to a settler's cabin. There the rogue had stopped, and asked for supper and lodgings, which he promised to pay for in the morning. The man and his wife had gone to bed, but they got up, fed him and the horse, and then made him up a bed on the cabin floor. He pretended to be very careful of his horse, and he had to go out and make sure that he was all right before he went to bed; and that was the last they saw of him. He bridled Snowfoot, and rode off so slyly that they never knew which way he went. He had struck the traveled road, and there we lost all trace of him. I went on to Joliet, and looked along the canal, and set stablemen to watch for him, while

my friend took the road to Chicago; but neither of us had any luck. I've hunted all about the country for him; and now, for a last chance, I've come to Chicago myself."

"How long have you been here?" Vinnie asked.

"Only about two hours; and I must go back to-morrow. I've not much hope of finding Snowfoot here; but as I had a chance to ride in with a neighbor, I thought best to take advantage of it. Lucky I did! Why did n't you write and let somebody know you were coming?"

"I did write to my sister; but I did n't expect anybody to meet me here in Chicago, since I could n't tell just when I should arrive."

"Where are you stopping?"

"On board the schooner that brought me. She is lying quite near here, at a wharf in the river."

"Can you stay on board till to-morrow?"

Vinnie thought the captain and his wife would be glad to keep her.

"Though it is n't very nice," she added, "now that they are discharging the cargo."

"Perhaps you had better go to the Farmers' Home, where my friend and I have put up," said Jack.

"You at the Farmers' Home! Why could n't I have known it?" said Vinnie. "It was there I went to inquire for Long Woods people, and met that scapegrace. But, after all, everything has happened very fortunately. When do you go home?"

"We start early to-morrow morning. You can go with us as well as not—a good deal better than not!" said the overjoyed Jack. "Nothing but a little load of groceries. You shall go home with me to North Mills; Mrs. Lanman will be glad to see you. Then I'll drive you over to Long Woods in three or four days."

"Three or four days!" exclaimed Vinnie, not daring to be as happy as these welcome words might have made her. "I should like much to visit your friends; but I must get to my sister's as soon as possible."

Jack's face clouded.

"Vinnie, I'm afraid you don't know what you have undertaken. I can't bear the thought of your going into that family. Why do you? The Lanmans will be delighted to have you stay with them."

"O, but I must go where I am needed," Vinnie answered. "And you must n't say a word against it. You must help me, Jack!"

"They need you enough, Heaven knows, Vinnie!" Jack felt that he ought not to say another word to discourage her, so he changed the subject. "Which way now is your schooner?"

Vinnie said she would show him; but she wished to buy a little present for the captain's wife on the way.

As they passed along the street, she made him tell all he knew of her sister's family; and then asked if he had heard from his old friend George Greenwood lately.

"Only a few days ago, he sent me a magazine with a long story of his in it, founded on our adventure with the pickpockets," replied Jack. "He writes me a letter about once a month. You hear from him, of course?"

"O, yes. And he sends me magazines. He has wonderful talent, don't you think so?"

And the two friends fell to praising the absent George.

"I wonder if you have noticed one thing?" said Vinnie.

"What, in particular?"

"That Grace Manton has been the heroine of all his last stories."

"I fancied I could see you in one or two of them," replied Jack.

"Perhaps. But I am not the heroine; I am only the goody-goody girl," laughed Vinnie. "When you see beauty, talent, accomplishments,—that's Grace. I am glad they are getting on so well together."

"So am I!" said Jack, with an indescribable look at the girl beside him.

"Mr. Manton is dead,—I suppose you know it," said Vinnie.

Jack knew it, and was not sorry; though he had much to say in praise of the man's natural talents, which dissipation had ruined.

The purchase made, they visited the schooner, where it was decided that Vinnie should remain on board. Jack then left her, in order to make the most of his time looking about the city for his horse.

He continued his search, visiting every public stable, making inquiries of the hostlers, and nailing up or distributing a small hand-bill he had had printed, offering a reward of twenty dollars for "a light, reddish roan horse, with white fore feet, a conspicuous scar low down on the near side, just behind the shoulder, and a smaller scar on the off-hip."

In the meantime he kept a sharp look-out for roan horses in the streets. But all to no purpose. There were roan horses enough, but he could see and hear nothing of the particular roan he wanted.

In the evening he went to see Vinnie on board the schooner, and talked of his ill success.

"A light roan? that's a kind of gray, aint it?" said the captain of the "Heron." "That bearish fellow from Long Woods, who would n't take into

his wagon anybody connected with the Bettertons, —"

"Dudley Peakslow,—I sha'n't soon forget his name!" said Vinnie.

"He drove such a horse," said the captain; "though I did n't notice the fore feet or any scars."

Jack laughed, and shook his head.

"That's what everybody says. But the scars and fore feet are the main points in my case. I would n't give a cent for a roan horse without 'em!" Then he changed the subject. "It's a beautiful night, Vinnie; let's go for a little stroll on the lake shore, and forget all about roans,—light roans, dark roans, white feet, black, blue, green, yellow feet! Perhaps your friends will go with us."

Jack hoped they would n't, I regret to say. But the night was so pleasant, and the captain's wife had become so attached to Vinnie, that she persuaded her husband to go.

The lake shore was charming; for in those early days it had not been marred by breakwaters and docks. The little party strolled along the beach, with the sparkling waves dashing at their feet, and the lake spread out before them, vast, fluctuating, misty-gray, with here and there a white crest tossing in the moon.

Singing snatches of songs with Vinnie, telling stories with the captain, skipping pebbles on the lake,—ah, how happy Jack was! He was glad, after all, that they had all come together, since there was now no necessity of Vinnie's hastening back to the schooner, to prevent her friends from sitting up for her.

"I've been in this port fifty times," said the captain, "but I've never been down here before, neither has my wife; and I'm much obliged to you for bringing us."

"I like the lake," said his wife, "but I like it best from shore."

"O, so do I!" said Vinnie, filled with the peace and beauty of the night.

It was late when they returned to the schooner. There Jack took his leave, bidding Vinnie hold herself in readiness to be taken off, with her trunk, in a grocer's wagon early the next morning.

CHAPTER XI.

JACK'S NEW HOME.

IN due time the wagon was driven to the wharf; and Vinnie, parting from the captain and his wife with affectionate good-byes, rode out in the freshness of the morning across the great plain stretching back from the city.

The plain left behind, groves and streams and high prairies were passed; all wearing a veil of

romance to the eye of the young girl, which saw everything by its own light of youth and hope.

But the roads were in places rough and full of ruts; the wagon was pretty well loaded; and Vinnie was weary enough, when, late in the afternoon, they approached the thriving new village of North Mills.

"Here we come to Lanman's nurseries," said Jack, as they passed a field of rich dark soil, ruled with neat rows of very young shrubs and trees. "Felton is interested in the business with him; and I work for them a good deal when we've no surveying to do. They're hardly established yet; but they're sure of a great success within a few years, for all this immense country must have orchards and garden fruits, you know. Ah, there's Lion!"

The dog came bounding to the front wheels, whining, barking, leaping up, wagging his tail, and finally rolling over in the dirt, to show his joy at seeing again his young master.

The Lanman cottage was close by; and there in the door was its young mistress, who, warned by the dog of the wagon's approach, had come out to see if Jack's horse was with him.

"No news of Snowfoot?" she said, walking to the gate as the wagon stopped.

"Not a bit. But I've had good luck, after all. For here is—who do you suppose? Vinnie Dalton! Vinnie, this is the friend you have heard me speak of, Mrs. Annie Felton Lanman."

Vinnie went out of the wagon almost into the arms of Annie; so well had both been prepared by Jack to know and to love each other.

Of course the young girl received a cordial welcome; and to her the little cottage seemed the most charming in the world. It contained few luxuries, but everything in it was arranged with neatness and taste, and exhaled an atmosphere of sweetness and comfort, which mere luxury can never give.

"Lion has been watching for you with the anxiety of a lover all the afternoon," Mrs. Lanman said to Jack, as, side by side, with Vinnie between them, they walked up the path to the door. "And he is jealous because you don't give him more attention."

"Not jealous; but he wants to be introduced to Vinnie. Here, old fellow!"

Vinnie was delighted to make acquaintance with the faithful dog, and listened eagerly to Annie's praise of him as they entered the house.

"He is useful in doing our errands," said Mrs. Lanman. "If I wish to send him to the grocery for anything, I write my order on a piece of paper, put it into a basket, and give the basket to him, just lifting my finger, and saying: 'Go to the

grocery, go to the grocery,' twice; and he never makes a mistake. To-day, Jack, for the first time, he came home without doing his errand."

"Why, Lion! I'm surprised at you!" said Jack; while Lion lay down on the floor, looking very much abashed.

"I sent him for butter, which we wanted to use at dinner. As I knew, when he came back, that the order, which I placed in a dish in the basket, had not been touched, I sent him again. 'Don't come home,' I said, 'till somebody gives you the butter.' He then went, and did n't return at all. So, as dinner-time came, I sent my brother to look after him. He found the grocery closed, and Lion waiting with his basket on the steps."

"The grocer is sick," Jack explained; "his son had gone to town with me; and so the clerk was obliged to shut up the store when he went to dinner." And he praised and patted Lion, to let him know that they were not blaming him for his failure to bring the butter.

"One day," said Annie, "he had been sent to the butcher's for a piece of meat. On his way home he saw a small dog of his acquaintance engaged in a desperate fight with a big dog,—as big as Lion himself. At first he ran up to them much excited; then he seemed to remember his basket of meat. He could n't go into the fight with that, and he was too prudent to set it down in the street. For a moment he looked puzzled; then he ran to the grocery, which was close by,—the same place where we send him for things; but instead of holding up his basket before one of the men, as he does when his errand is with them, he went and set it carefully down behind a barrel in a corner. Then he rushed out and gave the big dog a severe punishing. The men in the grocery watched him; and, knowing that he would return for the basket, they hid it in another place, to see what he would do. He went back into the store, to the corner behind the barrel, and appeared to be in great distress. He snuffed and whimpered about the store for awhile, then ran up to the youngest of the men, ——"

"Horace,—the young fellow who came out with us to-day," commented Jack. "He is full of his fun; and Lion knew that it would be just like him to play such a trick."

"He ran up to Horace," Annie continued, "and barked furiously; and became at last so fiercely threatening, that it was thought high time to give him the basket. Lion took it and ran home in extraordinary haste; but it was several days before he would have anything more to do with Horace."

"Who can say, after this, that dogs do not think?" said the admiring Vinnie.

"Mr. Lanman thinks he has some St. Bernard

blood," said Jack, "and that is what gives him his intelligence. He knows just what we are talking about now; and see! he hardly knows whether to be proud or ashamed. I don't approve of his fighting, on ordinary occasions; and I've had to punish him for it once or twice. The other evening, as I was coming home from a hunt after my horse, I saw two dogs fighting near the saw-mill."

Jack had got so far, when Lion, who had seemed to take pleasure in being in the room to that moment, got up very quietly and went out with drooping ears and tail.

"He knows what is coming, and does n't care to hear it. There's a little humbug about Lion, as there is about the most of us. It was growing dark, and the dogs were a little way off, and I was n't quite sure of Lion; but some boys who saw the fight told me it *was* he, and I called to him. But what do you think he did? Instead of running to greet me, as he always does when he sees me return after an absence, he fought a little longer, then pretended to be whipped, and ran around the saw-mill, followed by the other dog. The other dog came back, but Lion did n't. I was quite surprised, when I got home, to see him rush out to meet me, in an ecstasy of delight, as if he then saw me for the first time. His whole manner seemed to say: 'I am tickled to see you, Jack! and if you think you saw me fighting the sawyer's dog just now, you're much mistaken.' I don't know but I might have been deceived, in spite of the boys; but one thing betrayed him,—he was wet. In order to get home before me, without passing me on the road, he had swum the river."

"Now you must tell the story of the chickens," said Annie.

"Another bit of humbug," laughed Jack. "Our neighbors' chickens trouble us by scratching in our yard, and I have told Lion he must keep them out. But I noticed that sometimes, even when he had been on guard, there were signs that the chickens had been there and scratched. So I got Mrs. Lanman to watch him for two or three days, while he watched the chickens. Now Lion is very fond of company; so, as soon as I was out of sight, he would let the chickens come in, and scratch and play all about him, while he would lie with his nose on his paws and blink at them as good-naturedly as possible. But he kept an eye out for me all the while, and the moment I came in sight, he would jump up, and go to frightening away the chickens with a great display of vigor and fidelity. So you see, Lion is n't a perfect character, by any means. I could tell you a good deal more about his peculiarities; but I think you are too tired now to listen to any more dog stories."

Jack carried Vinnie's trunk to a cosy little room;

and there she had time to rest and make herself presentable, before Mrs. Lanman came to tell her that tea was ready.

"See here, Vinnie, a minute!" said Jack, peeping from a half-opened door. "Don't make a noise!" he whispered, as if there were a great mystery within. "I'll show you something very precious."

Mrs. Lanman followed, smiling, as Jack led Vinnie to a crib, lifted a light veil, and discovered a lovely little cherub of a child, just opening its soft blue eyes, and stretching out its little rosy hands, still dewy with sleep.

"O how sweet!" said Vinnie, thrilled with love and tenderness at the sight.

"She has a smile for you, see!" said the pleased young mother.

Of course Vinnie had never seen so pretty a baby, such heavenly eyes, or such cunning little hands.

"The hands are little," said Jack, in a voice which had an unaccustomed tremor in it; "but they are stronger than a giant's; they have hold of all our heart-strings."

"I never knew a boy so fond of a baby as Jack is," said Annie.

"O, but I should n't be so fond of any other baby!" Jack replied, bending down to give the little thing a fond caress.

As they went out to tea, there was a happy light on all their faces, as if some new, deep note of harmony had just been struck in their hearts.

At tea, Vinnie made the acquaintance of Annie's brother and husband, and Jack's friends, Mr. Forrest Felton and Mr. Percy Lanman; and—so pleasant and genial were their ways—felt at home in their presence at once. This was a great relief to her; for she felt very diffident at meeting men whom she had heard Jack praise so highly.

Any one could see that Vinnie was not accustomed to what is called society; but her native manners were so simple and sincere, and there was such an air of fresh, young, joyous, healthy life about her, that she produced an effect upon beholders which the most artificially refined young lady might have envied.

Jack watched her and Annie a good deal slyly; and there was in his expression a curious mixture of pride and anxiety, as if he were trying to look at each with the other's eyes, and thinking how they must like each other, yet having some fears lest they might not see all he saw to admire.

Vinnie was made to talk a good deal of her journey; and she told the story with so much simplicity, speaking with unfeigned gratitude and affection of the friendships she had made, and touching with quiet mirthfulness upon the droll events, as if

she hardly knew herself that they were droll, that all—and especially Jack—were charmed.

But she had not the least idea of "showing off." Indeed, she thought scarcely at all of what others thought of her; but said often to herself, "What a beautiful home Jack has, and what pleasant companions!"

After tea, she must see more of the baby; then Jack wanted to show her the greenhouses and the nurseries; and then all settled down to a social evening.

"Vinnie is pretty tired," said Jack, "and I think a little music will please her better than anything else."

And so a little concert was got up for her entertainment.

Forrest Felton was a fine performer on the flute; Mr. Lanman played the violin, and his wife the piano; and they discoursed some excellent music. Then, still better, there was singing. The deep-chested Forrest had a superb bass voice; Lanman a fine tenor; Annie's voice was light, but exceedingly sweet and expressive; and they sang several pieces together, to her own accompaniment on the piano. Then Lanman said:

"Now it is your turn, Jack."

"But you know," replied Jack, "I never play or sing for anybody, when your wife or Forrest is present."

"True; but you can dance."

"O yes! a dance, Jack!" cried Annie.

Vinnie clapped her hands.

"Has Jack told you," she said, "how, on the steamboat going from Albany to New York, after they had had their pockets picked, he and George Greenwood collected a little money,—George playing the flute and Jack dancing, for the amusement of the passengers?"

Jack laughed, and looked at his shoes.

"Well, come to the kitchen, where there's no carpet on the floor, and I'll give you what I call the 'Canal Driver's Hornpipe.' Bring your flute, Forrest."

So they went to the kitchen; and all stood, while Jack, with wild grace of attitude, and wonderful ease and precision of movement, performed one of his most difficult and spirited dances.

When it was ended, in the midst of the laughter and applause, he caught up a hat, and gayly passed it around for pennies. But while the men were feeling in their pockets, he appeared suddenly to remember where he was.

"Beg pardon," he cried, sailing his hat into a corner, and whirling on his heel,— "I forgot myself; I thought I was on the deck of the steamboat!"

This closed the evening's entertainment.

When Vinnie, retiring to her room, laid her head on the pillow, she thought of the night before and of this night, and asked her heart if it could ever again know two evenings so purely happy.

Then a great wave of anxiety swept over her mind, as she thought of the other home, to which she must hasten on the morrow.

CHAPTER XII.

VINNIE'S FUTURE HOME.

A LIVELY sensation was produced, the next forenoon, when a youth and a girl, in a one-horse

Five-year-old Chokie got up from his holes in the earth by the doorstep, and stood with dangling hands and sprawling fingers, grinning, dirty-faced.

Vinnie, springing to the ground with Jack's help, at the side-door caught Lill in her arms, and gave her an ardent kiss.

"I have heard of you!" she said; for she had recognized the bright, wistful face.

"Dear auntie!" said the child, with tears and smiles of joy, "I'm so glad you've come!"

"Here is Link—my friend Link," said Jack. "Don't overlook him."

"I've heard a good deal about you too, Link!"



"LINK DOESN'T CARE TO BE KISSED."

wagon, with a big dog and a small trunk, arrived at Lord Betterson's "castle."

Link dashed into the house, screaming, "They've come! they've come!"

"Who has come?" gasped poor Mrs. Betterson, with a start of alarm, glancing her eye about the disordered room.

"Jack What's-his-name! the fellow that shot the deer and lost his horse. It's Aunt Lavinny with him, I bet!"

And out the boy rushed again, to greet the newcomers.

Lill, who was once more washing dishes at the table, stepped down from her stool, and ran out too, drying her fingers on her apron by the way.

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said Vinnie, embracing him also, but not quite so impulsively.

"Ye need n't mind kissing me!" said Link, bashfully turning his face. "And as for him,"—as she passed on to the five-year-old,— "that's Chokie; he's a reg'lar prairie gopher for digging holes; you wont find a spot on him big as a sixpence clean enough to kiss, I bet ye two million dollars!"

Vinnie did not accept the wager, convinced, probably, that she would lose it if she did. As she bent over the child, however, the report of a kiss was heard,—a sort of shot in the air, not designed to come very near the mark.

"I'm didding a well," said Chokie, in a solemn

voice, "so the boys wont have to do to the spring for water."

Mrs. Betterson tottered to the door, convulsively wrapping her red shawl about her.

"Lavinia! Is it sister Lavinia?"

At sight of her, so pale and feeble, Vinnie was much affected. She could hardly speak; but, supporting the emaciated form in her strong, embracing arms, she led her back into the house.

"You are so good to come!" said Mrs. Betterson, weeping, as she sank in her chair. "I am worse than when I wrote to you; and the baby is no better; and Cecie—poor Cecie! though she can sit up but little, she does more than any of us for the sick little thing."

Vinnie turned to the lounge, where Cecie, with the baby in her arms, lay smiling with bright, moist eyes upon the new-comer. She bent over and kissed them both; and, at sight of the puny infant,—so pitiful a contrast to Mrs. Lanman's fair and healthy child,—she felt her heart contract with grief and her eyes fill.

Then, as she turned away with an effort at self-control, and looked about the room, she must have noticed, too, the painful contrast between Jack's home and this, which was to be hers; and have felt a sinking of the heart, which it required all her strength and courage to overcome.

"We are not looking fit to be seen; I know it, Lavinia!" sighed Mrs. Betterson. "But you'll excuse it—you've already excused so many things in the past! It seems a dreadful, unnatural thing for *our* family to be so—so very—yet don't think we are absolutely reduced, Lavinia. Mr. Betterson's connections, as everybody knows, are very wealthy and aristocratic, and they are sure to do something for him soon. This is my husband, sister Lavinia." And, with a faint simper of satisfaction, she looked up at a person who just then entered from an adjoining room.

He was a tall, well-made man, who looked (Vinnie could not help thinking) quite capable of doing something for himself. He might have been called fine-looking, but that his fine looks, like his gentility, of which he made a faded show in his dress and manners, appeared to have gone somewhat to seed. He greeted Vinnie with polite condescension, said a few commonplace words, settled his dignified chin in his limp dickey, which was supported by a high, tight stock (much frayed about the edges), and went on out of the house.

"Now you have seen him!" whispered Mrs. Betterson, as if it had been a great event in Vinnie's life. "Very handsome, and perfectly well-bred, as you observe. Not at all the kind of man to be neglected by his family, aristocratic as they are; do you think he is? Yes, my dear Lavinia,"

she added, with a sickly smile, "you have seen a real, live Betterson!"

These evidences of a foolish pride surviving affliction, made poor Vinnie more heartsick than anything else; and for a moment the brave girl was almost overcome with discouragement.

In the meanwhile, the real, live Betterson walked out into the yard, where Jack—who had not cared to follow Vinnie into the house—was talking with Link.

"Will you walk in, sir?" And the stately Betterson neck bent slightly in its stiff stock.

"No, I thank you," replied Jack. "But I suppose this trunk goes in."

"Ah! to be sure. Lincoln,"—with a wave of the aristocratic Betterson hand,—"*show* the young man where to put the trunk. He can take it to Cecie's room."

"I can, can I? That's a privilege!" thought Jack. He was perfectly willing to be a porter, or anything else, in a good cause; and it was a delight for him to do Vinnie a service; but why did the noble Betterson stand there and give directions about the trunk, in that pompous way, instead of taking hold of one end of it? Jack, who had a lively spirit, and a tongue of his own, was prompted to say something sarcastic, but he wisely forbore.

"I'll place it here for the present," he said, and set the trunk down by the doorstep. He thought it would be better for him to see Vinnie and bid her good-bye a little later, after the meeting between the sisters should be well over; so he turned to Link, and asked where his big brothers were.

"I d'n' know," said Link; "guess they're down in the lot hunting prairie hens."

"Let's go and find 'em," said Jack.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHY JACK DID NOT FIRE AT THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN.

BOTH Link and Lion were delighted with this proposal, and they set off in high glee, boy and dog capering at each side of the more steady-going Jack.

"A well?" said Jack, as they passed a curb behind the house. "I thought you had to go to the spring for water."

"So we do," said Link.

"Why don't you use the well?"

"I d'n' know; 't aint good for anything. 'T aint deep enough."

"Why was n't it dug deeper?"

"I d'n' know; father got out of patience, I guess, or out of money. 'T was a wet time, and the water came into it, so they stunned it up; and now it's dry all summer."

They passed a field on the sunny slope, and Jack said, "What's here?"

"I d'n' know; 't was potatoes, but it's run all to weeds."

"Why did n't you hoe them?"

"I d'n' know; folks kind o' neglected 'em, till 't was too late."

Beyond the potatoes was another crop, which the weeds, tall as they were, could not hide.

"Corn?" said Jack.

"Meant for corn," replied Link. "But the cattle and hogs have been in it, and trampled down the rows."

"I should think so! They look like the last rows of summer!" Jack said. "Why don't you keep the cattle and hogs out?"

"I d'n' know; 't aint much of a fence; hogs run under and cattle jump over."

"Plenty of timber close by,—why don't your folks make a better fence?"

"I d'n' know; they don't seem to take a notion."

Jack noticed that the river was quite near, and asked if there was good boating.

"I d'n' know—pretty good, only when the water's too low."

"Do you keep a boat?"

"Not exactly—we never had one of our own," said Link. "But one came floating down the river, and the boys nabbed that. A fust-rate boat, only it leaked like a sieve."

"Leaked? Does n't it leak now?"

"No!" said Link, stoutly. "They hauled it up, and last winter they worked on it, odd spells, and now it don't leak a drop."

Jack was surprised to hear of so much enterprise in the Betterson family, and asked:

"Stopped all the leaks in the old boat! They puttied and painted it, I suppose?"

"No, they did n't."

"Calked and pitched it, then?"

"No, they did n't."

"What did they do to it?"

"Made kindling-wood of it," said Link, laughing, and hitching up his one suspender.

Jack laughed too, and changed the subject.

"Is that one of your brothers with a gun?"

"That's Wad; Rufe is down on the grass."

"What sort of a crop is that,—buckwheat?"

Link grinned. "There's something funny about that! Ye see, a buckwheat lot is a great place for prairie hens. So one day I took the old gun, and the powder and shot you gave me for carrying you home that night, and went in, and scared up five or six, and fired at 'em, but I did n't hit any. Wad came along and yelled at me. 'Don't you know any better 'n to be trampling down the buck-

wheat?' says he. 'Out of there, quicker!' And he took the gun away from me. But he'd seen one of the hens I started light again on the edge of the buckwheat; so he went in to find her. 'You're trampling the buckwheat yourself!' says I. 'No, I aint,' says he; 'I step between the spears; and I'm coming out in a minute.' He staid in, though, about an hour, and went all over the patch, and shot two prairie chickens. Then Rufe came along, and he was mad enough, 'cause Wad was treading down the buckwheat. 'Come out of that!' says he, 'or I'll go in after ye, and put that gun where you wont see it again.' So Wad came out; and the sight of his chickens made Rufe's eyes shine. 'Did ye shoot *them* in the buckwheat?' says he. 'Yes,' says Wad; 'and I could shoot plenty more; the patch is full of 'em.' Rufe said he wanted the gun to go and shoot ducks with, on the river; but he did n't find any ducks, and coming along back he thought he would try *his* luck in the buckwheat,—treading between the spears! He had shot three prairie chickens, when father came along, and scolded him, and made him come out. 'I've heard you fire twenty times,' says father; 'you're wasting powder and ruining the crop. Let *me* take the gun.' 'But *you* must n't ruin the crop,' says Rufe. Father's a splendid shot,—can drop a bird every time,—only he don't like to go hunting very often. He thought 't would pay for *him* to go through the patch *once*; besides, he said, if the birds were getting the buckwheat, *we* might as well get the birds. He thought *he* could tread between the spears! Well, since then," said Link, "we've just made a hunting-ground of that patch, always treading between the spears till lately; now it's got so trampled it never 'll pay to cut it; so we just put it through. See that hen!"

There was a sound of whirring wings, a flash, a loud report, a curl of smoke—a broken-winged grouse shooting down aslant into the buckwheat, and a young hunter running to the spot.

"That's the way he does it," said Rufe, getting up from the grass.

He greeted Jack good-naturedly, inquired about Snowfoot, heard with surprise of Vinnie's arrival, and finally asked if Jack would like to try his hand at a shot.

"I should," replied Jack, "if it was n't for treading down your buckwheat."

"That's past caring for," said Rufe, with a laugh. "Here, Wad, bring us the gun."

"Is that your land the other side of the fence?" Jack asked.

"That lot belongs to old Peakslow," said Rufe, speaking the name with great contempt. "And he pretends to claim a big strip this side, too."

That's what caused the feud between our families."

"He hates you pretty well, I should judge," replied Jack; and he told the story, as Vinnie had told it to him, of her encounter with Peakslow on the deck of the schooner.

"He's the ugliest man!" Rufe declared, reddening angrily. "You may thank your stars you've nothing to do with him. Now take the gun,"—Wad had by this time brought it,—"go through to the fence and back, and be ready to fire the moment a bird rises. Keep your dog back, and look out and not hit one of Peakslow's horses, the other side of the fence."

"He brought home a new horse from Chicago a day or two ago," said Wad; "and he's just been out there looking at him and feeling for ring-bones. If he's with him now," he added, "and if you *should* happen to shoot *one* of 'em, I hope it won't be the horse!"

Jack laughed, and started to go through the buckwheat. He had got about half-way, when a hen rose a few feet from him, at his right. He was not much accustomed to shooting on the wing; and it is much harder to hit birds rising suddenly, at random, in that way, than when they are started by a trained dog. But good luck made up for what he lacked in skill; and at his fire the hen dropped fluttering in the grass that bordered the buckwheat.

"I'll pick her up!" cried Link; and he ran to do so; while Wad carried Jack the powder and shot for another load.

"But I ought not to use up your ammunition in this way!" Jack protested.

"I guess you can afford to," replied Wad. "It was mostly bought with money we sold that fawn skin for."

Jack was willing enough to try another shot; and, the piece reloaded, he resumed his tramp.

He had nearly reached the fence, when a bird rose between it and him, and flew over Peakslow's

pasture. Jack had brought the gun to his shoulder, and was about to pull trigger, when he remembered Peakslow's horses, and stopped to give a hasty glance over the fence.

Down went the gun, and Jack stood astonished, the bird forgotten, and his eyes fixed on an object beyond.

What Wad said of their neighbor having brought out a new horse from Chicago, together with what



SHOT ON THE WING.

the captain of the "Heron" said of one of Peakslow's span being a light roan, rushed through his thoughts. He ran up to the fence, and looked eagerly over; then gave a shout of joy.

After all his futile efforts to find him, chasing about the country, offering rewards, scattering handbills, there was the lost horse, the veritable Mr. Snowfoot, grazing quietly, in the amiable Mr. Peakslow's pasture!

(To be continued.)

THE FEAST OF DOLLS.

BY WILLIAM E. GRIFFIS.

HERE are two little Japanese girls who, every year, enjoy the Feast of Dolls. Do you know them? No?

Well, then, I'll tell you about Komme and Lugi, for these are their names. If they lived in America, they would be called Little Plum and Cedar, for these are what the words Komme and Lugi mean.



KOMME AND LUGI.

The Feast of Dolls comes once a year,—on the third day of March. It is the greatest day of the year for girls. The boys do not care much about it, because their great day, called the Feast of Flags, comes on the fifth day of May.

Lugi and Komme are both of them school-children, and study very hard. When a holiday comes, they enjoy it very much, for they are glad to lay down their books, which are full of curious Japanese and Chinese letters. So, last March, on the day before the Feast of Dolls, they washed the ink off their hands, hung up their copy-books, and laid aside their cakes of ink and ink-stones with more than usual care. Japanese children rub what we call "India" ink on a stone, and write with this kind of ink altogether.

After coming home from school, they had an early supper; for their mother wanted plenty of time to arrange the dolls and toys on tables, and to do this requires as much time as Santa Claus requires to fill stockings or to trim Christmas-trees.

So the two sisters were soon in bed, with their

heads on their curious little pillows, made of a piece of wood with a cushion on top of it. Their mother saw that they were safe under the covers, and then said: "*o yasumi nasare,*" which means "rest well," and which people in Japan say, instead of "good-night," as a bed-time kiss.

Finally they fell asleep, and then their mother began to prepare the toys and the dolls, and the dolls' dinner and tea-service, and sweetmeats and dainty food for her darlings and their doll-friends.

Nearly every large house in Japan has a smaller house beside or near it, which is fire-proof. In this storehouse the valuable things are kept. The servants went to this house and brought a great many boxes into the largest room of the dwelling. Then Komme and Lugi's mamma and papa opened the boxes and arranged the tables. Everything in the boxes was wrapped up in silk. They were kept quite busy for three hours. Then, after admiring the brilliant show, which they knew their darling Komme and Lugi would enjoy so much, the Japanese mamma and papa went to bed.

The little girls rose earlier than usual the next morning. They quickly dressed, putting on their best robes of red crape and curiously-figured silk, and went first to their parents, as Japanese children always do, and wished them "good-morning." They did not eat much breakfast, as they were too eager to see their dolls.

Now, how many dolls did these little girls have, do you suppose? It was a Feast of Dolls, you must remember! One? Two? Four? Five?

Guess again. Ten? More than ten; you would hardly believe it, but they had over a hundred dolls. Japan is, above all others, the land for dolls.

Some of them were two hundred years old. Think of that! They had belonged to Komme's great-grandmother's great-grandmother. I suppose you would have called them Methusaleh's daughters. Their faces were very dark with age; their gilt ornaments were all tarnished; but, strange to say, their dress was still fashionable in Japan. Fashions do not change there every few months, but remain just the same for centuries. Then there were dolls which had belonged to Komme's grandmother and to her mother, and it was like a great Thanksgiving party at home, when grandpa and papa and mamma and all the children meet together. Only they were dolls.

But they were very different from anything in America.

There were Mikados and Mikados' wives, and Tycoons and Tycoonesses, and ladies and gentlemen of the Court, boy-babies and girl-babies, and young Japanese ladies and young Japanese gentlemen. All were dressed in a manner entirely different from any American dolls. The Mikado's wife and ladies of the Court wear their hair far down their backs, and have on a kind of loose pantaloons of cherry-red silk. The Tycoon had on a very high black cap perched on the front part of his head, and he and his officers and men always wore swords in their silk girdles. Indeed, it looked to me, when I went into Komme's house, as if all the different kinds of Japanese I had ever seen, either in the palace or on the street, had suddenly become small, and were sitting on Komme's table. Some of these playthings were only six inches high; some about a foot tall; but Lugi's favorite doll was four feet high, from the top of the puffs on her head to the soles of her sandals.

But the dolls were only part of the show. There were tables to eat from, and to play games on. Some were for checkers; some for "proverb" cards. As for the dishes and cups and bottles, and things to eat out of and with, they were too many to count, and yet they were nearly all different from our table-service. Then there were dogs and cats and deer and wild boars, fishes and lobsters, all made to play with, and very pretty. Then there were tiny racks and "horses" to hang clothes upon, and on these everything belonging to a girl's or a lady's dress was hung. Do you think it strange that among them all was not one hat or bonnet, one pair of boots, or one frock? Japanese ladies never wear any of these, and yet they have very pretty dresses, and look very neat, and dress very becomingly.

All children's playthings are only the tiny copies of what their parents and grown folks play with—I mean what they use. So I found, when I went to see Komme's father, and looked in upon their fun,

that everything they were playing with was just like what I saw the Japanese fathers and mothers use. They did not have any railroads in Japan then; so everybody had to travel in a *kago*, which is a kind of basket, or box, carried by men.

Komme and Lugi had plenty of traveling-boxes and trunks, made of sandal-wood and camphor-wood, and several handsome *kagos*. They played taking the Mikado to Kioto, and all the make-believe lords and ladies followed them. When they arrived in Kioto, they were very hungry, and all sat down to dinner.

How I wish you could have seen that dinner,—that real Feast of Dolls. Each table was only about four inches square, but on it were rice and fish and ginger and radishes and beans and tea and buck-wheat cakes. I suppose the dolls all enjoyed it; but they left the feast uneaten. Still, it was good Japanese food. There was no bread, no beef, no cheese, no pies, no milk, no coffee, for the Japanese people very seldom eat or drink these things, and Japanese dolls, never.

After the feast they made some of the dolls dance. They put the Mikado on his throne, and brought up the Tycoon and all the lords and gentlemen to bow to him. They made each doll bow its head and touch the floor with its forehead. Then they made the ladies play on the *koto*, a kind of Japanese harp. Komme made the dolls go through the motions, while Lugi made the music.

By and by it was time for the dolls to be put to bed, and then their curious sleeping-coats were put on, and each head was laid on its pillow. By this time mamma found that it was nearly time for her darlings to go to sleep also.

The Feast of Dolls in Japan lasts only one day, but the display of toys is kept up for several days.

Soon you shall hear all about the Feast of Flags. But now I must say what all Japanese boys and girls and everybody else in Japan say when they part—"sayonara."

PRUDHOMME AND THE LITTLE ARMY.

PRUDHOMME was a contemporary of Napoleon,—a French *avocat*, or lawyer as we Americans would call him. He was an author, and in his later years became a strong Republican, and wrote many books against Royalty. He was the author of "The Revolution of Paris," "Crimes of the Queens," &c. By the Royalists he was called a mediocre barrister—a low, mischievous fellow. We should hear the other side, however, before we decide whether he

was so bad a man as represented by the Royalists. Whether he was very bad or not, certain it is that his meddlesome ways often led him into sorry scrapes. Here is an account of one of these, translated from the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, which will specially interest American boys and girls. Our artist, you will see, has caught the very spirit of the scene:

"Prudhomme had been called one day to the palace of the Emperor, and was obliged to wait in the

cabinet devoted to the studies of the King of Rome. After having examined everything in the room, his attention was arrested by a large flat table, on which were ranged in lines of battle about two thousand little soldiers of admirable workmanship. This was a period of playthings and objects of art. Everything was scrupulously reproduced, even to the military band, composed of drums, clarions, cymbals, Chinese bells, and other instruments. One would

burst forth, and the rolling of the drums, with the jingling of the Chinese bells, filled the room. Prudhomme, alarmed, and fearing the arrival of the Emperor in the midst of this frightful uproar, rushed to the knob, and turned it. But this had no effect; the army was called out for a given time, and nothing could stop it. Poor Prudhomme thought he should become insane when the twelve pieces of cannon began to go off! He opened the



"THE TWELVE PIECES OF CANNON BEGAN TO GO OFF."

have believed himself in Lilliput. A great copper knob was placed at the extremity of the table. Prudhomme was curious to know of what use this could be. Whilst endeavoring to learn its utility, he looked around him, and being perfectly sure that he was alone, he turned the knob as one would turn the handle of a door. Immediately the entire little army began to march; the door of a fort was thrown open, and twelve pieces of cannon were unmasked. The military music, admirably imitated by an interior mechanism hidden in the table.

window to allow the smoke to escape, and, hiding himself behind a curtain, decided to conceal himself from the Emperor, thinking the racket would certainly bring him in that direction. Happily, after the firing of the artillery, everything became silent and motionless.

"An attendant came a few moments after to seek Prudhomme to conduct him to the Emperor. The first words of the Emperor on seeing him were: 'How pale you are, Monsieur Prudhomme!' to which Prudhomme made no reply."

THE CRY-BA-BY.

FRED is a lit-tle boy, but a great cry-ba-by. He cries in the morn-ing, he cries at noon, he cries at night. He cries when he is washed, when he is dressed, and when his hair is combed. He cries when he goes to school, and when he goes to bed. He cries be-cause his milk is hot, and be-cause his toast is cold; be-cause his jack-et is too old, and be-cause his boots are too new. It is queer how much Fred finds to cry a-bout.

One day he went to see his Aunt Ma-ry. She gave him a nice thick piece of gin-ger-bread. She thought that would make him smile. Oh, no! it made him cry. He just o-pened his mouth to take a bite, and then burst out with a loud "boo-hoo!"

"Why, what is the mat-ter?" said Aunt Ma-ry.

"This gin-ger-bread is too high up!" cried Fred.

"There, there! What a sil-ly boy!" said Aunt Ma-ry. "Hark! I hear mu-sic! The sol-diers are com-ing! Let us look out and see them go by!" said the kind aunt-y.

She put Fred up in a chair at the win-dow, and he saw the sol-diers march by, and heard the mu-sic; and all the time he munched a-way at the gin-ger-bread that was "too high up." By the time the last sol-dier had passed, the gin-ger-bread was all gone.

"Now Fred is a good lit-tle boy," said Aunt Ma-ry. But all at once he be-gan to cry a-gain. "Oh, dear! What is it now?" said Aunt-y. "What are you cry-ing a-bout this time?"

"Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!" roared Fred. "I can't 'mem-ber what I cried a-bout be-fore the mu-sic came! Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!"

Aunt Ma-ry put on Fred's cap and took him home, and called the fam-i-ly to-geth-er.

"What are you go-ing to do with this boy?" she said. "He cries all the time!"

"Let us all laugh at him ev-er-y time he cries!" said Mam-ma.

"That will make too much noise," said Pa-pa. "I think I'll get him the place of town-cri-er, and let him earn his liv-ing by cry-ing."

"He can be a news-boy, and cry news-pa-pers!" said lit-tle Mol-ly.

"We might make a great dunce-cap, with CRY-BA-BY print-ed on it in big let-ters, and make him wear it all the time he cries," said Sis-ter Sue. "That would make him a-shamed."

"What do you say, Char-ley?" said Aunt Ma-ry.

"Set him up in the Park for a drink-ing fount-ain, and let streams of wa-ter come out of his eyes all the time!" said Char-ley.

"Well," said Aunt-y, "I hard-ly know which is the best plan; but some-thing must be done, or Fred will nev-er grow to be a man!"

BER-THA AND THE BIRDS.

LIT-TLE Ber-tha stood at the win-dow, one morn-ing in win-ter, when there came a flock of snow-birds and lit on the tree and bush-es in the yard.



"Oh, you poor lit-tle bird-ies! You have no one to give you any-thing to eat. I'll get you some nice crumbs."

So she ran to mam-ma, who gave her bread-crumbs and let her throw them out-doors. She was much pleased to see the birds eat, but soon saw some-thing that made her feel ver-v bad-ly.

"Oh, how cold your poor lit-tle feet must be! I'll give you my dol-lies' shoes and stock-ings—so I will!"

And a-way she went to find them.

But when she came back the bird-ies were all gone.

Mam-ma told her that the Good Fath-er had so made their lit-tle feet, that they were in no need

of such things to keep them warm. And then good lit-tle Ber-tha was quite hap-py a-gain.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

How d'ye do, again! Glad to see you, my dears. Do you know that, in very old times, March was the first month of the year? They deprived her of that honor long ago, but she has blustered about it ever since.

Her winds soon will be talking to the trees, and trying to make them think it is time to "turn over some new leaves." I listened one night last Spring. The moss declared that I snored so loud that she could not sleep. I felt sure that it was not I, but I quietly staid awake to see, and I soon discovered that it was Mr. Meddlesome Wind. He came romping through the woods, talking to everybody in our neighborhood; trying to give them bad dreams.

First I heard him say to the dear tree-branches: "Rub each other; show some spirit; anything for fun; break your brother's arm off, and see how he will scold; hit the next tree a little,—she's a maple, and too weak to strike back! Ha! that's fun!"

The poor, sleepy branches did as he told them, and there was a regular family row up there.

One would suppose he might be satisfied then. But no; his fun was not complete until he had spoiled the solid comfort of our "feeble folk,"—the ferns and old leaves, and even the tiny things under them all.

So down he came, and made a great ado. He blew all the leaves about, calling out:

"You foolish things! to lie still here when you might as well take a frolic. Jump up and have a race! Never mind the baby-flowers! One cannot always be made a blanket of. Stand up for your rights, old leaves, and let the blossoms freeze. Who cares?"

He actually slapped me in the face a dozen times! He put his arm around the poor lady-ferns and proposed a waltz; but he almost twisted

them off their feet, and then laughed at them as he pushed them back against the bank. The moss slept away soundly, and only groaned once when some pine cones came pounding down on her head. But the next morning she began:

"How you did ——" When I informed her that it was old March Wind who snored, and if she did not believe me, she had better lie awake and judge for herself.

SERIOUS ACCIDENTS.

WHAT a dreadful place a school-house must be, and what shocking things happen there, if the talk of school-children is to be relied upon! Yesterday noon I heard a dozen of them speaking about the various incidents of the day. It was impossible to catch all they said, as three or four talked at once, but I managed to learn these startling facts:

Nelly Jones coughed fit to *split her sides!*

Kitty Carson nearly *died of laughing.*

That Lawrence boy actually *boiled over* with rage.

The teacher's eyes *shot fire.*

Nelly Murray recited *loud enough to take the roof off the house.*

Robby Fitz's eyes *grew as big as saucers.*

Tommy Hudson almost *ran his feet off.*

Susie Jennings *thought she'd burst.*

Ellen Walters *broke down completely!*

And yet it was an ordinary school-day.

CLOUDS.

I WONDER if my boys and girls ever study the clouds,—not to find fancy-pictures, but to learn the different kinds. Jack has fine times watching all the varieties. There's your *cirro cumulus*, or sonder cloud; your *cirrus*, or curl cloud; your *cirro-stratus*, or wane cloud; your *cumulus*, or pile cloud; your *cumulo-stratus*, or twain cloud, and your *nimbus*, or storm cloud. They're all different, and all well worth knowing. Look into this matter, my dears.

SHOOTING LAWYERS.

"ONE day when I was at the Orkney Islands," said the wild duck in one of our conversations, "I saw an islander walking along with a gun on his shoulder and a game-bag in his hand. He was met by a group of travelers from England, who had just landed.

"What sport?" cried one of them to the islander. "What sport have you had this morning?"

"Well, nothing very great," answered the man civilly enough. "I've only shot a brace of lawyers this morning."

"What?" screamed the travelers. "What! killed two lawyers, and talk about it as coolly as if you had only bagged a couple of birds!"

"And so I have," laughed the islander. "There is a bird here, a sort of puffin, that we Orkney folk always call *lawyers*. Why, you did n't think I meant *men*, did you?"

"And," continued the wild duck, "while the travelers thought it a dreadful thing to kill a lawyer

when the lawyer was a *man*, they thought nothing at all of it when the lawyer was a *bird*. Just as if a bird's life was n't worth as much to it as a man's life to him. Humph! Very queer, I think."

And with this the wild duck dived suddenly to catch a little perch that he fancied for his dinner. Very queer world this, altogether, *Jack* thinks.

BRAZIL NUTS.

"If this is n't the queerest thing," said a bright little girl one day, in my hearing. "I can't find a sign of a stem on this Brazil nut."

"That's because the stem held on tight to the tree when the nut was picked off," said her companion.

"Yes, I know," said the other thoughtfully; "but in that case there'd be some kind of mark where the stem broke off. The fact is, *it does n't* seem to have any stem-end at all."

Now what do you make of that, my chicks? You've many a time eaten Brazil nuts, or my name's not Jack; but did ever you ask yourself how the nut had been fastened to the tree on which it was growing?

There *is* an explanation, but Jack wants to hear from the children before he says anything more on this subject.

A SEEDLING LIFTING A MILLSTONE.

TALKING of nuts, here's a story that the wind brought to me the other day. It had been printed in some newspaper, and most likely it is perfectly true, though Jack does n't vouch for it:

"Walton Hall had at one time its own corn-mill, and when that inconvenient necessity no longer existed, the millstone was laid in an orchard and forgotten. The diameter of this circular stone measured five feet and a half, while its depth averaged seven inches throughout; its central hole had a diameter of eleven inches. By mere accident some bird or squirrel had dropped the fruit of the filbert-tree through this hole on to the earth, and in 1812 the seedling was seen rising up through that unwonted channel. As its trunk gradually grew through this aperture and increased, its power to raise the ponderous mass of stone was speculated on by many. Would the filbert-tree die in the attempt? Would it burst the millstone, or would it lift it? In the end the little filbert-tree lifted the millstone, and in 1863 wore it like a crinoline about its trunk, and Mr. Watertown used to sit upon it under the branching shade."

A SILK-LINED HOUSE.

I HEARD two little boys down by the brook to-day, talking about their fathers' houses, and boasting how grand they were. Johnny said his house had a velvet carpet in the parlor, and lace curtains at the windows. Willie said his house had splendid glass chandeliers, that sparkled like diamonds; and the walls were beautifully painted. I thought I would like to tell them about a house very much more wonderful than those they lived in, because it is builded by a small insect.

This house is made by a kind of spider that lives in California, and is called the mason-spider. His house is very marvelous for such a little fellow to make all by himself, without any hammer, or saw, or trowel, or axe, or nails, or plaster, or any such things as men use in building; and yet his mansion is fit for a little queen; for it is lined throughout with white silk!

This spider's house is nearly as large as a hen's egg, and is built of a sort of red clay, almost as handsome as the brown stone they are so proud of in New York city. It is cylindrical in shape. The top opens with a little trap-door, which is fastened with a tiny hinge, and shuts of itself. The door and inside are lined with the most delicate white silk, finer than the costliest dress ever worn by a lady.

Mr. Spider builds his house in some crevice, or bores a cylindrical hole in the clay, so that all is concealed from view except this tiny trap-door. When he sees any enemy approaching, he runs quickly to his silk-lined house, swings open the little door, goes in, and, as the door shuts tightly after him, holds it firmly by placing his claws in two openings in the white-silk lining of the door, just large enough to admit his little hands or feet, whichever you choose to call them; and here, nestled in this luxurious retreat, he bids defiance to all intruders.

I heard all about this spider from a gentleman who had been to California, and had brought home one of these red-clay, silk-lined houses. He was showing it to some children as they were walking near me. I wish you all could have seen it.

LOOKING AT A THING WITH DIFFERENT EYES.

ONE day Pat O'Reilly left his hoe lying on the grass, close beside me.

Along came a bird and a turtle, and the hoe instantly caught their attention.

"Umph!" grunted the turtle. "See that back-breaker! One of those things killed my cousin."

"Pe-week!" said the bird, softly. "If there isn't a worm-finder! Many a fine dinner it's turned up for me!"

Just then the ox, raising his head from the grass, glanced across the meadow.

"Ugh! the mean little man-plow! What good is it compared with one of our fine ox-plows, I'd like to know? The contemptible little thing!"

"Hail to thee, noble field!" called a crow, out of the blue sky. "A cornfield where thou hast not been is not worth visiting."

At this, a number of upstart weeds near by tossed their heads scornfully.

By that time, a sort of slug was working its way along the hoe-handle.

"Well, if this is n't the longest, most prodigious bridge I ever was on," grunted the slug. "Catch me trying to cross by it again. What is it good for, anyway?"

Thereupon, a turnip, that had fallen from a wagon, pricked up its stem a little.

"Good for!" he echoed faintly. "Why, good for raising turnips, to be sure. That blessed implement did wonders for me and mine this season." Here another echo came, but so faint, so like a sigh that it was pitiful to hear it.

"Blessed implement! did he call it? I call it a murderer. It killed my mother and all my sisters!"

Poor little daisy!

THE LETTER-BOX.

HERE comes a letter all the way from Germany:

Stuttgart.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: No other subscriber can be more delighted than I am when your dear magazine arrives. I always read everything, except the Latin story, which I could not understand. The German and French stories I read and understand, but I never send you translations, because they would reach you too late. My school studies take up a good deal of time, and then I take walks in the beautiful environs of this city, which is surrounded by hills, as only toward the valley of the Neckar the country is flat. These hills are covered with vineyards; but south of the city there is quite a large forest. On the summits of some of them benches are placed, and, after a long walk, we often rest there and enjoy the lovely view extending around us.

The King of Württemberg has several villas in the neighborhood, and frequently idlers are seen slowly walking through the rooms or the gardens of these places. But not every one is allowed to enter. Cards of admission must be procured, and the person who shows you the grounds expects a remuneration.

A few weeks ago, we went to the Wilhelma, certainly the most elegant of the villas near Stuttgart. It is built in the Moorish style, and the gardens and hot-houses are renowned all over Europe, they say. I wish Mr. Jack-in-the-Pulpit could have accompanied me and admired the lovely plants. Only two or three kinds were blooming, but these were so very beautiful that I could not want to see more. First we passed through two houses containing only rhododendron, but there was such a great variety that there seemed to be fifty different kinds of flowers. The next house was filled with camelia trees, also in bloom.

I need not join Mr. Haskins' ranks either; the law protects the birds here. Is n't that good?

Yours truly,

ANNA HELMKE.

Corydon, October 3d, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: About a week ago I was down in the woods and found a strange plant, at least it is strange to me. I send you a drawing of it, natural size; but the strange part is that stalk, leaves, flower and everything, except the ends of the stamens, are of the purest white—a clear, brittle-looking white. The leaves are nearly transparent; the ends of the stamens are yellow.

If you will tell me, through the Letter-Box, what it is, or will publish this letter and picture, and let some of the readers of the Letter-Box give their opinion, you will very much oblige a particular friend of the ST. NICHOLAS.

VILLA.

VILLA.—The plant which you describe is the "Indian pipe." It is quite common in dark and rich woods, growing at the roots of the trees, and turning black soon after being gathered. Your picture and description of it are excellent.

It will interest many of our readers to know that the story, "Why Walter Changed his Mind," in this number, is founded upon fact, a little girl of ten having actually saved a child of seven in the manner described.

GEORGE R. (and all who have asked us questions about binding their numbers of ST. NICHOLAS).—You will find in our January Letter-Box an answer to William B. S., which will tell you how to get a handsome bound volume in exchange for your twelve monthly numbers. The publishers' notice at the bottom of our table of contents, on the second cover-page, will also give you the information you want.

If you will send us seventy-five cents, we will forward you, postage paid, a handsome cover for vol. i., which almost any bookbinder will put on for twenty-five cents. This cover will also make a very useful portfolio, in which you can keep the numbers as they come each month, and at the end of the year you can have them bound in this same cover.

In sending your numbers by mail, be careful to write all that you wish to say in the letter in which you send the dollar for the binding and the thirty-two cents for return postage. Nothing must be written on the magazines, nor must you write anything on the outside of the package but the address of the publishers—"Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway, N. Y." Anything more than this may subject the whole package to letter postage.

LULIE GRAY asks: "Can you tell me where I can find the following quotation: 'My May of life is fallen into the sea, the yellow leaf?'"

The quotation is from Shakespeare's play of "Macbeth," act v., scene 3, where it reads, however:

"My way of life
Is fallen into the sea, the yellow leaf."

Thus written, it was somewhat hard to understand, and the line, as Lulie quotes it, is a reading of Johnson's, who first suggested that the *w* might be an *m* inverted by a printer's error, and that if read, "My May of life," the meaning would be clear.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: A few evenings ago father read aloud to us children a piece out of the "Atlantic," that was all about whether animals have souls or not. The man that wrote the piece thought they had. I don't feel sure of it myself, but I'm sure that some animals are mighty smart. We have a gray horse that is so gentle that we children can drive it all around. One time he hurt his foot, and was lame. So whenever we drove him we let him go very slow, because we did not want to hurt him. After awhile he got well again, and now he is n't lame at all; but when we want him to go fast he will look around, and if he sees no one but children behind him he will pretend to be lame, so that we will not urge him. He tried it on when father was behind him once or twice, but father laughed at him and called him a lazy old fellow, so since then he does n't try it with father, but he does n't mind what we call him.

We keep five dogs, and they do a great many cunning things that I should like to tell you about; but one thing that Speck (the black and tan terrier) did the other day was smart and foolish, both at once. I'll tell you about it.

Robins and other birds are in the habit of coming around our back-door a great deal to pick up the crumbs, and Speck is very fond of chasing them. One day he chased them about till they all flew up into a tree. Now Speck gets his dinner every day by *begging* for it, that is, standing up on his hind legs and crossing his fore-paws and shaking them. So now if he did n't just go under that tree and stand there for most a half-an-hour waiting and begging for the birds to come down! You could n't help but laugh to see him.

Yours respectfully,

JIMMY D.

C. M. LEWIS writes: "I wish you would tell me when the day 'Michaelmas' comes, and also what it is noted for."

"Michaelmas" comes on the 29th of September. It derives its name from its being the day, appointed in the calendar of the Romish Church, for the celebration of the feast of St. Michael. It was formerly chosen as the time for the election of civil magistrates throughout the different provinces of England, and was also noted for the custom of eating roast goose upon that day,—a practice so old that it has never been traced to its origin. The fact that Queen Elizabeth once ate goose on the 29th of September, at the house of a certain earl, has been stated as a reason for the observance; but the "Michaelmas goose" is known to have been eaten before her reign.

H. B. F., and others.—Of the boys and girls who sent answers to the conundrum picture, those whose lists contained more than seven mistakes did not receive honorable mention.

WORD-MAKING.

Edward Dudley Tibbitts' challenge "to make more than 34 words in common use out of the word ENLIGHTEN," has received a ready acceptance from a large number of boys and girls, and with the following result: Ernest E. Hubbard sends a list of 134 words; Willie S. Burns and Walter L. Cowles send lists of 73 words each; R. L. Masseneau and Walter B. Snow, each 70; J. Stratton and James B. Herrick, each 63; Nanno Fife, 62; Carleton Brabrook and John Spafford, each 61; Fortman C. Griswold and Frank Russell Miller, each 60; Ruth and Mabel Davison, 60; S. R. C., Howard G. Nott, May Trumbull and Lucy Barbour, each 57; Arthur D. Potter and

Franklin W. Kellogg, each 56; Maggie Selby, 54; E. S. Richardson, John O. C. Ellis and Lizzie Johnson, each 53; Mary L. Smith, Louise Quintard, Lilla M. Hallowell and M. N. S., each 51; "Pittsburgh," H. H. De Barr, Jamie S. Newton, Florence E. Lane, Arthur W. Hall and George L. Webster, each 50; Will E. Brayton, 49; E. L. Johnson, William H. Baker and K. E. B., each 48; Klyda Richardson, 47; Willie E. Mayer, 46; Richard Aldrich, L. Wickawee, Ada Y. Wood, "Captain Jack," Henry R. Baker, Katie T. Hughes, Edward Van Voorhis and James B. Baker, each 45; Lillian G., "Castor and Pollux" and Lyman A. Cheney, each 44; Fred M. Thomas, 43; V. R. C. and Fred A. Pike, each 42; Nellie Richards, Helen B. Fancharl and "Violette," each 41; George H. Gardner and "A Subscriber," each 40; C. W. and M. P., each 39; Henry R. Gilman, 39; Robert B. Corey, 37; Stella Clarke, 36. Nicholas Brewster, Jr., sends a list of 106 words—77 in common use, 11 geographical and 18 not in common use; Herbert M. Lloyd, a list of 102 words—about 15 not in common use; and William G. Wilcox, 50 in common use, and 27 others.

Irving W. James' challenge concerning the word "Perpendicular," has also met with a general response, as follows: John Ruggles Slack sends a list of 650 words; Maggie T., a list of 420 words; John O. C. Ellis, 324; Willie S. Burns, 324; Fannie C. Johnson, 270; Mary L. Smith, 257; Alice A. B., 238; May Trumbull and Lucy Barbour, 218; M. G. Bates, 210; "Florence," 206; Elsie L. Shaw and Rosa M. Raymond, each 180; Henry R. Gilman, 177; "Bessie," 150; Ada Y. Wood, 140; William J. Eldridge, 132; Helen B. Fancharl, 126; Robert B. Corey, 112.

Wm. H. S. sends a list of 805 words obtained from "Metropolitan;" Arthur J. Burdick accepts Joseph Morse's invitation to "try again," and this time sends a list of 600 words; James R. Parsons sends 570; Robert B. Corey, 515; and Ada Y. Wood, 472.

From "Cumberland," Mina K. Goddard has derived 329 words; Daisy Lee, 300; and Ada Y. Wood, 244. Ada also sends 312 words from "Perambulations," and May Trumbull and Lucy Barbour have made 433 from the same word.

Eva and Lizzie Kleinhaus have made 84 words out of the letters of the word "Carpet."

HARTFORD "GRANDMA."—It was a real disappointment to us not to be able to find a place in ST. NICHOLAS for your capital rhymed answer to our conundrum picture. The lines have afforded much amusement to all who have seen them, and made the editors wish to hear from the author again.

MARY G.—*Dolce far niente* is an Italian phrase, and means "delightful idleness."

Columbus, Ind.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very much interested in your magazine, and this morning I thought I would write you a few lines. I live in Columbus, Indiana, situated on the east fork of the White River. It is a small town, having between four and five thousand inhabitants. Some people say it was settled before Chicago. It is now rapidly growing, and is promising to be a fine city. We have water-works, gas, woolen-mills, wheel-factory, and a very fine new court-house and jail. The court-house is the finest in the State, except the Indianapolis court-house, which is not yet completed. We have also a fine public school.—Yours truly,

LESLIE RICHARDSON.

BIRD-DEFENDERS.

THE army of Bird-Defenders will be ready to undertake a grand campaign during the Summer months of this new year. It is receiving accessions by whole battalions as the time for the return of the birds approaches. To begin with, Hollie Paxton sends the names of a company of fifty boys and girls, who are now pledged to the defense of the birds: Anna Dougherty, Katie Stanley, Lizzie Waters, Mattie Cheming, Anna Seibert, Mary Henderson, Lizzie Thomas, Etta Winer, Flora Robinson, Nellie Stanley, Lizzie Stanley, Lizzie Reid, Lizzie Elston, Gussie Richardson, C. Rose, Geo. Steward, Eddie Lesein, Anna Dinkhorn, Martha Walker, Hannah Lusting, Anna Obero, M. Levinberger, Maria Gunn, Nellie Mortz, Jesse Rowe, Gussie Minor, Martha Brothers, Lottie Degroot, Lulu Allen, Annie Smith, Hettie Walker, Tennie Degroot, Willie Paxson, Freddie Paxson, Emma McGinnis, Kate Rice, Nonia Glenn, D. Corstophen, Bella Herring, Ella Stephenson, Mollie Parker, Fannie

Kerney, S. Reynolds, C. Riley, T. Osborne, Mollie Murphy, L. Worack, Flora Worack, Harry Livenberger, Hollie Paxton.

KATIE H. ALLAN sends the following list: Hannah A. Seabury, Carrie W. Crandall, Fannie G. Gladding, Lizzie H. Vernon, Mary M. Swinburne, Eloise P. Hazard, Anna C. Kelley, Annie M. Wilcox, Lillie C. Kenyon, Mattie B. Simmons, Maria J. Barker, Nellie L. Bryer, Bessie S. Allan, Mamie L. Allan, Mattie A. Stevens, Mamie M. Engs, Minnie C. Tracy, Susie L. Griffith, Ella L. Peckham and Katie H. Allan.

ALLIE G. RAYMOND sends the following names: Dana Ellery, Allie Fay, Hattie L. Kendall, Connie S. Weston, Raymond G., Hal S. Howard, Charlie H. Howard, Emma F. Howard, Minnie G. Howard, Percy D. Stuart, Harold F. Garson, Jamie Ross, Katie Ellis, Arthur Elliot, Charlie Elliot, Lolo D. Warren, Carrie Preston, Cora S. Ashton, Mabel C. Ashton, Fred Bell, Gertie H. Norton, Irwin Percy, Arthur Percy, Nellie R. Harris, Allan H. Sherwin, Bertie G. Sherwin, Edie L. Sherwin, Robbie G. Fielding, Lily Stanton, Daisy Stanton, Bessie H. Carleton, Ernest C. Duncan, Fred S. Duncan, Harry L. Duncan, Florence G. Kingsley, Edith F. Willis, Clifford A. Parker, Leslie Bartlett, Alfred Stearns, Sylvie D. Bertram, Helen G. Lewis, Howard E. Allison, Edgar Loring, Winthrop J. Nicholson, Alice W. Denham, Ethelwyn Rossiter, Allie G. Raymond.

DAISY LEE joins the army, and sends a list as follows: Eunice Cecil, Blanche Clifford, Ida Lee, Carrie Bell, Lily Bell, Robbie Clifford, Launcelot Lee, Daisy Lee, Georgie Clark, Lilla Clark.

And here are the names of some California recruits, sent by J. N. Moore: Eddie Soper, James Dodd, George Scroder, John Murphy, Earnest Rouse, Clarence Esterbrook and C. Leland; Carrie Heim, Belle Bird, Mollie Smith, Nettie Castle, Belle Henry, Ella Young, Nettie Berglar, J. N. Moore.

"A BROTHER" sends the names of Emma, Eugene, Maggie and Dannie Van Vleck; and other names have been received as follows: C. M. Lewis, Irving Fish, A. A. Caemmerer, O. E. Reunir, Fannie M. MacDonald, Theodore M. Purdy, C. C. Anthony, Lenie J. Olmsted, Kittie M. Olmsted, Mamie Doud, Charlie Lupton, Kate P. Lupton, Bettie Peddicord, Mina K. Goddard, Alonzo E. Locke, Newton Wyckoff and Gerty Wyckoff.

DEAR EDITORS: I am only ten years old; but I like the ST. NICHOLAS so much, I thought I would try to do something for it. So I tried how many times I could put the word "Eke" into a word-square of three letters. I put it in forty-two times. I enclose a copy. Please ask in the Letter-Box if some one will do any better.

From your friend,

ANONYMOUS.

With the above note, came forty-two neatly written word-squares, with occasional repetitions, all made on the word "Eke." For want of space we can give only five of them.

N E W	P E N	B E D	Y E W	R E D
E K E	E K E	E K E	E K E	E K E
W E T	N E T	D E N	K E Y	F E W

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Is the calla a lily, as many affirm? I do not think it is, and give as my authority "Wood's Class-Book of Botany," published in 1848. I find in this that the Ethiopian calla is a plant from the Cape of Good Hope; that it belongs to the order *aracea* (or *arade*) and genus calla, which has only one other variety, the *calla palustris*, or Northern calla, from which the Laplanders extract a wholesome breadstuff. If it is proper to speak of the calla lily, I would like to know on what authority.—Yours respectfully,

ABBY G. SHAW.

We think the above objection a very proper one, and the statement substantially correct. At any rate, we find no authority for the use of the term. But it would be well for the boys and girls to look into the matter.

Oconto, October 5, 1874.

TO THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: I will state to the boys of ST. NICHOLAS that they ought not to carry their guns pointed down, as Harry Loudon told Kate to; but always carry it pointed up; for in case it is pointed down, if it should go off, it might blow off the toes of the person in front of you, or if it is pointed too low, it might blow off your own, while if it is pointed up it will not be likely to hurt anybody.—Yours respectfully,

GEORGE L. THURSTON, age 10 years.

We would say to our little friend, and to boys who use guns, that good sportsmen carry their guns as Harry did, but they do not point them at their toes. It would be very hard to carry a gun under your

arm and point it at your toes. If a gun carried properly in this way goes off accidentally, the load will probably be discharged into the ground. It would be very tiresome and awkward, especially when walking under trees, to carry a gun upright, and if it is allowed to lie on the shoulder in a horizontal position it is very dangerous indeed to persons near by. But there is no way to carry a gun that is not dangerous if you are not careful.

S. A. A.—ST. NICHOLAS says "No."

THE following note is from a little girl who is evidently a *real* Bird-defender:

Montgomery, Nov. 30, 1874.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My little sister Ollie had a bird given to her the other day, that had been caught in a trap, and she put it in a cage and fed it so good that he seemed to like it right well; but she gave it to me, and I turned it right out. Mamma said that she ought to, too; but she now says that she never wants to cage a bird again. Please put Ollie and myself down as Bird-defenders.

KATIE T. HUGHES.

LILIAN G.—We do not enroll as Bird-defenders those who do not send us their full names.

OUR frontispiece this month is from an illustration to "La Fontaine's Fables," published by Cassell, Petter & Galpin. It was drawn by Gustave Doré, the great French artist.

MARK W. COLLET says that Max Adler wrote the verse quoted in our January number commencing:

"'T is midnight and the setting sun."

He also says: "She has not quoted it quite correctly; it should be 'far, far West,' instead of 'far glorious West.'"

THE writer of the following is certainly the champion egg-boy, so far:

Yonkers, January 13, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Reading in your issue of July, 1874, of the number of eggs laid by hens of J. Ernest Farnham, it seemed so large an amount (three thousand) that we kept account of the number of eggs laid by our hens during the year 1874. We at first had twenty-five hens, but at the end of the year only sixteen were left. These hens laid during the year three thousand three hundred and twenty-five eggs. They are common hens, of no particular breed.

GEO. A. FLAGG.

The greatest number of eggs laid in any one day was nineteen.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.



QUERIES

Concerning the above picture:

1. WHAT fruit has the man on his table?
2. Why has he never any goods to sell?
3. Why is the pair of shoes which he has just finished mending, like Henry Clay and Daniel Webster?
4. How do you know that he will never make another shoe after the one in hand?
5. How do you know that his hat could contain everything he owns?
6. Why are his goods immortal?
7. What style of pleasuring do these shoes represent?
8. Why may they be supposed to be rheumatic? A. S.

METAGRAM.

WHOLE, I am a vessel; change my head, and I am a bird; again, and I am an enclosed ground; again, and I am a line. A. C. B.

CHARADE.

THE egotist my first employs—
It completes his bliss;
The schoolboy finds it in a noise,
The lover in a kiss.

When on the field, in dread array,
Opposing legions wait the fray;
When trumpets sound and banners wave,
The watchword, Victory, or the grave;
Where'er my second may be found,
The bravest knights will there abound.

What though my third the soldier spurns,
With undisguised disdain;
To it the farmer gladly turns,
To cultivate the plain.
My whole a gallant warrior's name,
The idol of the fair;
A wizard celebrates his fame—
You'll find my subject there. E. L. C. G.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. BEHEAD an animal, and leave capable.
2. Behead a large fish, and leave to listen; behead again, and leave a vessel.
3. Behead loosen, and leave want.
4. Behead to draw back, and leave a ledge; again, and leave a measure.
5. Behead a flower, and leave a black substance.
6. Behead a tree, and leave a curved structure.

A. C. B.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. FRONT.
2. A precious stone.
3. An instrument of torture.
4. Animals.

NIP.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE finals and primals name one of the most distinguished sculptors of modern times. 1. Lethargy. 2. Strange. 3. An abode. 4. A medley. 5. Conceited. 6. To unite.

RUTHVEN.

RIDDLE.

I AM hard, and bright, and fleeting;
My fond heart with love is beating;
Yet you idly toy with me.
Toy with me? Aha! first catch me!
Upward look, admire and watch me;
Listen to my melody.

There, you've broken me! What made you?
I am mortal, I would aid you;
Kill you also, if I could!
Silken soft, yet born to sorrow;
Far too frail to see to-morrow;
I am chiefly made of wood.

SOPHIE MAY.

CURTAILMENTS.

1. CURTAIL a country, and leave a coin. 2. Curtail a marine animal, and leave a body of water. 3. Curtail a gem, and leave a fruit; again, and leave a vegetable. 4. Curtail a flower, and leave kitchen utensils. 5. Curtail a waterfowl, and leave a beverage. 6. Curtail a long gown, and leave to plunder. 7. Curtail scarcely sufficient, and leave to examine closely.

A. C. B.

TRANSMUTATIONS.—A New Puzzle.

(THE solution to each Transmutation consists of a single word, which tells what the letter becomes. One syllable of this word has the sound of the letter, and the other syllables express the conditions under which the letter becomes the right answer. Thus the answer to the first is Deranged, or D-ranged.)

1. A letter is made crazy by being placed in order. 2. A letter becomes an island when surrounded by a belt. 3. A letter is pleased when set on fire. 4. A letter falls in love when it is beaten. 5. A letter is hated when it is examined! 6. A letter becomes a sailor when it leaves the house. 7. A letter is filled with crystals when it becomes a creditor. 8. A letter becomes musical when it is made thick. 9. A letter changes its shape when empty. 10. A letter is seen when it is spotted. 11. Another is seen when taken in the hand. 12. When a letter is perforated it draws near the ocean. 13. It costs money for a letter to be thoughtful. 14. A letter is always slandered when it becomes noted. What letters are they?

CHARL.

LOGOGRIPH.

MY whole is a gem. Behead me, and I am a nobleman; curtail me, and I am a fruit; curtail me again, and I am a vegetable; behead and transpose me, and I am genuine; transpose me again, and I am one of Shakespeare's characters.

E. B. H.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

THE first is in vast, but not in great;
The second is in match, but not in mate;
The third is in latch, but not in gate;
The fourth is in lure, but not in bait;
The fifth is in day, but not in date;
The sixth is in love, but not in hate;
The seventh is in talk, but not in prate;
The eighth is in price, but not in rate;
The ninth is in life, but not in fate;
The tenth is in tremble, but not in shiver;
The whole is an American river.

RUTHVEN.

EASY REBUS.

(Make three words of the above picture.)

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.**HORIZONTAL.**

My first, an article, is found
In common use the world around;
The last of all, my next is shown—
That nothing follows it you'll own;
My third names places for safe-keeping,
Used both in waking and in sleeping;
My fourth means something bright of hue—
Like sunset clouds that flush the blue,
As beauty's cheek bright blushes do;
My fifth may be the friend you claim,
For any girl a pretty name;
My sixth expresses what is lighted—
As skies with stars to men benighted;
My seventh a simple letter brings,
That often means a hundred things.

PERPENDICULAR.

My first a consonant is found,
Quite carelessly we roll it round;
My next you do when, play forsook,
Your mind is fixed upon your book;
My third, as often as he chooses,
The artist in his studio uses;
My fourth, in poet's nomenclature,
Is always heavenly in its nature;
My fifth expresses, as you'll see,
Something given out by you or me;
My sixth, a pen—but understand,
It needs no ink or guiding hand;
My seventh, with contradictions rife,
Begins all evil, ends all strife.

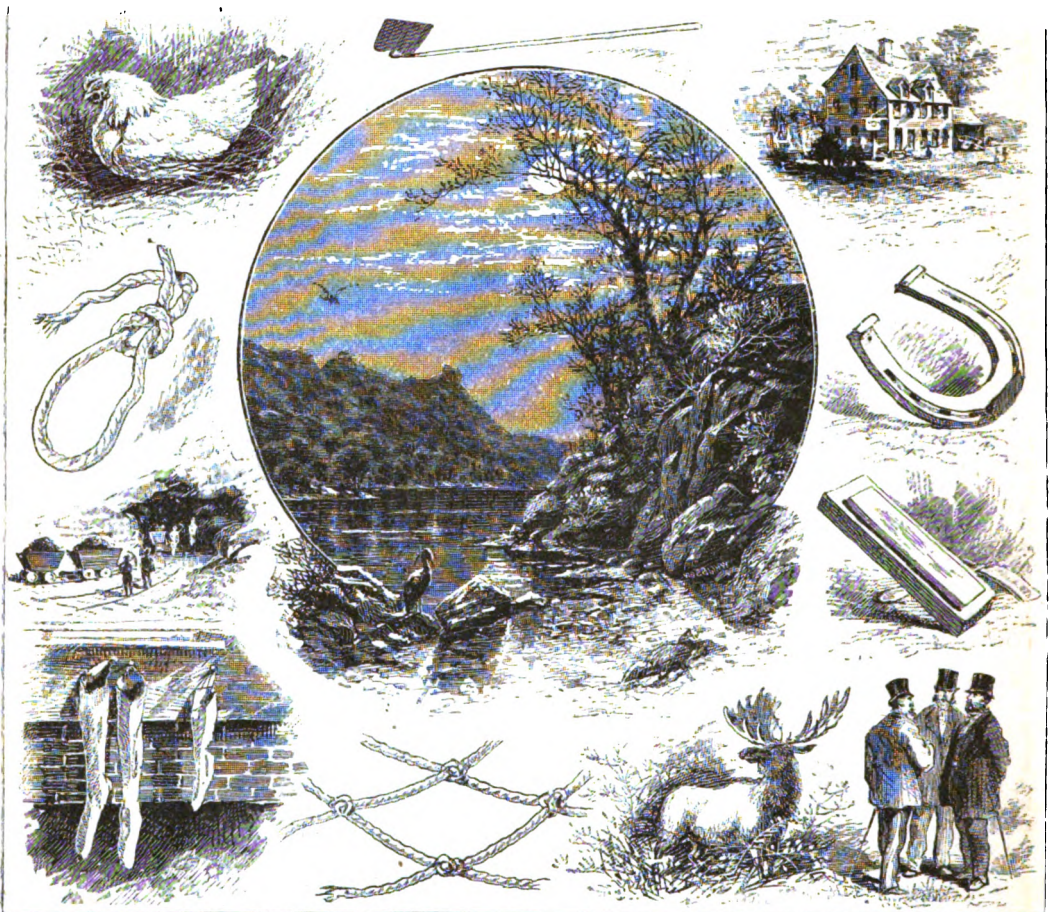
J. P. B.

BURIED PLACES.

1. I KNOW I have nice gloves. 2. Is it true that hens hatch ducks' eggs? 3. Did you see papa rise in the midst of them? 4. Don't wake Nap, lest he bite you. 5. Yes, I am going to start for Europe to-morrow. 6. A clever artisan, Francis Conway by name. 7. That naughty boy with arms akimbo stoned a cat. 8. Golconda has a large trade in diamonds.

A. P. R.

A PICTORIAL ENIGMA.



(The central picture represents the whole word, from the letters of which the words represented by the other pictures are to be formed.)

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.

REVERSALS.—1. Part—trap. 2. Paws—swap. 3. Liar—rail. 4. Bat—tab. 5. Raps—spar. 6. Snub—buns. 7. Hard—drab. 8. Fled—delf.

HIDDEN ACROSTIC.—Driblet

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.—Never condemn what you do not understand.

CHARADE.—May-flower.

RIDDLE.—Inheritor.

REBUS.—
I hear the noise about thy keel,
I hear the bell struck in the night,
I see the cabin-window bright,
I see the sailor at the wheel.

CROSS-WORD.—Cleopatra.

PUZZLE.—Clio, one of the nine Muses.

COMBINED SQUARE-WORD AND DIAGONAL.—Warp, Area, Rein, Pant.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Monongahela.

SQUARE-WORD.—Vassal, Ancile, Scarce, Sirdar, Alcade, Leered.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.—Level, Unity, Trooper, Enclose.

REVERSIBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.—L, Wed, Lever, Den, R.

STAR PUZZLE.—

B
P A R D
R A E
D A W

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN JANUARY NUMBER were received previous to January 18, from Mary C. Foster, Frank S. Halsey, Eddie H. Eckel, James J. Ormsbee, R. M. Carothers, Egbert P. Watson, Jr., Constant E. Jones, Llewellyn W. Jones, Florence Graham, Arnold Guyot Cameron, Bessie H. Van Cleef, J. B. C., Jr., K. H. Allan, Lottie Ellis, Horace U. Kennedy, Fannie M. MacDonald, Minnie Wilson, Guerdon H. Cooke, "Betsy Trotwood," Fred M. Osgood, Clarence Dellam, Emma Larrabee, Mary J. Tilghman, Wilson E. Skinner, Emma P. Morton, Fred B. Collins, Jessie Barnes, "Plymouth Rock," C. C. Anthony, Philip Gray, Martin D. Atkins, H. Wigmore, Helen B. Fanchart, Blanche Nichols, Nellie Grensel, "Pierce," Mamie and Annie Newell, Louise J. Olmsted, Homer Bush, Clotilde F. Stern, Addie S. Church, W. H. Rowe, Jessie Ames, Nellie S. Colby, Arthur J. Burdick, Lizzie C. Wells, A. A. D., Fannie E. Winchell, "A Constant Reader," Frances M. Woodward, Thomson M. Ware, Julia Dean Hunter, Robert Van Voorhis, Jr., Lizzie Van Voorhis, Mark W. C., George F. Curtis, "Grandmother and her Children," May Keith, Frank Havens, Edward Roome, "Little Cluy," Alexis I. M. Coleman, Octavia Ficklin, Meta Gage, Maggie B. Hilliard, Katie Hilliard, Bessie W. Prince, and George Crockett.



CINDERELLA.

FROM A PAINTING BY J. W. CHAMPNEY.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. II.

APRIL, 1875.

No. 6.

CINDERELLA.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

SHE did not live in the days of fairies and giants, when pumpkins could be changed into chariots, and rats and mice to prancing steeds and liveried footmen.

But it did not matter much. She sat by the great fire-place in the kitchen and dreamed day-dreams about fairy-land and its beautiful sights and wonderful transformations, and when she took off her wooden shoes and warmed her little bare foot by the blaze on the hearth, she sometimes dreamed of a glass slipper, and a Prince, with long white waving plumes, to try it on. And it always fitted her. Of course, if it had not, there would have been no sense in dreaming about it.

She was a little French girl, and she lived in an old farm-house, where they burned brushwood under the great iron pot that hung in the fire-place, and where the great mantel-piece, so high up that she had to stand on a chair to reach it, was crowded with curious old pitchers and glasses and plates and jugs that nobody used, and where the carved doors, and, indeed, almost everything about the place but the people who lived there, looked nearly old enough to have come down from fairy days.

There, before the fire, with the two heads on the ends of the andirons for company, she would sit for hours and dream day-dreams. The two heads on the andirons were so very attentive and still that they seemed as if they were listening to what she was thinking, and, although the backs of their heads must have been very hot, they never interrupted her.

She wished she *had* lived in the old days and had had a fairy godmother. Old Mère Christine was her godmother, and a very good and kind one

she was too, but she had no magic wand and could not change her red bodice and woolen skirt into beautiful silken robes, nor could she make a splendid chariot out of a pumpkin. The only thing at all magical that she could do was to turn flour and butter into delicious little cakes, and a rolling-pin was all the wand she had.

Her two sisters, too, were not so very cross, and they did not make her do all the work. Lizette was married, and had her baby to attend to, but she was nearly always busy at something about the house; and Julie was very industrious.

And as to the Prince, she had never seen him at all.

So she had to dream about all the bad things as well as the good things that happened to the real Cinderella, so long, long ago.

She was sitting before the fire one day, watching the fire to keep it lively under the pot, and thinking about the days when there were kind fairies and goblins to make fires for good little girls and to hang up magical pots, out of which they might scoop anything good to eat that they might fancy; and so she gradually got to thinking about her favorite old story of Cinderella.

She sat like her beloved heroine in the castle kitchen, and in her mind she saw her cruel sisters pass down the grand staircase, dressed in their rich silks and satins, and proudly get into their coaches and drive away to the parties and balls, in which their hearts delighted.

She saw her wicked stepmother as she shook her fist at her, whenever she dared venture to look out at that dismal ashy kitchen, where everything seemed as if the cooking were always just over, and

the fire-place was always filled with cinders and cinders and cinders, which had to be taken up all the time.

And she saw her dear, delightful fairy godmother change everything that was miserable into things that were rich and soft and golden, and then send her off in the magical pumpkin chariot to the ball. (Whenever she thought of this chariot, she had in her mind a picture of an old yellow carriage that belonged to old Monsieur Bopindot, who used to be Mayor of the neighboring town. It was a big round coach, not unlike a pumpkin in shape, and it had to be very low, because Monsieur Bopindot was so round and fat that he could not step very high. She could not imagine this carriage going to a king's ball, and she did not like to have it come into her Cinderella story. But it would do it.)

And then she saw all the richly dressed lords and ladies at the ball, and saw the lights and the jewels and the splendid halls; and just as she was about to step in and join the happy throng she stopped suddenly in her dream.

The Prince was knocking at the door!

She sprang to her feet. What would he think of her in such a dress, and barefooted?

But it would not do to keep him standing at the door. So she ran and opened it. Old Pierrot, the gardener, was standing there in his dirty blue blouse and with his great wooden shoes all covered with garden mold.

He had come to borrow a spade, he said, with his cap in his hand,—if the ladies were not going to use their spade to-day.

"Oh, Pierrot!" called down Lizette from an

upper window, "what a man you are! A gardener, and coming to borrow a spade! Don't you know that you ought to get a spade for yourself? You can't do business that way, Pierrot."

But Pierrot said that he had a spade, and a very good one, but he had lent it to his neighbor Jacques, who was using it now; and, as he did not wish to take it away from Jacques, he thought he would come and borrow the ladies' spade, if they were not going to use it.

"You had better go get your own spade," said Julie from the stairs. "I don't know where in the world ours is, and I'm sure I have n't time now to stop and look for it."

Poor Pierrot looked sadly down at his wooden shoes. There was a piece of work that he ought to do that afternoon, and he could not go and take his spade from poor Jacques.

"I'll go look for the spade for you, Pierrot," said Cinderella. "We have n't used it for ever so long, and I don't know where it is, but I'm sure I can find it if you will wait a little while."

And thus she put on the glass slipper, and it fitted exactly.

To be sure the Prince was only old Pierrot, and the sisters were not very cruel, and there was no fairy godmother at all, and the fitting of the slipper was only a trial of good-nature, but it was all better than a fairy tale.

Prince Pierrot was happy as he walked away with the spade, and Cinderella was happy as she came back to the fire, and when they saw what the little girl had done, the two sisters felt sorry that the slipper had not fitted them.

COLORADO SNOW-BIRDS.

By H. H.

I'LL tell you how the snow-birds come,
Here in our Winter days;
They make me think of chickens,
With their cunning little ways.

We go to bed at night, and leave
The ground all bare and brown,
And not a single snow-bird
To be seen in all the town.

But when we wake at morning
The ground with snow is white,
And with the snow, the snow-birds
Must have traveled all the night;

For the streets and yards are full of them,
The dainty little things,
With snow-white breasts, and soft brown heads
And speckled russet wings.

Not here and there a snow-bird,
As we see them at the East,
But in great flocks, like grasshoppers,
By hundreds, at the least.

They push and crowd and jostle,
And twitter as they feed,
And hardly lift their heads up
For fear to miss a seed.

What 't is they eat, nobody seems
To know or understand;
The seeds are much too fine to see,
All sifted in the sand.

But winds last Summer scattered them,
All thickly on these plains;
The little snow-birds have no barns,
But God protects their grains.

They let us come quite near them,
And show no sign of dread;
Then, in a twinkling, the whole flock
Will flutter on ahead

A step or two, and light, and feed,
And look demure and tame,
And then fly on again, and stop,
As if it were a game.

Some flocks count up to thousands,
I know, and when they fly,
Their tiny wings make rustle,
As if a wind went by.

They go as quickly as they come,
Go in a night or day;
Soon as the snow has melted off,
The darlings fly away,

But come again, again, again,
All Winter, with each snow;
Brave little armies, through the cold,
Swift back and forth they go.

I always wondered where they lived
In Summer, till last year
I stumbled on them in their home,
High in the upper air;

'Way up among the clouds it was,
A many thousand feet,
But on the mountain-side gay flowers
Were blooming fresh and sweet.

Great pine-trees' swaying branches
Gave cool and fragrant shade;
And here, we found, the snow-birds
Their Summer home had made.

" Oh, ye lucky little snow-birds,"
We said, "to know so well,
In Summer time and Winter time,
Your destined place to dwell—

" To journey, nothing doubting,
Down to the barren plains.
Where harvests are all over,
To find your garnered grains!

" Oh, precious little snow-birds,
If we were half as wise,
If we were half as trusting
To the Father in the skies,—

" He would feed us, though the harvests
Had ceased throughout the land,
And hold us, all our lifetime,
In the hollow of His hand!"



THAT BUNKER HILL POWDER.

BY GEORGE J. VARNEY.

EVERY good student of history has learned that the battle of Bunker Hill was lost to the Americans chiefly because they had not enough powder.

The King having opposed, by every means in his power, the manufacture of munitions of war in the colonies, the patriots at first found great difficulty in procuring ammunition; and the supplies for the early part of the war were obtained in such adventurous ways that accounts of these exploits are very interesting. Indeed, a portion of even the scanty stock which our people had at Bunker Hill had been brought over the sea to be used against the enemies of Great Britain.

I have only recently found out just how this powder came to do service for the patriots, instead of their British oppressors; and, being quite sure that the story has never been fully told, I have undertaken its recital for the pleasure of the numberless young patriots who read *St. Nicholas*.

Adjoining the town of Rye, in New Hampshire, and directly north of its noted beach, is the town of Newcastle. On the site of the present Fort Constitution in this town there was, in the days of the Revolution, a quite formidable work called "Fort William and Mary."

No visit from a foreign enemy being anticipated, the fort was manned at this time by a captain and five privates only. A weak garrison, surely; but it was supposed that, in case of danger, the friends of King George in the neighborhood would amply reinforce the guard, even were there not time for the royal governor, Wentworth, to bring the militia to the rescue. As to any serious attack by disaffected inhabitants, it was too bold an act for belief; and if it were possible, in any case, that the militia should prove insufficient, General Gage, with three thousand regulars, was in Boston, and a British fleet was in its harbor.

What subject, however rebellious, would dare to touch his Majesty's property, or its custodians, under these circumstances? The act would be treason, and the life and possessions of the offender would be forfeited; and who could save him from the King's hand? Probably not even the most ardent patriot thought of it, until Paul Revere came riding into town from Boston one evening.

The news he brought was startling. An order had come from the King that all military stores in the colonies should be seized at once.

Major John Langdon (afterward Governor) the same evening received a call from his friend, Cap-

tain Thomas Pickering. After the compliments of the hour had been passed, the Captain surprised his friend by an invitation to accompany him to Fort William and Mary to take a glass of wine with its commander.

"It will not do," replied the Major, cautiously evading a declaration of his own sentiments; "it will not do under the present state of public affairs."

Major Langdon's sympathies were with his oppressed countrymen; and he revolted at the idea of receiving the hospitalities of one whose duty it might be on the morrow to shoot down his guests as foes of the Government.

Captain Pickering next disclosed a design of securing the arms and ammunition of the fort; showing his purpose to be quite other than the invitation indicated.

"If twenty-eight like ourselves could be found," said he, "I would undertake to lead in the capture."

To this purpose Major Langdon heartily assented.

Before noon of the next day a drum and fife were sounding about town to bring the people together; and the order of the King for securing the ammunition was made known. The effect of this news was increased by a report that the armed vessels "Scarborough" and "Cauceaux" were on their way from Boston with British troops to possess the fort and hold the town in awe.

When Governor Wentworth heard of this meeting of the citizens, he warned them against committing any rash act; and as the people soon dispersed, it was supposed that nothing would come of the meeting. But this was a mistake.

A little before twelve that night—it was the fourteenth of December, 1774—the nearly full moon looked down upon some two hundred men setting out in boats from Portsmouth wharves, and heading for Newcastle.

Half-an-hour later their boats grounded near the island, and the men waded ashore through the shallow water, which froze upon their clothing. Yet the landing had been so quiet that no attention was attracted at the fort. Captain Pickering, being in advance of the others, scaled the grassy rampart unattended, and seizing the sentinel with one hand and his gun with the other, he demanded silence on pain of instant death.

Crowds of men were now clambering up the walls; and, leaving the sentinel in their charge, the leader hastened on to the quarters of the comman-

dant. He entered the room before that officer was fairly awake, announcing to him that the fort was captured and he a prisoner. He had previously been warned that an attack upon the fort was meditated, yet his garrison was not on the alert; and he at once surrendered to the only man that appeared. He gave his sword to Captain Pickering, who politely returned it, saying:

"You are a gentleman, and shall retain your side-arms."

Pickering turned to leave him, when the dishonorable officer, having him at disadvantage, aimed a blow at his captor with the sword which had that minute been restored to him. But the

stout set of fellows, and that night they captured and carried away from the fort sixteen pieces of cannon, and other military material.*

The Governor was now so alarmed by the rebellious spirit of the people that, beginning to have fears for himself, he sent a messenger to hasten the coming of the force, which, he had declared to the people, was not expected. On the seventeenth the sloop-of-war "Cauceaux" arrived with troops, being followed, on the nineteenth, by the frigate "Scarborough."

This affair occurred more than four months earlier than the Lexington fight, and six months before the battle of Bunker Hill. It stands in



"MANY A FARMER WAS SUMMONED FROM HIS PLOW."

muscular patriot parried the blow with his arm, and then, not deigning to draw his own sword, felled the miscreant to the ground with his clenched hand. His followers were now at the door, and the fallen officer was placed under guard. The remnant of the garrison gave no trouble.

The military stores were now sought out; and, in the earliest light of morning, ninety-seven barrels of powder were carried on board the scows and gondolas, and taken up the river.

The next night, a party, hastily gathered together by John Sullivan (afterward a General under Washington), paid a second visit to the fort. The men of this party had been principally recruited in the country. In those days men were willing to drop everything for the sake of their cause, and many a farmer was summoned from his plow by the recruiting officers. As it was now Winter, and no outdoor work was going on, it was of course easier to get Sullivan's countrymen together. They were a

British annals as the first overt act of rebellion in America.

On the ninth of February the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker, and a majority of the houses of Lords and Commons went in state to the palace, and presented to King George III. the warlike address which they had jointly adopted.

Lord North, the Prime Minister, was now inclined to conciliatory measures; but the King had just heard of the seizure of Fort William and Mary, and his heart was hardened. He intended that his language should "open the eyes of the deluded Americans." "If it does not," said he to his faltering Minister, "it must set every delicate man at liberty to avow the propriety of the most coercive measures."† So the breach between the colonies and the Government went on widening.

On the seventeenth of June the battle, which Bunker Hill monument commemorates, was fought upon the heights of Charleston. Two New Hamp-

* Bancroft's Hist. U. S., vol. vii., p. 183.

† Ibid., vol. vii., p. 227.

shire regiments were there, under the command of Colonels Stark and Reed. They were posted on the left wing, behind a fence, from which they cut down whole ranks of the British as they advanced up the shore. As I have before stated, it was a portion of the powder taken from the fort at Newcastle that supplied their fire that day; and, probably, other troops than those of the Granite State were furnished from this providential stock.

Once again this ammunition came in play at a critical time. In the next August an examination was made, by order of General Washington, into the supply of powder in the patriot army besieging the British in Boston, and it was found there was not enough to give the soldiers nine charges apiece.

On the fifth, General Sullivan wrote to the Committee of Safety of New Hampshire about it, as follows: "When General Washington learned this fact, he was so struck that he did not utter a word for half-an-hour. Every one was equally surprised. Messengers are dispatched to all the Southern colonies to draw on their public stores;

and I must entreat you to forget all colony distinctions, consider the Continental army devoted to destruction unless immediately supplied, and send us at once at least twenty barrels of powder with all possible speed. Should this matter take air before a supply arrives, our army is ruined."

The powder seized at Fort William and Mary had been taken up the Piscataqua to Durham, where the principal portion of it was at first stored under the pulpit of the meeting-house. Afterward the ammunition was removed to a magazine which Captain John Demeritt, of Medbury, had constructed in his cellar.

On receiving General Sullivan's letter, the Committee, with patriotic readiness, sent the whole to General Washington at Cambridge, only reserving such small quantity as was required for Captain Demeritt's company.

The powder arrived in time to save the army from disaster; and we know that General Washington advanced his position until the British were forced to abandon the city.

EIGHT COUSINS.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER VII.

A TRIP TO CHINA.

"COME, little girl, I've got another dose for you. I fancy you won't take it as well as you did the last, but you will like it better after awhile," said Dr. Alec, about a week after the grand surprise.

Rose was sitting in her pretty room, where she would gladly have spent all her time if it had been allowed; but she looked up with a smile, for she had ceased to fear her uncle's remedies, and was always ready to try a new one. The last had been a set of light gardening tools, with which she had helped him put the flower-beds in order, learning all sorts of new and pleasant things about the plants as she worked, for, though she had studied botany at school, it seemed very dry stuff compared with Uncle Alec's lively lesson.

"What is it now?" she asked, shutting her work-box without a murmur.

"Salt water."

"How must I take it?"

"Put on the new suit Miss Hemming sent home yesterday, and come down to the beach; then I'll show you."

"Yes, sir," answered Rose, obediently, adding to herself, with a shiver, as he went off: "It is too early for bathing, so I *know* it is something to do with a dreadful boat."

Putting on the new suit of blue flannel, prettily trimmed with white, and the little sailor-hat with long streamers, diverted her mind from the approaching trial, till a shrill whistle reminded her that her uncle was waiting. Away she ran through the garden, down the sandy path, out upon the strip of beach that belonged to the house, and here she found Dr. Alec busy with a slender red and white boat that lay rocking on the rising tide.

"That is a dear little boat; and 'Bonnie Belle' is a pretty name," she said, trying not to show how nervous she felt.

"It is for you; so sit in the stern and learn to steer, till you are ready to learn to row."

"Do all boats wiggle about in that way?" she asked, lingering as if to tie her hat more firmly.

"O yes, pitch about like nut-shells when the sea is a bit rough," answered her sailor uncle, never guessing her secret woe.

"Is it rough to-day?"

"Not very; it looks a trifle squally to the eastward, but we are all right till the wind changes. Come."

"Can you swim, uncle?" asked Rose, clutching at his arm as he took her hand.

"Like a fish. Now then."

"Oh, please hold me *very* tight till I get there! Why *do* you have the stern so far away?" and stifling several squeaks of alarm in her passage,

harbor, and I'll give you a glimpse of China in twenty minutes or so."

"I should like that!" and Rose sat wondering what he meant, while she enjoyed the new sights all about her.

Behind them the green Aunt-hill sloped gently upward to the grove at the top, and all along the seaward side stood familiar houses, stately, cosey or picturesque. As they rounded the Point, the great bay opened before them full of shipping, and the city lay beyond, its spires rising above the tall masts with their gay streamers.

"Are we going there?" she asked, for she had



ROSE AND UNCLE ALEC STARTING ON THEIR VOYAGE.

Rose crept to the distant seat, and sat there holding on with both hands and looking as if she expected every wave to bring sudden shipwreck.

Uncle Alec took no notice of her fear, but patiently instructed her in the art of steering, till she was so absorbed in remembering which was starboard and which larboard, that she forgot to say "Ow!" every time a big wave slapped against the boat.

"Now where shall we go?" she asked, as the wind blew freshly in her face, and a few long, swift strokes sent them half across the little bay.

"Suppose we go to China?"

"Is n't that rather a long voyage?"

"Not as I go. Steer round the Point into the

never seen this aspect of the rich and busy old city before.

"Yes. Uncle Mac has a ship just in from Hong Kong, and I thought you would like to go and see it."

"Oh, I should! I love dearly to go poking about in the warehouses with Uncle Mac; everything is so curious and new to me; and I'm specially interested in China because you have been there."

"I'll show you two genuine Chinamen who have just arrived. You will like to welcome Whang Lo and Fun See, I'm sure."

"Don't ask me to speak to them, uncle; I shall be sure to laugh at the odd names and the pig-

tails and the slanting eyes. Please let me just trot round after you; I like that best."

"Very well; now steer toward the wharf where the big ship with the queer flag is. That's the 'Rajah,' and we will go aboard if we can."

In among the ships they went, by the wharves where the water was green and still, and queer barnacles grew on the slippery piles. Odd smells saluted her nose, and odd sights met her eyes, but Rose liked it all and played she was really landing in Hong Kong when they glided up to the steps in the shadow of the tall "Rajah." Boxes and bales were rising out of the hold and being carried into the warehouse by stout porters, who tugged and bawled and clattered about with small trucks, or worked cranes with iron claws that came down and clutched heavy weights, whisking them aloft to where wide doors like mouths swallowed them up.

Dr. Alec took her aboard the ship, and she had the satisfaction of poking her inquisitive little nose into every available corner, at the risk of being crushed, lost or drowned.

"Well, child, how would you like to take a voyage round the world with me in a jolly old craft like this?" asked her uncle, as they rested a minute in the captain's cabin.

"I should like to see the world, but not in such a small, untidy, smelly place as this. We would go in a yacht all clean and comfortable; Charlie says that is the proper way," answered Rose, surveying the close quarters with little favor.

"You are not a true Campbell if you don't like the smell of tar and salt water, nor Charlie either, with his luxurious yacht. Now come ashore and chin-chin with the Celestials."

After a delightful progress through the great warehouse, peeping and picking as they went, they found Uncle Mac and the yellow gentlemen in his private room, where samples, gifts, curiosities and newly arrived treasures of all sorts were piled up in pleasing pro-fusion and con-fusion.

As soon as possible Rose retired to a corner, with a porcelain god on one side, a green dragon on the other, and, what was still more embarrassing, Fun See sat on a tea-chest in front, and stared at her with his beady black eyes till she did not know where to look.

Mr. Whang Lo was an elderly gentleman in American costume, with his pig-tail neatly wound round his head. He spoke English, and was talking busily with Uncle Mac in the most commonplace way,—so Rose considered *him* a failure. But Fun See was delightfully Chinese from his junk-like shoes to the button on his pagoda hat; for he had got himself up in style, and was a mass of silk jackets and slouchy trousers. He was short and fat, and waddled comically; his eyes were very

"slanting," as Rose said; his queue was long, so were his nails; his yellow face was plump and shiny, and he was altogether a highly satisfactory Chinaman.

Uncle Alec told her that Fun See had come out to be educated, and could only speak a little pigeon English; so she must be kind to the poor fellow, for he was only a lad, though he looked nearly as old as Mr. Whang Lo. Rose said she would be kind; but had not the least idea how to entertain the queer guest, who looked as if he had walked out of one of the rice paper landscapes on the wall, and sat nodding at her so like a toy Mandarin that she could hardly keep sober.

In the midst of her polite perplexity, Uncle Mac saw the two young people gazing wistfully at one another, and seemed to enjoy the joke of this making acquaintance under difficulties. Taking a box from his table, he gave it to Fun See with an order that seemed to please him very much.

Descending from his perch, he fell to unpacking it with great neatness and dispatch, while Rose watched him, wondering what was going to happen. Presently, out from the wrappings came a teapot, which caused her to clasp her hands with delight, for it was made in the likeness of a plump little Chinaman. His hat was the cover, his queue the handle, and his pipe the nose. It stood upon feet in shoes turned up at the toes, and the smile on the fat, sleepy face was so like that on Fun's when he displayed the teapot, that Rose could n't help laughing, which pleased him much.

Two pretty cups with covers, and a fine scarlet tray, completed the set, and made one long to have a "dish of tea," even in Chinese style, without cream or sugar.

When he had arranged them on a little table before her, Fun signified in pantomime that they were hers, from her uncle. She returned her thanks in the same way, whereupon he returned to his tea-chest, and, having no other means of communication, they sat smiling and nodding at one another in an absurd sort of way till a new idea seemed to strike Fun. Tumbling off his seat, he waddled away as fast as his petticoats permitted, leaving Rose hoping that he had not gone to get a roasted rat, a stewed puppy, or any other foreign mess which civility would oblige her to eat.

While she waited for her funny new friend, she improved her mind in a way that would have charmed Aunt Jane. The gentlemen were talking over all sorts of things, and she listened attentively, storing up much of what she heard, for she had an excellent memory, and longed to distinguish herself by being able to produce some useful information when reproached with her ignorance.

She was just trying to impress upon her mind

that Amoy was 280 miles from Hong Kong, when Fun came scuffling back, bearing what she thought was a small sword, till he unfurled an immense fan, and presented it with a string of Chinese compliments, the meaning of which would have amused her even more than the sound if she could have understood it.

She had never seen such an astonishing fan, and at once became absorbed in examining it. Of

would have sat wafting it to and fro all the afternoon, to Fun's great satisfaction, if Dr. Alec's attention had not suddenly been called to her by a breeze from the big fan that blew his hair into his eyes, and reminded him that they must go. So the pretty china was repacked, Rose furlled her fan, and with several parcels of choice teas for the old ladies stowed away in Dr. Alec's pockets, they took their leave, after Fun had saluted them with the



ROSE AND FUN SEE.

course, there was no perspective whatever, which only gave it a peculiar charm to Rose, for in one place a lovely lady, with blue knitting-needles in her hair, sat directly upon the spire of a stately pagoda. In another charming view a brook appeared to flow in at the front door of a stout gentleman's house, and out at his chimney. In a third a zigzag wall went up into the sky like a flash of lightning, and a bird with two tails was apparently brooding over a fisherman whose boat was just going aground upon the moon.

It was altogether a fascinating thing, and she

"three bendings and the nine knockings," as they salute the Emperor, or "Son of Heaven," at home.

"I feel as if I had really been to China, and I'm sure I look so," said Rose, as they glided out of the shadow of the "Rajah."

She certainly did, for Mr. Whang Lo had given her a Chinese umbrella; Uncle Alec had got some lanterns to light up her balcony; the great fan lay in her lap, and the tea-set reposed at her feet.

"This is not a bad way to study geography, is it?" asked her uncle, who had observed her attention to the talk.

"It is a very pleasant way, and I really think I have learned more about China to-day than in all the lessons I had at school, though I used to rattle off the answers as fast as I could go. No one explained anything to us, so all I remember is that tea and silk come from there and the women have little bits of feet. I saw Fun looking at mine, and he must have thought them perfectly immense," answered Rose, surveying her stout boots with sudden contempt.

"We will have out the maps and the globe, and I'll show you some of my journeys, telling stories as we go. That will be next best to doing it actually."

"You are so fond of traveling, I should think it would be very dull for you here, uncle. Do you know, Aunt Plenty says she is sure you will be off in a year or two."

"Very likely."

"Oh me! what *shall* I do then?" sighed Rose, in a tone of despair that made Uncle Alec's face brighten with a look of genuine pleasure as he said, significantly:

"Next time I go I shall take my little anchor with me. How will that suit?"

"Really, uncle?"

"Really, niece."

Rose gave a little bounce of rapture which caused the boat to "wiggle" in a way that speedily quieted her down. But she sat beaming joyfully and trying to think which of some hundred questions she would ask first, when Dr. Alec said, pointing to a boat that was coming up behind them in great style:

"How well those fellows row. Look at them, and take notes for your own use by and by."

The "Stormy Petrel" was manned by half-a-dozen jaunty-looking sailors, who made a fine display of blue shirts and shiny hats, with stars and anchors in every direction.

"How beautifully they go, and they are only boys. Why, I do believe they are *our* boys! Yes, I see Charlie laughing over his shoulder. Row, uncle, row! oh, please do, and not let them catch up with us!" cried Rose, in such a state of excitement that the new umbrella nearly went overboard.

"All right, here we go!" and away they did go with a long, steady sweep of the oars that carried the "Bonnie Belle" through the water with a rush.

The lads pulled their prettiest, but Dr. Alec would have reached the Point first if Rose, in her flurry, had not retarded him by jerking the rudder ropes in a most unseamanlike way, and just as she got right again her hat blew off. That put an end to the race, and while they were still fishing for the

hat the other boat came alongside, with all the oars in the air, and the jolly young tars ready for a frolic.

"Did you catch a crab, uncle?"

"No, a blue-fish," he answered, as the dripping hat was landed on a seat to dry.

"What have you been doing?"

"Seeing Fun."

"Good for you, Rose! I know what you mean. We are going to have him up to show us how to fly the big kite, for we can't get the hang of it. Is n't he great fun, though?"

"No, little Fun."

"Come, stop joking, and show us what you've got."

"You'd better hoist that fan for a sail."

"Lend Dandy your umbrella; he hates to burn his pretty nose."

"I say, uncle, are you going to have a Feast of Lanterns?"

"No, I'm going to have a feast of bread and butter, for its tea-time. If that black cloud does n't lie, we shall have a gust before long, so you had better get home as soon as you can, or your mother will be anxious, Archie."

"Ay, ay, skipper. Good night, Rose; come out often, and we'll teach you all there is to know about rowing," was Charlie's modest invitation.

Then the boats parted company, and across the water from the "Petrel's" crew came a verse from one of the Nonsense Songs in which the boys delighted.

"Oh, Timballoo! how happy we are,
We live in a sieve and a crockery jar!
And all night long, in the starlight pale,
We sail away, with a pea-green sail,
And whistle and warble a moony song
To the echoing sound of a coppery gong.
Far and few, far and few
Are the lands where the Jumbies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve."

CHAPTER VIII.

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"UNCLE, could you lend me a ninepence? I'll return it as soon as I get my pocket-money," said Rose, coming into the library in a great hurry that evening.

"I think I could, and I won't charge any interest for it, so you need not be in any hurry to repay me. Come back here and help me settle these books if you have nothing pleasanter to do," answered Dr. Alec, handing out the money with that readiness which is so delightful when we ask small loans.

"I'll come in a minute; I've been longing to fix my books, but did n't dare to touch them, because you always shake your head when I read."

"I shall shake my head when you write, if you don't do it better than you did in making out this catalogue."

"I know it's bad, but I was in a hurry when I did it, and I am in one now." And away went Rose, glad to escape a lecture.

But she got it when she came back, for Uncle Alec was still knitting his brows over the list of books, and sternly demanded, pointing to a tippy-looking title staggering down the page :

"Is that meant for 'Pulverized Bones,' ma'am?"

"No, sir; it's 'Paradise Lost.'"

"Well, I'm glad to know it, for I began to think you were planning to study surgery or farming. And what is this, if you please? 'Babies' Aprons' is all I can make of it."

Rose looked hard at the scrawl, and presently announced, with an air of superior wisdom :

"Oh, that's 'Bacon's Essays.'"

"Miss Power did not teach anything so old-fashioned as writing, I see. Now look at this little memorandum Aunt Plenty gave me, and see what a handsome plain hand that is. She went to a dame-school and learnt a few useful things well; that is better than a smattering of half a dozen so-called higher branches, I take the liberty of thinking."

"Well, I'm sure I was considered a bright girl at school, and learned everything I was taught. Luly and me were the first in all our classes, and 'specially praised for our French and music and those sort of things," said Rose, rather offended at Uncle Alec's criticism.

"I dare say; but if your French grammar was no better than your English, I think the praise was not deserved, my dear."

"Why, uncle, we *did* study English grammar, and I could parse beautifully. Miss Power used to have us up to show off when people came. I don't see but I talk as right as most girls."

"I dare say you do, but we are all too careless about our English. Now, think a minute and tell me if these expressions are correct: 'Luly and me,' 'those sort of things,' and 'as right as most girls.'"

Rose pulled her pet curl and put up her lip, but had to own that she was wrong, and said meekly, after a pause which threatened to be sulky :

"I suppose I should have said 'Luly and I,' in that case, and 'that sort of things' and 'rightly,' though 'correctly' would have been a better word, I guess."

"Thank you; and if you will kindly drop 'I guess,' I shall like my little Yankee all the better. Now, see here, Rosy, I don't pretend to set myself up for a model in anything, and you may come down on my grammar, manners, or morals as often as you think I'm wrong, and I'll thank you. I've been knocking about the world for years, and have

got careless, but I want my girl to be what I call well educated, even if she studies nothing but the 'three Rs' for a year to come. Let us be thorough, no matter how slowly we go."

He spoke so earnestly and looked so sorry to have ruffled her that Rose went and sat on the arm of his chair, saying, with a pretty air of penitence :

"I'm sorry I was cross, uncle, when I ought to thank you for taking so much interest in me. I guess—no, I think you are right about being thorough, for I used to understand a great deal better when papa taught me a few lessons than when Miss Power hurried me through so many. I declare my head used to be such a jumble of French and German, history and arithmetic, grammar and music, I used to feel sometimes as if it would split. I'm sure I don't wonder it ached." And she held on to it as if the mere memory of the "jumble" made it swim.

"Yet that is considered an excellent school, I find, and I dare say it would be if the benighted lady did not think it necessary to cram her pupils like Thanksgiving turkeys, instead of feeding them in a natural and wholesome way. It is the fault with most American schools, and the poor little heads will go on aching till we learn better."

This was one of Dr. Alec's hobbies, and Rose was afraid he was off for a gallop, but he reined himself in and gave her thoughts a new turn by saying suddenly, as he pulled out a fat pocket-book :

"Uncle Mac has put all your affairs into my hands now, and here is your month's pocket-money. You keep your own little accounts, I suppose?"

"Thank you. Yes, Uncle Mac gave me an account-book when I went to school, and I used to put down my expenses, but I could n't make them go very well, for figures are the one thing I am not at all clever about," said Rose, rummaging in her desk for a dilapidated little book, which she was ashamed to show when she found it.

"Well, as figures are rather important things to most of us, and you may have a good many accounts to keep some day, wouldn't it be wise to begin at once and learn to manage your pennies before the pounds come to perplex you?"

"I thought you would do all that fussy part and take care of the pounds, as you call them. Need I worry about it? I do hate sums so!"

"I shall take care of things till you are of age, but I mean that you shall know how your property is managed and do as much of it as you can by and by; then you won't be dependent on the honesty of other people."

"Gracious me! as if I would n't trust you with millions of billions if I had them," cried Rose, scandalized at the mere suggestion.

"Ah, but I might be tempted; guardians are sometimes; so you'd better keep your eye on me, and in order to do that you must learn all about these affairs," answered Dr. Alec, as he made an entry in his own very neat account-book.

Rose peeped over his shoulder at it, and then turned to the arithmetical puzzle in her hand with a sigh of despair.

"Uncle, when you add up your expenses do you ever find you have got more money than you had in the beginning?"

"No; I usually find that I have a good deal less than I had in the beginning. Are you troubled in the peculiar way you mention?"

"Yes; it is very curious, but I never *can* make things come out square."

"Perhaps I can help you," began Uncle Alec, in the most respectful tone.

"I think you had better, for if I have got to keep accounts I may as well begin in the right way. But please don't laugh! I know I'm very stupid, and my book is a disgrace, but I never *could* get it straight." And with great trepidation Rose gave up her funny little accounts.

It really *was* good in Dr. Alec not to laugh, and Rose felt deeply grateful when he said in a mildly suggestive tone:

"The dollars and cents seem to be rather mixed; perhaps if I just straightened them out a bit we should find things all right."

"Please do, and then show me on a fresh leaf how to make mine look nice and ship-shape as yours do."

As Rose stood by him watching the ease with which he quickly brought order out of chaos, she privately resolved to hunt up her old arithmetic and perfect herself in the four first rules, with a good tug at fractions, before she read any more fairy tales.

"Am I a rich girl, uncle?" she asked suddenly, as he was copying a column of figures.

"Rather a poor one, I should say, since you had to borrow a ninepence."

"That was your fault, because you forgot my pocket-money. But, really, shall I be rich by and by?"

"I am afraid you will."

"Why afraid, uncle?"

"Too much money is a bad thing."

"But I can give it away, you know; that is always the pleasantest part of having it I think."

"I'm glad you feel so, for you *can* do much good with your fortune if you know how to use it well."

"You shall teach me, and when I am a woman we will set up a school where nothing but the three Rs shall be taught, and all the children live on oat-

meal, and the girls have waists a yard round," said Rose, with a sudden saucy smile dimpling her cheeks.

"You are an impertinent little baggage, to turn on me in that way right in the midst of my first attempt at teaching. Never mind, I'll have an extra bitter dose for you next time, miss."

"I knew you wanted to laugh, so I gave you a chance. Now I will be good, master, and do my lesson nicely."

So Dr. Alec had his laugh, and then Rose sat down and took a lesson in accounts which she never forgot.

"Now come and read aloud to me; my eyes are tired, and it is pleasant to sit here by the fire while the rain pours outside and Aunt Jane lectures upstairs," said Uncle Alec when last month's accounts had been put in good order and a fresh page neatly begun.

Rose liked to read aloud, and gladly gave him the chapter in "Nicholas Nickleby" where the Miss Kenwigses take their French lesson. She did her very best, feeling that she was being criticised, and hoping that she might not be found wanting in this as in other things.

"Shall I go on, sir?" she asked very meekly when the chapter ended.

"If you are not tired, dear. It is a pleasure to hear you, for you read remarkably well," was the answer that filled her heart with pride and pleasure.

"Do you really think so, uncle? I'm so glad! papa taught me, and I read for hours to him, but I thought, perhaps, he liked it because he was fond of me."

"So am I; but you really do read unusually well, and I am very glad of it, for it is a rare accomplishment and one I value highly. Come here in this cosey, low chair; the light is better, and I can pull these curls if you go too fast. I see you are going to be a great comfort as well as a great credit to your old uncle, Rosy." And Dr. Alec drew her close beside him with such a fatherly look and tone that she felt it would be very easy to love and obey him since he knew how to mix praise and blame so pleasantly together.

Another chapter was just finished, when the sound of a carriage warned them that Aunt Jane was about to depart. Before they could go to meet her, however, she appeared in the door-way looking like an unusually tall mummy in her waterproof, with her glasses shining like cat's eyes from the depths of the hood.

"Just as I thought! petting that child to death and letting her sit up late reading trash. I do hope you feel the weight of the responsibility you have taken upon yourself, Alec," she said, with a certain grim sort of satisfaction at seeing things go wrong.

"I think I have a very realizing sense of it, sister Jane," answered Dr. Alec, with a comical shrug of the shoulders and a glance at Rose's bright face.

"It is sad to see a great girl wasting these precious hours so. Now my boys have studied all day, and Mac is still at his books, I've no doubt, while you have not had a lesson since you came, I suspect."

"I have had five to-day, ma'am," was Rose's very unexpected answer.

"I'm glad to hear it; and what were they, pray?"

Rose looked very demure as she replied:

"Navigation, geography, grammar, arithmetic, and keeping my temper."

"Queer lessons, I fancy; and what have you learned from this remarkable mixture, I should like to know?"

A naughty sparkle came into Rose's eyes as she answered, with a droll look at her uncle:

"I can't tell you all, ma'am, but I have collected some useful information about China, which you may like, especially the teas. The best are Lapsing Souchong, Assam Pekoe, rare Ankoe, Flowery

Pekoe, Howqua's mixture, Scented Caper, Padral tea, black Congou, and green Twankey. Shanghai is on the Woosung River. Hong Kong means 'island of sweet waters.' Singapore is 'Lion's Town.' 'Chops' are the boats they live in; and they drink tea out of little saucers. Principal productions are porcelain, tea, cinnamon, shawls, tin, tamarinds, and opium. They have beautiful temples and queer gods; and in Canton is the Dwelling of the Holy Pigs, fourteen of them, very big and all blind."

The effect of this remarkable burst was immense, especially the fact last mentioned. It entirely took the wind out of Aunt Jane's sails; it was so sudden, so varied and unexpected, that she had not a word to say. The glasses remained fixed full upon Rose for a moment, and then, with a hasty "Oh, indeed!" the excellent lady bundled into her carriage and drove away, somewhat bewildered and very much disturbed.

She would have been more so if she had seen her reprehensible brother-in-law dancing a triumphal polka down the hall with Rose in honor of having silenced the enemy's battery for once.

(To be continued.)



THE BREATH OF SPRING.

"Haste thee, Winter, haste away!
Far too long has thy stay."

OLD SONG.

THE GREAT FRESHET.

(A regular Noah's Ark of a time.)

BY JENNIE E. ZIMMERMAN.

JESSIE and Mack Duncan lived in a pretty village on the banks of the Ohio, where that beautiful stream is most beautiful, as it flows like a broad silver ribbon between high hills on either side.

One day in early Spring, when Mr. Duncan came in to dinner, he asked his wife if she could n't go to work and take up her carpets that afternoon, as he did n't know but the river would look in on them before morning. This ought to have scared Jessie and Mack, I suppose, but it did n't one bit. They just clapped their hands and said, "Hurrah! let's go down after dinner and see it."

You must know the river had been rising four or five days, ever since the ice broke. It does n't freeze over every winter, but every few years it does, and, when the ice breaks up, then there's a time!

Mr. Duncan's house stood on the first bank above the river. It had been many years since the river had flooded the broad, beautiful plain, on which nearly half the village stood. But now it was rising steadily, and reports from the surrounding country showed that all the little streams flowing into it were rising too.

Jessie and Mack had been down every day to watch it. How the great cakes of ice ground against each other as they swept along!

"It looks like it was mad, don't it, Jessie?" said Mack. "Just see how one cake tumbles over another, just as if it wanted to beat."

This afternoon, however, the ice was nearly all gone, but the black boiling river looked as angry as ever, only it did not growl so much, now the ice was gone. Jessie looked far up the river. A little speck seemed to be turning the bend, about a mile above.

"Oh, Mack, there's a house!" she said, as she clasped her hands in terror, under her cloak.

"Where?" said Mack. "Oh, jolly! aint it a-sailin', though? Wish't I was out in it; would n't I have a bully sail?"

"Why, Mack Duncan, may be somebody is in that house!" And then she added, under her breath, as if afraid the river might hear her, "May be our house 'll sail off before morning just like that."

Mack turned his great blue eyes round in astonishment.

"Our house? Why, we're up on the bank; the river can't —"

"Yes, it can, though. Did n't you understand what father meant when he told mother to take up her carpets?"

This sobered Mack. He stood kicking the lumps of hard snow and pebbles into the river below.

"What 'll we do, then?" he asked, at length.

"I don't know, unless we go up to Aunt Ellice's. Oh, what's father got there?" and the two children scampered off to meet their father.

He had a large coil of cable on his arm. Mack and Jessie watched him as he fastened it securely to a great iron staple he had driven into the house, and then followed him to a large sycamore tree not far off. The other end of the cable he tied around the body of the tree. Mack felt safe now.

"There!" he said, triumphantly. "I knew father 'd fix it somehow. She can't float off to save her life."

"What if the rope should break, Mack?" asked his father, smiling.

Mack looked incredulous. "That can't break, I guess, can it, father?" he added more doubtfully, looking at his father's face.

"I hope not, my boy," said his father. "But it might; and then, what if the tree should float off?"

But this seemed more impossible than the other to Mack, for he had not yet learned the tremendous force of water.

Indoors they found their mother moving to the upper story as fast as possible. Jessie and Mack began to feel as if the flood had really come, as they clambered upstairs with arm-loads of things.

Mr. Duncan set up the cooking-stove in Marjorie's chamber. It seemed so funny to the children to see a chamber turned into a kitchen. They thought it rare fun to carry up dippers and pots and kettles into a place where they had never been seen before.

Nona was very busy all by herself. All her large family of dolls and kittens had to be transported out of harm's way, and nobody had time to help the poor little dear.

"Quicket," she said to her kitty, "you 'se dot to tay up'tairs now. We 'se going to live up there, don't you know, Quicket, 'cause—'cause the water 's comin' up, and 'ee house is going to drown all up, and you must n't go down'tairs, 'cause you 'll get your feet wet."

She begged very hard for the cistern to be

brought up, "'cause how could Marjorie get any water?"

Mack and Jessie laughed, and the poor child ran off out of ridicule's way. She could not bear to be laughed at, and, though she still felt the importance of bringing up the cistern and the new pump, her favorite plaything, she said no more about it.

The next morning, the children looked out on a yard full of water. The river had really reached them, and Jessie felt a shiver of terror mixed with her delight at the novelty of the affair.

Mr. Duncan had a small boat moored to the piazza, which he used to take him up to the water's edge, wherever that happened to be, in order to get supplies for the family. It was rare fun to Mack and Jessie to go paddling about the yard in it the first day. The water was not yet deep enough to be dangerous, and the fence kept them from drifting away. So they had things all to themselves. They paddled out to the barn, and saw the chickens peeping out of the upper door, over which Mr. Duncan had nailed slats, to keep them from flying out. The horse and carriage and cow were all taken up to Aunt Ellice's, who lived up on the second bank, quite beyond the highest high-water mark.

The second day, Jessie found the boat floating at the foot of the stairs, which came down on an open porch. She and Mack made a tour of the rooms, floating up to a door and opening it, and then rowing the boat into the room. How queer and delightful it was!

"It seems just like Noah's ark, does n't it, Jessie?" asked Mack.

"It seems just like Venice to me," said Jessie.

"Venice! who's she?" asked Mack.

"Oh, *she* is n't a lady at all," said Jessie, laughing. "Venice is a city, where the streets are all full of water, and the people go about in boats called gondolas."

"Oh!" said Mack, soberly. "Let's play this was Venice, then, and this skiff was our—what?"

"Our gondola," said Jessie. "Well now, the front hall shall be the Grand Canal; that's the principal street in Venice,—I read all about it in a book father's got up— No! Why, Mack, nobody's taken the books upstairs. They'll be ruined."

And little book-loving Jessie darted off to the little room off the parlor, where she had arranged all the books she could muster—and there were not so many twenty years ago in little girls' homes as there are now. This room, which she had dusted and swept, and filled with books and papers and magazines, had been the pride of her heart. She had called it the "library" until everybody in the

house called it so too, whereat her proud little heart secretly rejoiced.

It was too true. Nobody had remembered the books. The door was so swollen with the water that it would not open.

"O dear!" sighed Jessie. "Father says the freshet may last for weeks, and what shall I read? My Harpers' and Godey's and Rollo books, and Abbott's Histories! and I had just commenced 'Mary Queen of Scots,' and they'll all be ruined!"

"I'll tell you what," said Mack, in sympathy with Jessie's distress, although he did not understand her enthusiasm for the stupid old books,— "I'll tell you, Jessie. "Let's row around to the window; may be we can get that open."

Another row was quite soothing to Jessie's feelings, for next to books she loved the water. They got the window open, and, by ducking their heads and playing they were going under a low bridge in Venice, they rowed in.

The water, fortunately, had not reached the books. Jessie tumbled them into the boat rather unceremoniously, adding as many magazines and papers as the boat would hold. On the top shelf of the book-case was her grandma's cap-box, holding her best cap.

"O, Mack! we must get grandma's cap. It'll be spoiled if the water reaches it, and she has never worn it one single time."

"Well, you just hold the—the cupola —"

"Gondola, you mean," said Jessie, laughing.

"An' I know what it is," said Mack. "I only said cupola for fun. You just hold the—it steady, and I'll play I was a robber, climbing up outside of a house. Do they have robbers in—in that country?"

"In Venice? Yes, awful ones, too; they're called brigands, and they live in the mountains," Jessie went on, leaving Venice in the background of her imagination, and straying off to the mountains. "They just come down and carry off travelers up to the mountains, you know, and then demand a ransom."

"What's that?" said Mack.

"Oh, a whole lot o' money. They make their friends pay a ransom to get the prisoners back."

"I say, Jessie," said Mack, sitting down on the edge of the boat, forgetting the house he was going to rob, in a sudden and new-found interest in Jessie's poky old books,— "Say, Jessie, which book is that in? If it's about robbers, I'll read about it."

"Well, I'll show you when we get upstairs. You just climb up now and rob that house."

A few moments of vigorous climbing, at the risk of pulling the whole book-case down, brought away the spoil, together with a pair of sugar turtle-doves,

which Mack found behind the cap-box. These he put between his teeth for safe keeping, and a good deal of one wing was gone when he got them out again.

"There, Mack Duncan, you've found my sugar birds at last," said Jessie, "and bitten a good big piece off, too."

"I could n't help it, Jess, 'deed I could n't; it was so soft it would come right off in my mouth."

"Why did you put it into your mouth, then?" she asked, rather angrily, surveying her mutilated treasure. "I was saving them for Nona, and now you've spoiled them."

"Well, better let me eat 'em all up, now," said Mack.

"No, sir, I sha' n't; poor little Nona shall have what's left."

They got out of their narrow quarters after some trouble, and the books were safely landed. Their mother was glad they had found them, for she had utterly forgotten "the library," in her hurry and confusion.

Grandma was up at Aunt Ellice's, but Mrs. Duncan said she had no doubt she was worrying about that cap.

The river rose higher and higher during the next week, until it came within a foot of the ceiling of the lower rooms. Then it stopped, and, after remaining stationary for several days, began to recede.

The children rowed out with their father every day to feed the chickens. The hens made themselves nests in the hay, which occupied about half of the loft now, leaving a good room for the hens, which Mr. Duncan had floored, to keep them from falling into the water. Mack and Jessie would scramble up the ladder, push open the trap-door, and hunt for eggs. It was very exciting when there were only two rounds of ladder from the boat to the trap-door.

The hens always huddled together at the latticed door, to watch them coming from the house.

"Don't they look like the animals in Noah's ark, Jessie?" said Mack one morning, as he watched them with their heads thrust out through the bars. "I wish that old hen we had for dinner last week was alive. Father said he guessed she must have come out of the ark, and I wonder if she'd remember it."

Mr. Duncan went also every day to examine the sycamore-tree. It stood its ground—or, rather, in its ground—bravely. As long as that stood firm, he said, he would not move out.

One morning they had an adventure. Just as they sat down to breakfast, they spied a house floating down quite near them. Everybody rushed to the windows, though Marjorie had splendid

griddle-cakes for breakfast. When they first saw it, it was only a little beyond the barn.

"It is going to come right against the house, I'm afraid," said Mr. Duncan.

If he had known what was in the house, he would not have been afraid about it. On it came, tipping to one side a little, but seeming to be so well balanced that it did not go entirely over.

"Seems to me I hear somebody crying in there," said Mrs. Duncan.

Everybody shuddered.

"Do *you* hear that noise, too?" asked Mr. Duncan. "I heard it, but I thought it must be the creaking of the timbers. Of course, everybody got out before it floated."

It was a small house, containing but two rooms. The chimney ran up between the two, so that it still stood. As it drew near, they heard a groan. This time all heard it.

"Halloo!" shouted Mr. Duncan.

"O, help! help!" came the voice. "I can't get to the window, for fear the house will tip over."

"Steady!" called Mr. Duncan, in a loud, clear voice. "Keep quiet, and we'll have you out soon."

But this having the poor woman out was more easily said than done. Mr. Duncan's face looked a great deal more anxious than his voice sounded.

Hastily uncording a bed (how lucky that this happened twenty-five years ago, or they might have had no corded bed), he made a running noose at one end, which he threw to a cherry-tree near by, one limb of which had been sawed off, leaving a large stout knob. One, two, three times did he throw before the noose caught the stump. Against this rope the floating house rested. The water covered the floor to the depth of about three feet,—that is, the house sank to that depth.

The poor woman was in bed with two children, the water lapping the sides of the bed. On the floor—no, floating about the room—was an old-fashioned cradle, of a kind much used in this country in early times, and still used in certain parts of the country. It was a trough scooped out of a log. How lucky, again, that it was twenty-five or six years ago; for if it had been in the present time, the mother would have had a fine new cradle from the cabinet-maker's, and the poor baby might have been drowned!

It was n't even a bit wet though.

"It's just like Moses in the bulrushes," said Mack, whose Sunday afternoon Bible stories seemed to stay by him.

That baby then and there got the name of Moses, though it was a girl, unfortunately. She is called Moses yet.

The woman told them that, about one o'clock

that morning, her husband, finding the water covering the floor, had got up and gone off to try and find a boat to take them out of the house. He did not return, however, and about four o'clock the house floated off. She said she had taken her two older children from the trundle-bed into her own, and had set the cradle on two chairs, beside the bed.

It seems then that she must have gone to sleep again, for when she woke it was daylight, and the house had floated entirely out of sight of the hollow where they lived, and the baby's cradle was on the

The Duncans found a hearty welcome at Aunt Ellice's. That lady put forth her hand and took them in, like a whole family of Noah's doves.

Mack, of course, disappeared as soon as greetings were over, and came in after about an hour with the sententious remark that "it seemed so good to set foot on dry land once more." A chorus of laughter greeted this remark, for a single glance at the mud on his boots sufficed to show that he had not been setting foot exactly on dry land.

The Duncans had left their house just at the



THE FAMILY IN THE FLOATING HOUSE.

other side of the room. Miss "Moses," however, slept through it all, and did not wake till Mr. Duncan lifted her from the cradle.

Everybody enjoyed Marjorie's griddle-cakes at last, except the poor rescued woman, who was so overcome by her long terror, and her anxiety about her husband, that she could only sip a little coffee, which Mrs. Duncan insisted she must drink. She found her husband after about a week's search.

After breakfast, Mr. Duncan said they must all pack up and leave, as their own house might go at any minute. As they rowed past the sycamore-tree, everybody shuddered. It was down!

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height of the flood, for it began to subside the next day, and in about a week the river was in its proper limits. It was a whole week more, however, before Mr. Duncan could get to the house, as, the water being gone, he could not use the skiff, and the ground was impassable even for foot-passengers. When he finally decided to try it, Jessie and Mack both put in a plea to be allowed to go too.

"Well, well," said their father, after considering a moment, "put on your new-fashioned gum-elastics, and we'll see if they will carry you over dry-shod."

The "gum-elastics" were high rubber shoes,

laced up with shoe-strings, a style in which rubbers were first made, though soon given up for the more convenient sandal of the present day.

They found the house badly dilapidated. Nearly all the plastering was off the lower walls, and a layer of fine mud an inch deep covered the floors.

"Toughest job o' house-cleanin' I ever saw," said Marjorie, as she surveyed the floor.

The upper part, however, was not hurt in the

least, and the family moved in once more, while the lower part was put in repair.

A row of trees on the side from which the current flowed, together with a grove in the yard, had prevented the house from being washed away. These had broken the force of the current, and so their house and home was left to the Duncan family, who were glad enough to have escaped with the comparatively small loss that had befallen them.

GOLD - ROBIN.

BY ANNIE MOORE.

GOLD-ROBIN came back to the old elm-tree,
And a beautiful, beautiful lay sang he.
'T was a sort of a "How-do-you-do" to it all,
The house, and the lawn, and the elm-tree tall.
"And we're happy to come," said his mate.

Gold-Robin came back to his last year's nest.
"I wonder," said he, "which will be the best,
To patch up this thing and make it do,
Or to build another all fresh and new?"
"A fresh one for me!" said his mate.

Then they busily worked with skill and care,
With bits of straw, and leaf, and hair,
Till they made their nest and swung it high,
On the topmost bough, up near the sky.
"'T is out of harm's way," said his mate.

There she laid her eggs, and kept them warm
In the driving wind and the pelting storm.
Gold-Robin brought her dainty food;
"Here's a spider, love! 't will do you good."
"Thank you, my dear!" said his mate.

When the little birds came out of the shell,
They looked—how they looked I think I'll not tell.
Gold-Robin, you know, is handsome and bold,
Stylish and smart in his black and gold.
"And they don't look like *me*!" said his mate.

But they fed them well, and loved them too,
And after a time their feathers grew;
Still they played the game each young bird tries,
Of "open your mouth and shut your eyes."
"That's a trick they'll outgrow," said his mate.

In truth she was right, for they came to be
 The prettiest birds you ever did see.
 "We must teach them to fly," said Gold-Robin one day,
 "And then in the world they can make their way."
 "All in good time," said his mate.

And "all in good time" they learned to fly,
 Down to the grass, then up to the sky.
 "They must learn to find their breakfast and tea,
 And dinner and lunch," Gold-Robin, said he.
 "They can do that now," said his mate.

"Then I'll tell you what we'll do, my dear—
 You've had your summer vacation here;
 We'll go back to the South some pleasant day,
 And not be seen here till another May."
 "I'm ready, my love," said his mate.

One pleasant day, when the cool winds blew,
 Gold-Robin, his mate, and the little ones too,
 They took their leave, and they said "Good-bye!"
 To the old elm-tree where the nest hung high.
 "You'll see us next Spring," said his mate.

THE FAIR AT PAU.

BY AUNT FANNY.

ONCE upon a time, Aunt Fanny was traveling about, seeing the world, like the learned monkey. Tired at last, she settled down in Pau, a funny little half French, half Spanish town in the south of France, where warm sunshine and flowers stay all Winter.

She lived opposite the Haute Plante, or Place Napoleon,—a large park, at the lower end of which are great barracks. In these, hundreds of soldiers live, all dressed in baggy scarlet trousers, with gold lace on their coats and caps. They are continually standing in groups in the park, speckling the green grass with gold and red, and making it look in the distance like Aladdin's gardens, which, you know, were full of gold and jewels.

In this park a great fair was to be held. All the night before, workmen were hammering at and building the booths or stalls where the wonderful giants, pigs with two heads, eels with feet, chickens with great flapping ears, Punch and Judy, and a hundred other astonishing curiosities, were to be exhibited for a whole week.

Of course Aunt Fanny could not visit such wonders alone. That would have been mean! So

she invited some lovely English children and a dear little French girl to go with her; and early one bright, sparkling morning they were all skipping about in her parlor in the greatest possible hurry to be off immediately.

There were Mona, Lulu, and Rudie, who is a queer little boy; and Amo, whose real name is Anna Mary Osborne; but everybody called her by her initials, which, as you see, make "Amo;" and Cecile, a pretty little French girl, who saluted Aunt Fanny with: "*Que vous êtes bonne, chère Madame, de me prendre avec vous,*" after which the English girls said, shyly: "Thank you very much;" and Rudie shouted out, just like any English boy would: "It's awfully jolly!" and then they all rushed down-stairs and across the street "pell-swell," as Rudie said, meaning "pell-mell."

"Oh! oh!" they exclaimed, and you would have said the very same if you had been there. A most magnificent merry-go-round was flying; the wooden horses and little carriages, full of fat babies, dirty-faced boys and old women, all racing after each other, to the sound of excited drums and an organ in spasms. Something serious was the matter with

that organ, for it squeaked dreadfully. But never mind; it was "splendid!"

Perhaps some of you have never seen a merry-go-round; so I will describe it. First, a large, strong mast-like pole is planted firmly in the ground, round which is fastened a number of arms, like the spokes of a wheel, which stand out horizontally three feet from the ground. At the end of some of the spokes are wooden horses, generally painted bright green with red spots, fierce, staring eyes, and enormous scarlet tails. To other spokes little carriages are attached. You pay a penny, or a sou, and get on a horse or in a carriage, and presto! some mysterious machinery is set going; all the spokes whirl round and round; fast and faster the drums are beaten; and the music plays. Six times round, and the delightful ride is ended!

We paid our sous, and all the children went racing after each other with little squeaking laughs, half joy, half fear. Rudie declared that his horse was a regular "2.40," by which he meant, as you probably know, that he was a race-horse which can run a mile in two minutes and forty seconds. The rest of us were enchanted; and Cecile, with her sweet, grateful smile, said:

"Mille remerciements, chère Madame; c'est une promenade à cheval délicieuse."

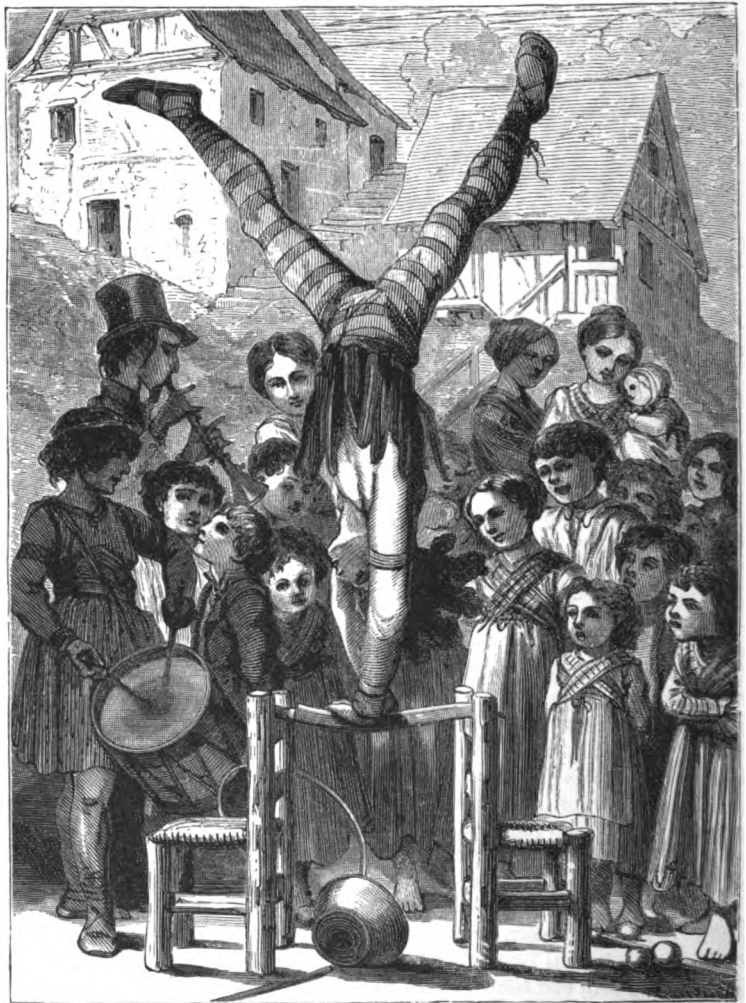
Just then a gun was fired. We hurried away toward the sound, and soon came to a large carriage painted all the colors of the rainbow. Standing in it was a dentist, dressed in a hussar military costume, with a gorgeous brass helmet on his head, ornamented with a long, waving red feather. He was loudly proposing to pull out one or all of anybody's teeth, because he could do it in such a delightful manner that it would only feel as if some one were smoothing their gums. Aunt Fanny politely inquired if the

children would like to have their gums smoothed delightfully, upon which they marched off in a great hurry with their mouths shut tight.

"What is the drum beating for?" asked Rudie.

Looking down a narrow side street, we saw a pair of legs up in the air, rising from the midst of a crowd of peasants.

"Why, it's a man upside down!" exclaimed Rudie, running out of the park, and down the street. We ran too, and saw an acrobat, or tumbler, standing on his hands on a bar resting on the tops of two chairs. The wonderful man stood on his hands, whirling round quickly, first on two hands,



"WE SAW A PAIR OF LEGS UP IN THE AIR"

then on one; while a street-dancer beat a big drum and a man played on a cornet. Soon the tumbler jumped down, seized one of the chairs and balanced

it on the end of his nose. At the same time he took up a tin basin which lay on the ground, threw it up in the air, caught it on the tip of his forefinger and made it dance a merry jig in time to the music. All the peasants looked on in the greatest state of astonishment and delight; and Rudie went privately against a fence and tried to stand on his hands. He only tumbled over sidewise; and when he twirled his little pancake of a hat on his little dub of a finger, that went off sidewise too, through the bars of the fence; and he had to climb over and get it.

More drum-beating; this time in the park; and we all ran quickly back. It was now crowded with peasants from the country; some bareheaded, and many with kerchiefs tied under the chin. The clinking of wooden shoes sounded on every side. They alighted from canvas-covered carts, drawn by tawny-colored—almost yellow—cows, all of which had coats on of unbleached cotton cloth. The women carried comical-looking babies, with caps fitting close to their little bullet heads; very useful heads they were; for one woman ran her baby's head, like a battering ram, at a naughty little boy, to make him mind her; and it seemed to answer very well; and what is stranger still, the baby did n't seem to mind it in the least.

Never was heard such a clatter! Pigs squeaking, babies squalling, men making bargains in a language which seemed all r-r-r-r-s, and cracker-faced old women roasting chestnuts and squabbling with each other, and all Noah's ark apparently tumbled out into the Place Napoleon in such confusion that the great Emperor himself, if he had been alive, could not have gotten them in order.

Crowds of soldiers, in red and gold, were trying their luck at the lotteries. They paid one sou each. Round went the wheel with a whizz and a whirl, and they won a dozen dirty peppermint drops, or a crockery mug with "*Pour un bon et joli garçon*" painted upon it, just as the wheel happened to stop. Punch was beating poor Judy, and calling her names in French, which delighted Rudie beyond everything. Little birds were drawing four-wheeled carriages, with other little birds sitting inside, each holding a parasol over its head with one claw. They looked very stylish, and said "tweet, tweet" to each other, glancing quickly from side to side as if they were making remarks upon the weather and the company.

In a booth, from the top of which the American flag was flying, the children saw the Falls of Niagara for one sou each. The polite showman informed them that these magnificent falls were in "California." (You know better than that, don't you?) Ships were calmly sailing up and down the cataract, at which the English children laughed,

and Cecile observed: "*C'est impossible!*" But as the great tumbling waves were only green flannel,—"very dry water," Rudie said—they were not hurled to the certain destruction, which you all know that a ship would find, if it attempted to go over the real falls.

"I'm hungry," said little Rudie, as they came out; "and oh, look! There is a res—res—I can't porounce it."

"*Vous voulez dire restaurant peut-être, chère petite,*" laughed Cecile, kissing his fat rosy cheek.

"Oh, yes!" cried Amo, "and a giantess to hand the refreshments! It says so."

"Let's go in!" they all cried. One sou each was charged for the honor and glory of being waited upon by a giantess, who squinted so dreadfully that the children never could tell where she was looking. But she was the very pink of politeness, and brought them all they asked for with such tremendous strides and stupendous bows and so many "*mercies*," that it was as good as a play. The five children ate gilt gingerbread and chestnuts enough for twenty; and when they left, Rudie climbed up on the table to kiss the giantess, while the rest said: "*Adieu, 'mercie, Madame,*" in their very best French.

And now the band strikes up for dancing. The peasants make a clattering rush for the wooden floors, or platforms, the children following as fast as they can. Off go the men's hats and women's shawls, and then commences such dancing! Hopping, bounding, twirling and tripping, like a regiment of crazy sparrows! while their wooden shoes click merrily as castanets. The nice old women sit all round the edges of the platform, clapping their hands in time to the music; the bullet-headed babies tumble over each other on the grass, pulling at each other's ears and legs; the fiddlers scrape away for dear life, and everybody is perfectly happy. It is almost impossible for Aunt Fanny to convince the children that it is time to go home to dinner, and they must leave the enchanting fair. In fact, that little scaramoush of a Rudie stamped his foot and cried: "No, no, no! I sha' n't go home!" But Cecile smoothed his curly head, and said very sweetly: "*Chère Rudie, l'obéissance est la première devoir de la jeunesse;*" and he was ashamed to be naughty any longer. He understood French very well, though he spoke it with a funny English accent.

On their way out they visited one more booth, where a dried-up little old Frenchman was offering to teach his countrymen and women "English the most beautiful, the most perfect." To show you how beautiful it was, I give his translation from French into English of an anecdote about our own great countryman, Benjamin Franklin:

"Benjamins Franklin, seeing one day to Paris some ladies very riches, which bore between hir arms little dogs and little monkies, and who was carressign them too tenderly, was ask with so many great deal reasons; whether the women of her country don't had some little children?"

Rudie said it was "jolly queer English;" and all laughed heartily over it except Cecile, who was too polite to laugh at anybody.

And now with slow, reluctant steps they leave the fair, and are once more in Aunt Fanny's parlor. Cecile's *bonne*, or nurse, is waiting to take her home, for no French child or young lady is ever permitted to go out alone in France. But the English children take care of themselves; and all, after kissing and thanking Aunt Fanny, skip merrily away, chatting about the delightful fair as they go.

"I wish I had a Punch and Judy," said Rudie, the moment he was home; and he looked very hard at his kind old uncle, Admiral Benbow, who was reading the newspaper.

"Ahem!" said the kind old uncle; and that was all he said. But what he did, was to go out soon after, and send home a box directed to Rudie. In it were Punch, Judy, Judy's baby, the policeman, and all the rest of them, with a book of their sayings and doings. What a happy boy Rudie was!

All the next morning he was shut up in a queer little room, where the admiral kept his swords,

making Punch beat Judy while he read the story. His little dog, Fido, was all the audience; but he evidently knew all about it, for he barked in the right places just as if he were laughing.



RUDIE PLAYING "PUNCH AND JUDY."

The next week Aunt Fanny and Cecile were invited to a private exhibition of Punch and Judy, at which performance they laughed till their sides ached, and Fido barked till he sneezed, and all the children declared that Rudie played Punch and Judy quite as well as the showman did at the famous fair.

CHERRY-CHEEK.

BY ANNA BOYNTON AVERILL.

"COME, Cherry-cheek," called mamma,
 "Leave snow-fort, rink, and sled!
 The hills are tinted with mellow pink.
 The sun is going to bed.
 In our cosey supper-room
 I've drawn the curtains red,
 And the firelight leapeth on the wall:
 Come, Cherry-cheek," she said.

And slowly up the steep
 His tiny sled he drew.
 The whole round heavens were soft and calm,
 With not a cloud in view;

And afar on the edge of the world
 One little silver spark
 Came out alone in a great wide place,
 And waited for the dark.

And he heard, in the frosty air
 Of the dying Winter day,
 His father's coming sleigh-bells chime
 A half-a-mile away;
 A happy little boy,—
 And something made him say,
 "Dear God! what a beautiful world you've made!
 I am glad I was good to-day!"

THE PILOT-BOAT.

BY MAJOR TRAVERSE.

LOOKING at the shipping along the wharves, I have noticed, is a favorite amusement of most city boys; and one of the first wishes of a country lad, in most cases, is to go to sea. I do not wonder at it, for the sea, in spite of its great perils, has many attractions for older persons. Seen from the city's wharves, it has a charming and peaceful look enough. I know nothing more pleasant and interesting than to look upon New York Bay from the Battery, or Boston Harbor from Long Wharf, on a bright Spring or Summer morning, when the busy shipping gives life and grace to the natural beauty of the scene. One cannot but be interested in looking at the forests of masts which tell of the wealth of the ocean's traffic. I am fond of watching the tall grain elevators, looking like floating towers or steeples, doing their mighty work with so little show and parade; and then, turning to the distant gray forts lying lazily and looking glum and gruff, even in the bright sunshine, I rejoice in their idleness as in the others' industry. I delight to watch the ferry-boats slipping into and out of their docks like great white mice into their holes; and the pert little steam-tugs grappling and towing huge ships ten times larger than themselves, and looking for all the world like little black spiders struggling with great beetles they had caught in their webs.

But though this scene may not be so beautiful it is not less interesting when one looks upon it on one of those dark dismal days when the wind whistles loud and the black clouds threaten a storm. Then the bay has a strange air of desolation. There are none of the light row-boats and the white sails that dot it on bright days; bare masts, like leafless trees in winter, are all that are to be seen of the ships in the docks. If you care to look at the bay in a storm, you will notice that nearly all the boats and steamers and ships and tugs are bound inward, as if they were hunting their docks for safety. There is only one kind of vessel which sails out of port when storms are brewing, and these are so peculiar that you will not fail to observe them. They are precisely like all other schooners and sloops in their build and rigging,—strong-built, trim little ships, looking stanch enough to buffet and mount the biggest wave that ever crossed the Atlantic; but they have one peculiarity. On the largest or mainsail of each of these boats its number is painted in great figures, as you will see by looking at the picture on the next

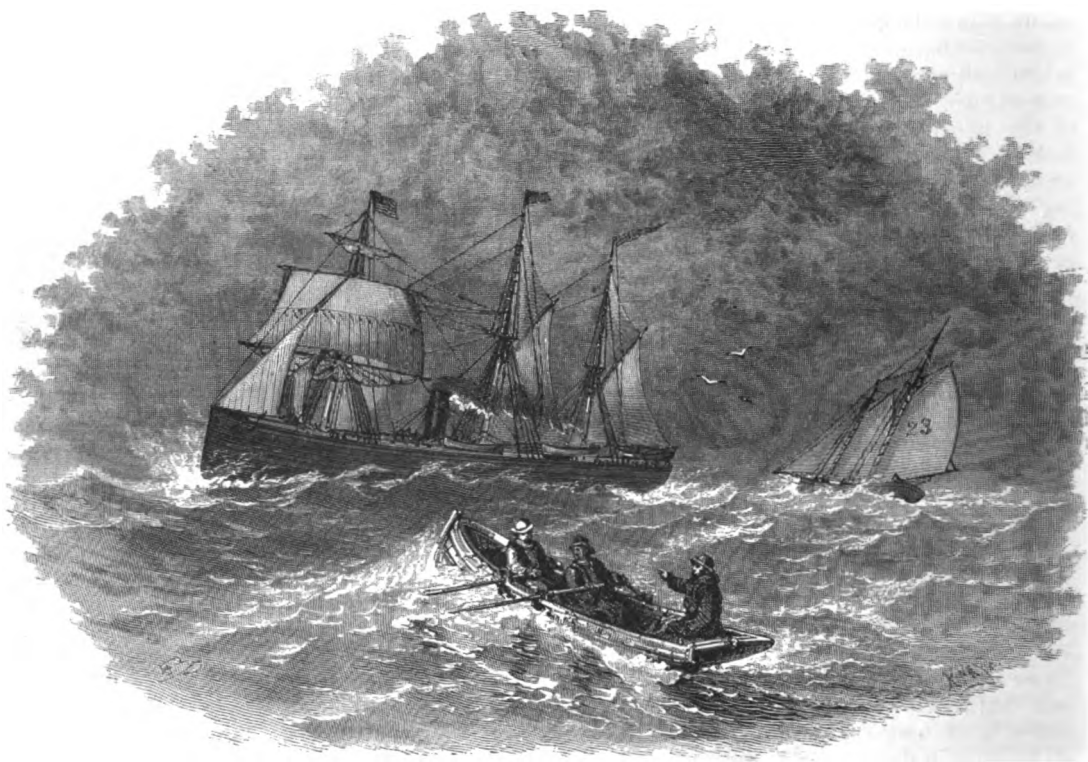
page. These peculiar craft are called pilot-boats, and they cruise in and about the great harbors to meet large ships which wish to enter port, and furnish them with guides, who pilot them safely through the shallow channels and over the sandy bars into their docks.

Whenever I see these gallant little ships going out to sea when all other vessels are coming into port to escape the storm, I cannot but think of brave soldiers pushing forward in battle when cowards are running away, and I feel like waving my hat, and cheering on the bold pilots and crews. Their white-winged boats remind me, too, of the stormy petrels of the sea,—“Mother Carey's chickens,” as the sailors call them,—those little, swallow-like birds which live on the surface of the sea, flying above and walking, or rather skipping, along the waves, sleeping on the water by night and following vessels by day to divide with the porpoises that roll and tumble along behind them the food thrown overboard by the passengers and crews. The pilot-boats, too, live on the sea, resting at night on the billows and eagerly watching for the great ships by day. Sailors have a superstitious reverence for the petrels, and never kill or maim them, nor disregard the solemn warning of their appearance. The sight of a pilot-boat is the joy of a sailor, for he knows his voyage is nearly over. The birds and ships are to be seen, too, on bright days, but it is when storms are threatened, when clouds are lowering, that both petrels and pilots are seen in greatest numbers. You may happen by chance to see the pilot-boats on bright days coming into port for supplies, but when there is danger ahead you cannot fail to see them putting out to sea. There is this very great difference between the petrels and the pilots: The first gather about a ship when a storm is threatened or has burst, to feast on the wreck of the doomed ship; the pilots are there to save it from that fate.

Piloting is a very romantic business, you will think. Who does not envy the pilot the skill and knowledge that makes him a preserver of life and property, and therefore a benefactor to mankind. What boy with any life and spirit in him would not wish to be a pilot? But alas! there is another side to the picture. The life of a pilot is full of danger and suffering, and is but poorly rewarded. When you know something of its hardships, perhaps you will change your mind and pray that you may

never be a pilot. If you live near a great seaport you will find no difficulty in taking a cruise with the pilots; their numbered boats are to be found anchored in every bay. Portland, Maine, has three boats and about twenty-five pilots. If you live near Boston, any one of the five boats and the forty pilots there will take you out to sea on a short cruise if you give them good reasons for your wish to go. Southern lads will find at Norfolk, Virginia, three boats; at Savannah, Georgia, two; and at New Orleans, five boats and about forty pilots. I forgot to say that there are two boats at Charleston, South Carolina. There used to be three boats there,

Taking a small-boat, we row out to the pilot-boat anchored in the bay or river, and spring upon its deck. It is a small deck, but smooth, bright and clean with scrubbing and oiling. If you go down into her snug little cabin you will find four sleeping-berths in two small rooms. Forward of these is a mess-room and kitchen. If you look into the sleeping-berths you will see two or three strong, stalwart men asleep. They are pilots, resting now that they may labor hereafter. The others whom you will see about the deck of the boat are the crew and the one pilot who is "on duty" and commands the boat while the others sleep or are busy else-



THE PILOT GOING ON BOARD A STEAMER.

but during the late war the Southerners seized one of them and turned it into a gunboat, which they called the "Planter," and put the best pilot in the port in charge of her. He was a negro slave named Robert Small; and one dark night he ran the "Planter" out of port and surrendered her to the United States fleet, which blockaded the harbor. New York has twenty-seven boats and two hundred and twenty pilots in her harbor. It is more particularly of the New York pilots that I wish to tell you, for they are the most daring, and in their cruises go farther out to sea than the pilots of any other port of the world.

where. When we are aboard, and all is ready, the anchor is lifted, and before it is out of the water the boat is under way, and we are off down the bay, past the forts, through the Narrows, across the bar and out beyond Sandy Hook, where we first feel the grand swell of the ocean. There is a great black steamship going out also, but as we have the start of her, and as she must follow the narrow, winding channels of the bay, while our light pilot-boat can take shorter and shallower routes, we shall easily get to sea first.

We are in the "cruising ground" of the pilots as soon as we pass Sandy Hook, which is the long,

low spit of sand which stretches out as if trying to unite the Jersey shore with that of Long Island, and seems in danger of breaking its neck in the effort. Old sailors say that one day the sand will be washed up by the waves until the Hook will succeed in its aim, and will close up the entrance to New York Bay; but I suspect that by that time the great waves will find another channel just as good. There used to be another channel called Shrewsbury Inlet, just as deep as Sandy Hook channel, but one night in 1844 a great ship named the "North America" went ashore there, and the sand from the bottom of the sea, thrown up by the waves, gathered around the wreck and covered it up, all but the masts, and finally closed the channel altogether. Three or four years ago a railroad was built on the sands where Shrewsbury Inlet once was, and when the New York boys and girls go with their parents to Long Branch watering-place they ride in the cars above the wreck of the "North America," buried in the sands, with her unfortunate crew and passengers, only thirty years ago.

The pilots' "cruising ground" is, of course, all water; but they speak of it just as you would of your favorite fields in the country, or streets in the town. The pilot, too, has favorite streets and routes on his ground, and knows them as well as you do the streets through which you love to walk or ride. Much farther out to sea than your eye can reach, the cruising ground extends. New York pilots cruise away up north as far as Nantucket Island, where they meet the Boston pilot-boats, and as far south as the Delaware Capes, where they touch the "cruising ground" of the Norfolk pilots. The northern cruisers go to the aid of the French and Dutch and English steamers and ships; those to the south are on the look-out for Brazil and West India and California and Gulf steamers, and also for China and Japan steamers. The pilots board vessels at the distance of three or four hundred miles from port, but they do not always begin to take charge of them until within sight of the light-ship, which lies eight miles out to sea from Sandy Hook. But if a storm overtake a ship after a pilot has been taken on board, the captain is glad enough to give her up to his guidance for greater safety.

It is not many minutes' sail from the Hook to the light-ship if the pilot-boat bears directly down upon it, as many of them do when entering on a cruise. Sandy Hook light-ship is a small vessel painted red, and sitting high up in the water, that she may be seen at as great a distance as possible. She is "as light as a cork," so that she may easily mount the highest waves. She has two masts, which carry, not sails, as you may suppose, but huge black and white checkered balls and large bright

revolving lamps. The balls glisten by day and the lights shine by night to mark, for incoming ships, the entrance to the great harbor. On board of her lives an old sailor and his family, who find there a very serene and pleasant home. You would hardly like it at first, for the light-ship, being a *very* light ship indeed, rolls and rocks like a cradle, and until one gets used to the motion, such a residence cannot be the most agreeable.

As the pilot-boat approaches the light-ship, you will notice that signals are made from her and answered from the light-ship. They are simple enough, being merely the lowering or hoisting of a flag, but you will not understand their meaning until you see the result of the silent conversation. You will often see in response to these signals that two of the crew of the pilot-boat will jump into the small-boat in tow and row to the light-ship. Down the rope ladder, which hangs at its side, a sailor clammers into the boat, and the boat returns, bringing this stranger to the pilot-boat. Do you guess who the stranger is? You will notice that he appears quite at home, for he goes about the deck and into the cabin of the pilot-boat and to bed in one of its berths as if he owned the boat. He does in part; for he is one of its pilots. He has piloted a ship out of port, and, having got her safely to sea, has been paid and discharged at the light-ship to be picked up by his own boat on its next outward cruise.

Our boat will probably not be in any haste to be off from the light-ship, but will sail around her while waiting for the steamer which we noticed sailing down the bay, to come up and pass us. While waiting, the pilots or any of the crew will "spin a yarn," as they call it,— "tell a story," as you would say,—of the sea and its dangers. From the light-ship, you can see away to the southward the "fatal sands" of the Jersey coast, and through the glass, or telescope, the light-house at Barnegat, that warns you to keep off them. Further away still is Squan Beach, the grave of thousands of brave men and helpless women and children. It was there that Thomas Freeborn, the pilot, was washed from the wheel of the "John Minturn," and perished. Did you ever hear the sad story? If you ask the master of the pilot-boat he will tell it to you, though Freeborn's monument in Greenwood Cemetery tells it also in plain terms, as you may read any day.

It is the story of one of the most terrible wrecks which ever happened on the New Jersey beach. The "John Minturn" was from New Orleans and bound to New York. She was spoken by the pilot-boat on which Thomas Freeborn sailed when away south of the Jersey coast, at least three hundred miles away from port. But the captain of the "John

Minturn," for some reason, did not like Thomas Freeborn, and refused to accept him as a pilot. The pilot-boat, however, followed in the wake of the ship, still offering to pilot her, until toward night on February 14, when a storm sprang up. The captain of the "Minturn" then regretted that he had not taken Freeborn on board, and, after looking in vain for another pilot-boat, he reluctantly, and in great anger, signaled Freeborn to come on board. Freeborn might have refused at this time when the danger was greatest, but he was too noble for that. Night was coming on, and the light-ship was not in sight. The gale was very severe, and the night bitterly cold. There was great danger that the ship would be driven on the dreaded Jersey sands. Freeborn saw the danger, but he did not hesitate to go to the ship, for he believed he could save her. He knew the coast and the ship, and he thought he knew the wind currents of the coast, too. But before he had been long on board the "Minturn," there came up one of the most fearful gales ever known on that coast. It was the middle of the winter season, and the spray from the waves that beat and broke against the ship, gradually driving her toward the shore, froze on the deck and rigging, making them like ice. The hardest sailors were driven into the cabin by the cold. Freeborn alone stuck to his dreary post during the terrible storm, and encouraged the others by his example. He saw his own pilot-boat driven ashore; and when at length the "Minturn" struck on the beach, there were ten other wrecks lying around her.

There was a terrible scene on board when the poor women and children and other passengers felt the ship strike the bottom, but Freeborn ordered them all to remain below. He saw that the ship must go to pieces before morning had brought the Jersey wreckers to her aid. He walked the slippery deck and watched every part of the ship, seeing the effect of each wave and calculating in his mind how many more such terrible blows it would take to batter her into fragments. He hoped, but in vain, that the storm would lull, or the ship hold together until morning. At length, seeing that she must soon go to pieces, he ordered the passengers on deck, for it was no longer safe to let them remain below in the cabin, into which the water might burst at any moment and drown them. He ordered the ship's life-boats to be made ready. The crew, stiff with cold, obeyed with the haste of men who see but one chance for life before them. But it took many minutes to man and lower the ice-bound boat. Freeborn watched the men with great anxiety, but he was not blind to other objects. There were two children there,—little things of four or five years of age,—snatched from their

warm beds when the ship struck and brought on deck by their frantic mothers with only their thin little night-clothes about them. Freeborn saw these two poor creatures, and, taking off his coat, wrapped one of them in it, and kissing the poor little creature, handed it down to its mother, who had been put in the boat. Then he took off his vest and wrapped the other babe in it, and gave it again into its mother's arms. Then the crew cheered; the mothers wept; and the captain took Freeborn's hand in both of his and shook and shook it in token of his admiration. At last, with fourteen women and babes and men in the boat,—all the passengers and some of the crew,—the boat put off, and at last reached the shore, the passengers more dead than alive, but still thankful for their safety, and blessing and praying for brave Tom Freeborn and the thirteen others who remained on the ship.

Freeborn ordered the men who remained behind to lose no time in preparing the other boat. Those who went in the first boat relate that above the noise of the storm they once or twice heard his cheery voice giving the order; but that was the last seen or heard of him. The old ship soon after went to pieces. A great wave washed the sailors and their pilots into the water, and threw them lifeless upon the beach. The body of the gallant pilot was found next day on the sands, and taken to New York, where a whole city mourned him and buried him with the great honors due to heroes like Tom Freeborn.

Here is the steamer for which we have been waiting, out of port at last, and no longer in need of a pilot. Can you guess why, then, she slackens her speed and stops her wheels as she approaches the pilot-boat? We shall see if we wait. Once more the small-boat is manned. This time it is rowed, not to the light-ship, but to the steamer. As it touches her side the rope ladder is lowered, and a man in the round hat and garb of a pilot descends and springs into the boat. To the side of the ship rush the passengers, and wave an adieu as the small-boat shoves off, and the great steamer again steams forward to her destination. The boat returns to the pilot-boat, and another pilot is returned to his own vessel after having guided the steamer out of port. All the pilots belonging to our boat are now on board, and the cruise begins in earnest. It will end only when each of the five or six pilots on board have been taken on board of inward-bound ships,—then the boat, too, will return to port.

We will suppose that on this occasion our pilot-boat is in search of European steamers bound to New York. She will therefore sail eastward along the Long Island coast toward Nantucket. If she

were cruising, instead, for Southern vessels, or ships from Southern ports, she would sail down the New Jersey coast.

The "cruising ground" of the New York pilots is a busy place. It is at all times dotted over with sails and steamers; and the pilot-boats do not cruise for many hours before they meet vessels going into port as well as out. When the look-out descries a steamer or ship in sight above the horizon, he cries out, "Sail ahead," and the pilot-boat is at once run for it. As soon as the two are within hailing distance the question is asked, "Do you want a pilot?" and the reply is signaled or hollered back. If one is wanted, the master sends one of those who are sleeping below on board; if not, the course of the pilot-boat is again changed, and the cruise is continued until another ship is encountered, the same questions asked, and the same movements gone through with.

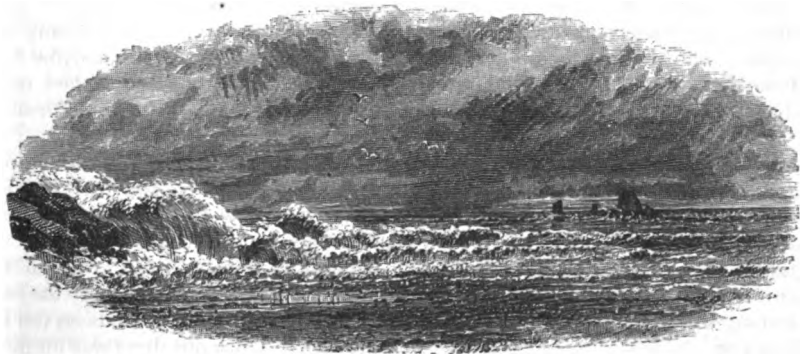
Cruising to the north, the pilots pass Fire Island, the most dangerous beach of the Long Island coast, and as terrible in its annals of wrecks as Squan Beach. It was on this beach that Robert Mitchell, a famous and faithful pilot, met his terrible fate fourteen years ago. He was a well-known New York citizen, famous for his charities and philanthropy. He was President of the Pilots' Benevolent Association, and greatly beloved by many poor persons whom he had aided. He went on a cruise on the tenth of January, 1856, on the pilot-boat No. 11, "E. K. Collins," and the very same night, in a terrible storm, boarded the ship "Stingray," which had come safely all the way from China to be wrecked at the very end of its voyage. The night was bitterly cold, and the gale, which was blowing from the south-east, was the severest which had been known for ten years. Ship and pilot-boat, too, became unmanageable in the storm. Mitchell saw his boat driven on Fire Island, and his eight comrades lost almost before his eyes. The ship, at the same time, was fast going ashore and rapidly becoming unmanageable.

It was covered with ice, and four of the crew froze to death. One of them was sent aloft to do some duty, and never came down again. The spray froze him to the rigging, and there, hung aloft in his icy shroud, the poor fellow perished. The others fell to the deck and froze where they lay. The next morning Robert Mitchell was found standing at the wheel of his ship dead! The spray had frozen as it fell upon him standing at his post, and fastened him to the deck. His body had to be cut away with axes.

On the same night another pilot-boat, the "George Steers," No. 6, was driven upon Barnegat Shoal, and the entire crew lost. Three others—the "Sylph," "Commerce," and "Washington"—went cruising out of port on the same day, and have never since been heard of. In seventeen years twenty-three pilot-boats and more than fifty pilots have been thus lost at sea. This is not, therefore, a life without danger.

The look-out speaks another sail in the distance, and again the pilot-boat is started in its direction. When it comes within signaling distance a little flag is run up at the mainstay,—the line from the mast to the prow of the pilot-boat,—and the old question, "Do you want a pilot?" is asked by a sign, rather than by words. The answer comes in the same way. Let us suppose that the answer this time is "Yes." The pilot-boat tacks at once to cross the path of the steamer. As they near each other the steamer slackens her speed; the sails of the pilot-boat are furled; and both stop and lay to. The little boat is again manned, and the pilot is rowed to the steamer, which he is to guide into port.

While the pilot-boat goes on its helpful way, cruising for other ships, let us go with the pilot aboard the steamer and return to port, for we have seen all of the pilots that will interest us at this time. The rope ladder is lowered, and we mount to the deck of the steamer, wave an adieu to our friends, and soon are once more in the city.





AN OLD FOLKS' CONCERT.

FRED'S EASTER MONDAY.

BY HELEN C. WEEKS.

FRED stood at the window, his small nose flattened against the pane, as he looked down the street after mamma, hurrying to the Patent Office, where she must be at nine o'clock. He wanted to lean out, for just a block farther up was a little park where green grass grew and beds of crocuses and snowdrops could be seen. Looking out and going out, though, were both forbidden for that day. Poor, pale Fred, always headachy or ailing somewhere, had unfortunately an anxious, worrying little mamma, who did not know—or, if she knew, would not believe—that fresh air and sunshine would have brought color and life to the little pale cheeks and heavy eyes. So, as she hugged him that morning before going away, she said :

“Now, Fred, remember nobody is to take you out. You can blow bubbles, and there are all your books. Good-bye, darling !”

Fred sat down by the window, after watching her go out of sight, and leaned his head back against the chair, feeling too weak to care whether he moved again or not.

He might have staid there all day, had not a visitor suddenly appeared. Right against the window pane flew a brown sparrow, that at once sat on the sill as if expecting attention. Fred looked a minute, and then, getting up, tried to raise the sash, which stuck fast a good while, and then flew up with a jerk that sent him backward and almost over. The sparrow flew up too, but soon came again, and Fred took a cracker from his pocket and fed the little thing. The soft Spring air blew over his face, and, as the sparrow flew away presently, he leaned out and looked toward the park, from which came a breath of hyacinths and the chirp of many busy birds.

Fred sat down again, but the temptation was too great. He knew nobody in the big boarding-house would know or care if he ran out a few moments, and he did not stop to think of what mamma might say. His overcoat and cap hung in the wardrobe ; it was only the work of a moment to put them on, run down the stairs, and out the door. Once out there was no more thought of

going back, and soon he was walking through the paths, looking delightedly at the flocks of sparrows and holding a bunch of grass in his pale little hand. Under a tree was set a cage of owls, and, stopping to look at them, his adventures began.

Never had Fred seen such a fascinating little darkey as now stood there, looking solemnly at the blinking owls. How many tails was that wool braided in, and could anything be blacker and shinier than his cheeks? Fred had come from Maine to Washington only a few weeks before, and this was the very first chance he had ever had to look as long as he liked at a real colored boy. So he stood wondering what was in that little red basket, and what his name was, or if darkeys had names; and, as the thought came, he asked:

"What is your name, or have n't you got any?"

"Course I has," was the prompt answer. "My name's George Washington Dayspring, and mammy's name's Philadelphia Dayspring. What's yourn?"

"I'm Fred Harson. What makes you be here all alone? Are you going anywhere?"

"Reckon I is. Aint you goin' dar, too?"

"But I don't know where you mean—so how can I?"

"You jist come along o' me, den. I'll tell ye de way. Goin' up to de Capitol to roll eggs. There's a heap up dar now. I was jist stoppin' a minute to see dat ar owl a-blinkin'."

Fred stood still and looked at him. Why should there be a "heap" of eggs up at the Capitol, and did colored people always roll them, or were they for the Senators and Representatives, who, as some one had told him, were there every day? What did they roll them for? Suppose they broke! And, summing it all up, he said:

"But eggs are nasty if they break all over everything."

"Takes a mighty sight o' rollin' to make dem break," said George Washington; "mine's b'iled. So they all is mostly. Mammy did mine;" and, opening his basket, he showed six red, blue and green eggs. "Them uns was b'iled in caliker; and the red, they's done with logwood. Come along an' see 'em roll."

"Roll where? Who rolls? You?"

"Seems to me you aint got no sense, no how," George Washington said, looking rather scornfully at Fred. "Maybe you's from de Norf, though. Mammy says folks don't know so much up Norf as dey do roun' here. Don't vou never roll eggs up dat way?"

"I guess we know enough not to," Fred answered, looking a little fierce. "Who wants to use up eggs that way? I'd rather sell 'em, or eat 'em."

"Laws chile!" George Washington said, patronizingly. "It don't spile 'em for eatin'. Roll 'em till de shell busts; den take out your chunk o' bread an' eat 'em. Ki! t'ink o' dem eggs, hoppin' down de hills, fifty fousand hundred! Better come along an' see 'em."

"Will you come back with me, so's to show me the way home?" Fred said, hesitating a little as he remembered he was to have staid in all day. "I forgot when I ran out," he thought, "and it can't be any worse just to take a little walk. Mamma said she'd go some afternoon and show me the Capitol."

"Reckon I will, an' you kin have an egg too, if you wants it. Don't dey hab no Easter up in de Norf?"

Easter! Fred had been to church the day before, Easter Sunday, and seen the lovely flowers all about the altar—such flowers as he had never even dreamed of in the long Maine winter. Easter came there as here, but with a difference; but about that he need say nothing to his new friend.

"To be sure, we have Easter; but what has that got to do with eggs? Seems to me you can't answer anything straight."

"White folks haint any sense," George Washington said to himself; then mildly went on, as if explaining to somebody half-a-dozen years younger than himself: "De kind o' Easter we has we goes out an' does everyt'ing we's a mind in all de places dey keeps us out of de rest o' de time. De Capitol and de President's house, and all de big places. Now you see. Dere's my school all goin' along ahead, an' dere's a heap more a-comin'."

By this time they had reached Pennsylvania Avenue, and Fred, as he looked up, stopped still. Down the broad street hundreds of children, each with a basket of colored eggs, were hurrying toward the grounds, in the midst of which uprose the Capitol, crowned with its fair white dome, more beautiful than anything ever seen before in his little life. He remembered an engraving that hung in the sitting-room at home, "Youth," from Cole's "Voyage of Life," where a boy in a boat was pressing on, looking up to the sky, where just such a dome was outlined.

"It's heaven," he said to himself softly, and stood still.

George Washington stared; then pulled him along, and Fred stumbled on, his eyes fixed upon it still, and thinking very little of where his feet went, till the gate was reached, and they walked up under the great trees. Beds of hyacinths and crocuses were all about, buds were swelling, and over every tree there seemed a faint mist, the shadow of coming leaves.

"There's a policeman," George Washington

said, stopping and looking full at a tall man in uniform. "Most days they orders us round, but to-day they lets us do anything but pull de flowers. Want to go up into de top o' dat ar?"

"Can you?"

"Course you kin. Mammy an' me's been up. Laws! to see de way mammy hold on to de rail, an' puff jess like she'd bust! I'll take ye up."

Fred followed up the long flights of steps to the entrance door, and then again up more stairs till suddenly they passed into the Rotunda, and once more he stood still, breathless with delight. Whatever you or I might think of the great pictures all about, and the gay goddesses and cherubs looking down on the whole, to Fred it was the opening into a new world. George Washington might pull and dig at him with his elbows; dozens of children might walk right over him, but nothing should take him from those pictures; and so he stood silent and almost motionless.

"Is you done gone crazy?" George Washington said, finally. "T'o't you was gwine up 'long o' me. Reckon I'll go by myself. Dar you is bigger eyed dan de owl over in de park; an' if you had fifty fousan' toes, you'd let 'em all be stamped on to onct, an' nebber know."

"Must n't stay so long in one place," a policeman said, hurrying out a flock of children, who ran laughing down the stairs.

"We's agoin' up in de dome," George Washington said, holding back.

"No, you're not. No children allowed up there without their parents. Go through the building and then out, and no disturbance near the Senate nor House. That's the rule to-day."

"Come on, den, to de stone things," George Washington said, pulling Fred along into the old Hall of Representatives, where a picture or two and some statues—Roger Williams, General Greene, President Lincoln, and others—stood.

Fred stopped before Roger Williams, and looked as steadily as he had at the Rotunda pictures.

"I never saw so many wonderful things," he said. "How do you suppose they make them?"

"Dey runs 'em," George Washington said, confidently. "Jes' like mammy wid de candles. Aint you mos' done starin'? If we can't go up we'd better go out to de green, an' roll eggs 'long o' de rest."

Fred yielded, determined to come again some day when he could look quietly as long as he liked; and George Washington went down the stairs with a whoop, that brought a policeman to the head of them at once, though just too late to find out who had done it.

Fred sat down at the edge of the first terrace, wishing he had forty pairs of eyes. Hundreds of

children sat in a line, colored and white together, rolling eggs to other hundreds on the terrace below, who in turn sent them on to the bottom one. Under every tree was a group playing or eating, and as each child sent his or her last egg hopping down the green turf, he or she rolled after, shrieking with delight.

Little things, only three or four, climbed slowly up for the fun of rolling down; grave men passing by forgot their dignity, and went down with a bounce; and Fred, having watched two boys going arm in arm, over and over, suddenly joined the crowd and came against a tree at the bottom, with a bump hard enough to have brought tears at any other time. George Washington followed, coming down upon him like a black spider, and going up again in the same fashion; and Fred, a little out of breath, sat still and watched the tumbling crowd. Right above him sat a boy with a crutch, looking as if he longed to roll but dared not, till a ball of boys, arms and legs sticking out all ways, whisked by, when, with a shrill little whoop and a wave of the crutch, he came too. Very slowly it was, but still a genuine roll; and Fred said "Hurrah!" as he reached the bottom and sat up and looked around.

"Aint it fun?" the boy said.

"I should think it was," Fred answered. "I guess Washington grass does n't stain like ours up in Maine. They would n't let me roll down hill at home."

"It stains fast enough. See that little girl? I was looking at her before I came down."

Fred turned to see a child in a bright Spring suit, sitting by the stone gutter near the sidewalk, a fat little leg lying right in it, as she scrubbed a long green stain with the running water.

"Well, they'll have to scold," she said at last. "It wont come out, anyway;" and she pulled up the wet stocking and went back to play.

Fred looked at his own legs, but could find no stains, and began again.

What an afternoon that was! If Fred lives to be five hundred years old, he will never forget it. Till five o'clock the fun went on. Tired clerks on their way home from the Departments stopped for a run or to watch the games, and every one seemed taking holiday together. And George Washington brought him an egg and some bread, and then gave himself up to somersaults; and Fred rolled till so tired he could hardly stir, and then, lying under the tree, actually went to sleep on a shawl somebody had left there.

He was roused presently by a voice: "Wake up, little boy. Why, you'll take your death cold. It's time to go home."

Fred sat up and rubbed his eyes. The children

were all going, and George Washington stood before him, looking tired and cross.

"Come on," he said. "You's got to git out now. Mammy 'll give it to us. I've done busted a heap o' holes in me. An' I was mighty nice dis mornin', now was n't I? Come on home."

Fred looked at him, wishing he might go home alone. George Washington had lost his hat, and was in so many slits that a rag-bag seemed the best place for him. There were plenty of others in the same plight Fred found, though, as they went out of the gates and up the avenue, and he looked at them, glad that his own clothes were whole, and beginning now to be anxious as to how mamma would meet him. How she must have worried, and how frightened she must be! He ran fast, wishing the way were shorter, and trying to think what excuse he could make. George Washington talked all the way, but Fred hardly heeded him, and, when the house came in sight, wished he could fly in at the window and be there without anybody knowing it.

Nobody was on the stairs, and he ran into his room to find it quite empty.

"Mamma has gone to look for me," he thought. "Well, I'll wash my hands, and be all nice when

she comes back, and she 'll like that anyway." Fred scrubbed away with the big nail-brush, and as he worked the door opened, and Mrs. Harson came in.

"Oh, poor Fred!" she said, kissing him. "To think you have had to be alone all day. I had to stay, and there was nobody to send and say you could go out this beautiful afternoon. It is too bad, poor little boy. Are you hungry?"

Fred drew a long breath. For a minute he wanted not to tell; then, ashamed of himself, began at once, ending with:

"Now, mamma, I did n't say this morning I would n't go out. If I had, I should n't. You only told me not to, so it was only a disobey. It was n't breaking a promise. I never did break a promise yet. I feel so well, too. I'm not half as sick as I was this morning."

Mrs. Harson bundled Fred into bed at once, gave him herb-tea, and watched him all night; but finding him better than usual next morning, decided that no harm had been done.

After this, Fred was not kept so constantly in the house; but, although he had many a good time on the avenue and in the park, he never forgot his happy Easter Monday.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A GRIZZLY.

BY SAMUEL WOODWORTH COZZENS.

"TALKIN' of grizzlies, here 's the track of one," said Tom Wilson, suddenly reining in his horse a short distance in advance of me. After a moment's examination of the huge impression, he continued: "It's a pretty fresh one, too; the feller can't be a great way off. This is just the kind of a place for 'em."

"Are there grizzlies in these mountains, Tom?" asked I, doubtingly.

"Yes, sir; the fust one I ever seed was in this very range, and he jest about scart me to death, that 's sartin," replied Tom.

"That 'll be a good story for this evening, Tom, after we get into camp," said I, regarding the great track with no little curiosity, for I was still in doubt about its being that of a grizzly. "Are you sure it is n't the track of a cinnamon bear?"

"Yes, sir. There 's no mistakin' the prent of a grizzly's foot," replied Tom. "And here," continued he, as he followed the trail a short distance,

"is where he sot down. I would n't think strange if we see one afore long; this is the sort of country they like."

"I wonder," said I, as we again mounted our horses,— "I wonder if these fellows are as savage as those found further north?"

"Well, b'ars is like men. Once in a while you run aginst a cross-grained, ugly feller that had rather fight than not; then you may look out for trouble. Ag'in, you find one that 'll git out of the way if he can. I've seen a she b'ar desert her cubs and take to the woods; then, ag'in, I've seen them that would fight every inch of the ground for a mile afore they'd give up, and that, too, after they'd got half-a-dozen balls in them. B'ars is sich curious critters, that I've very of'en thought that they had a heap of sense. If a b'ar's been travelin' ag'inst the wind, and wants to lie down, he alwuz turns in an opposite direction, and goes a long distance from his fust track afore he makes his

bed; then he can scent a hunter if one gits on his trail, for b'ars have got mighty keen smellers. I once found a big grizzly in a cave in these very mountains, and built a fire inside the mouth of it to smoke him out; and I'll be blest if that 'ere b'ar did n't come out three times, and put the fire out with his paws, and then go back into the cave again. He did n't seem to mind my shootin' at him no more 'n if the bullets had been peas. After awhile I killed him, and then I had the curiosity to see how many balls the old feller had in his carcass, and I'll be blest if I did n't find nine.

"I reckon we sha'n't find any better place to camp to-night than this 'ere. You see, there's plenty of wood, water, and grass—so we'll just stop here."

Dismounting from our animals, they were soon enjoying the luxuriant grass that grew around us, while Tom commenced preparations for our supper. In gathering the wood for his fire, his keen eye detected a herd of deer in the distance, and, seizing his rifle, he sallied out for one, leaving me alone to guard the camp.

During his absence, let me briefly tell you about Tom, and what we were doing in this wilderness.

It had long been a favorite theory of mine that the Sierra Madre range, which intersects the Territory of New Mexico, contained large deposits of silver and gold, as extensive as those found in Nevada on the north, or in Mexico on the south; and the recent arrival at Santa Fé of a party of traders from the Navajoe country, with some very rich specimens of gold and silver ore, had so far confirmed my opinion, that I determined to spend a month in the mountains, prospecting for the precious metals.

Chance had thrown me in contact with this well-known scout and once Texan ranger, by name Tom Wilson, whom I had engaged to accompany me on the expedition. Tom was a true specimen of a frontiersman—"long, lank, and loose," he used to say, and certainly his appearance justified the description. Originally from Kentucky, he had emigrated to Texas when it was yet a republic; had taken part in its early struggle for independence, and when that was achieved had joined Jack Hayes' company of Rangers, with which he remained until his superior knowledge of woodcraft attracted the attention of Gen. Persifer F. Smith, at that time in command of the military department of Texas, who made him what he termed his "head-quarters scout." After remaining with the General some years, he found his way up into New Mexico, where he had since been in the employ of Major-General Garland.

As he bore the reputation of being thoroughly

acquainted with the country,—was brave, honest, and generous, as well as one of the most skillful trailers on the frontier,—I deemed myself particularly fortunate in securing him for a guide and traveling companion.

At the time my story opens we had been five days on the road, and were fast approaching the very heart of the Navajoe country.

After an absence of about half-an-hour, Tom appeared staggering under the weight of a fine fat doe, which was soon dressed, and a portion of it broiling over the coals for our supper. This over, we threw ourselves upon our blankets, and, while enjoying the cheerful light of our camp fire, Tom related his experience with the first grizzly he ever saw.

"You see, when I first came up to this country, I did n't know much about it; but General Garland allowed I was the man he wanted to scout for him, and so I entered his service. When he was a-travelin' over the country, I used to make it a p'int to look round considerable when in camp, so as to get acquainted with it like, because in my business a feller had to know it pretty middling well.

"I'd heerd a good deal about grizzlies, though I'd never seed one, for they don't have 'em up in Kentuck', where I come from, or in Texas either; but when I heerd old trappers talkin' about 'em, and tellin' how savage and strong they was, I always allowed that there war n't no kind of a b'ar that I was afeerd of, and I did n't know there was either. You see, I did n't let 'em know that I'd never 'd seed one of the critters, for I made up my mind that if ever I come acrost one, I'd have a tussle with him, and he should n't get away from me neither, though I must confess that I felt a little skeery of a critter that could crunch a man or kill a buffalo as easy as I could break an egg. Still, I talked big, 'cause talk is cheap, you know.

"Well, one day we was to the north of this,—camped on the San Juan River. The valley was eight or ten miles long, and perhaps a couple wide, with the biggest oak-trees growin' in it that I ever seed growin' anywhere; some of 'em would measure twenty feet round the butts, and the General said he reckoned they was morn 'n a hundred years old.

"I got tired of stayin' round camp and doin' nothin'; so I walked down to where the animals was feedin', and talked to the herder awhile, and then went on down the valley, lookin' at the rocks and mountains and trees, till I got a long ways from camp, and calculated it would take me a good hour to git back. After startin' on the back trail, I happened to notice one tree, which stood a little to one side of my track, that looked so much larger

than the others, that the idea came into my head to just examine it. I had a stout oak stick in my hand, and as I came up to the tree I hit the trunk two or three blows, to see if it was sound, you know. Then I thought I'd see how big round it was, so that I could tell the General how many

enough at first glance, but in a jiffy he fixed his eyes on me, and his great mouth, which was half-open, with his white teeth, looked waterish like, as though it was just achin' to git hold of me. I see him kinder half raise one of his big paws, and then I started. I heerd him give a low, wheezy kind er



"A-SETTIN' ON HIS HAUNCHES AND WATCHIN' ME OUT OF A HOLE IN THAT TREE."

steps it took to circumnavigate it. So I stuck my stick in the ground for a mark, and started.

"When I got about half-way round, I happened to look up, and I'll be blest if there was n't a grizzly as big as an ox, within two feet of me, a-settin' on his haunches, and watchin' me out of a hole in the stump of that tree.

"I brought up pretty sudden, I tell you, and took one good look at him. He looked meek

growl, as he started after me, and I did n't wait to hear any more. If ever a feller run, that feller was Tom Wilson.

"I reckon I thought of every story I'd ever heered about grizzlies; how savage they was; how they could beat a hoss runnin' any time. The more I thought, the faster I run, and the plainer I could hear the b'ar a-comin' after me.

"I declare I never knowed it was in me to run

so. I throwed off pretty nigh all the clothes I had on, and was doin' jest my level best, when suddenly I tripped on somethin' or other, and went down. Then I knowed 't was all up with me for sartin, and I expected every minute to feel that b'ar's paw on to me.

"I remembered how I'd heered Nat Beal say, that if a grizzly thought a man was dead, he'd dig a hole and bury him, without hurtin' him any, and after a day or two would come back and dig him up. So I laid still and held my breath, waitin' for the b'ar to bury me.

"I could hear him diggin' the hole, and, though my eyes was shet, I could see jest how he looked, as he handled them paws of his.

"It seemed to me that I laid there and held my breath for nigh an hour, expecting every minute to have the b'ar roll me into the hole. After awhile I ventured to peek out, and, would you believe it, there want no b'ar there!

"I jest picked myself up mighty sudden, and made tracks for camp, and I reckon if ever a feller felt beat that feller was me, then and there.

"It was a long time before I said anything about my scare in camp; but, at last, I told the General, and I thought he'd split a-laughin'."

"Well, Tom," said I, "you must have been pretty badly frightened."

"Frightened! I jest tell you, sir, I was the worst scart man this side of the San Juan, and I did n't git over it neither in a hurry, sure 's you're born."

"What had become of the bear?" asked I.

"Why, you see, he was asleep in that hole, and when I thumped on the tree with my stick it woke him up. As a nat'ral consequence, his curiosity was riz, and he poked his head out to see who was a-knockin'; but," added Tom, with a laugh, "before he could say 'come in,' I was gone. I've always owed grizzlies a grudge since that scare."

"Well, Tom," said I, "that's a pretty good story, and I don't blame you for running. I'll now fill my pipe and have a smoke before retiring. Will it be necessary to keep guard to-night?"

"No, I reckon not," replied Tom; "we haint seen no trail for two days, nor any patches of corn, and I don't believe the Indians come into this region very often. Anyway, we'll risk it to-night," with which remark he went out to take a last look at the animals before retiring, and upon his return spread his blankets a little distance from the fire, and was soon fast asleep.

Not feeling in a mood for sleeping, I replenished the fire, and sat smoking my pipe and laughing to myself at the ridiculous figure Tom must have cut, running over the prairie with nothing in pursuit; until, some hours later, a growing feeling of drowsi-

ness warned me that it was time to spread my own blankets, which I did, and soon fell asleep.

How long I slept I do not know; but I was roused by a vague impression that something was wrong about the camp. Half awake, I turned over, and, opening my eyes, fancied that I could discover in the darkness the faint outlines of an animal, which I supposed to be one of the mules; so once more dropped to sleep.

In a short time I again awoke, and this time saw two eyes angrily glaring at me in the darkness. I sprang into a sitting posture; but as I did not then see them, supposed that I had been dreaming, and that the fiery eyes were the natural result of Tom's story.

The fire had burned low; occasionally a half-consumed brand would flare for an instant into a bright flame, casting a ruddy glow upon all things around, and then suddenly die out, leaving the darkness more intense, the gloom more profound, than before.

By straining my eyes, however, I detected the outline of a huge form in the dim light that I was confident could be no mule.

Springing to my feet, I called loudly for Tom, at the same time trying to get hold of either my revolver or rifle, which, in my confusion, I failed to find. While hunting for them, my hand encountered a miner's pick, and, grasping it, I turned to find Tom at my side, and a huge grizzly standing upon his hind-legs within six feet of us.

As he slowly waddled toward us, the light from the dying embers of the fire revealed his open mouth, gleaming white teeth, and huge paws, extended as if to embrace us both in one grasp, while his eyes shone like balls of fire.

Terrified as I was, I had presence of mind enough to raise the pick, and, just as Tom fired, I brought it down; but, with a hoarse, angry growl, the bear struck it a blow with one of his huge paws, with as much ease as a boy would bat his ball, which sent it spinning from my hand. He was within two feet of us when Tom again fired. This time the ball struck a vital spot, and the huge monster, with a howl of rage and defiance, reeled for a moment, and then rolled over on his side, dead.

Up to this time neither of us had spoken; but now the silence was broken by Tom, who exclaimed: "That was an ugly customer; let's start up the fire, and see what he looks like."

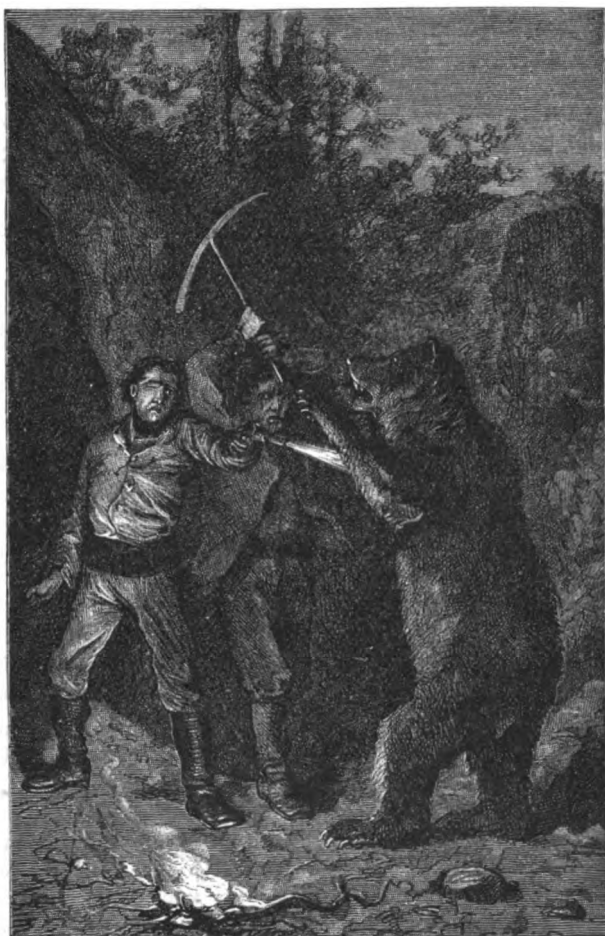
But I was in no condition to start up the fire, for as soon as the terrible excitement was over, the reaction came, and I sank to the ground trembling as though in an ague fit.

I soon recovered, and, by the time Tom had a bright fire burning, was ready to examine the bear. As he lay stretched out before us, he was a mon-

ster indeed. His shaggy dun coat was thickly flecked with patches of gray, and his huge paws made me fairly shudder when I reflected what a narrow escape we had had from their embrace.

The bear measured nearly seven feet in length, and six feet one inch in girth.

We greatly regretted the loss of our mule for it prevented our taking with us the much desired



THE MIDNIGHT ATTACK.

Daylight revealed the unwelcome fact that the creature had attacked and killed one of our mules during the night, dragging the carcass some distance from the spot where he had been picketed.

skin of the grizzly as a trophy. The experience, however, taught us a lesson, and we never afterward failed to mount guard while traveling through the Sierra Madre country.

AN old hen sat on turtles' eggs,
 And she hatched out goslings three;
 Two were turkeys with slender legs,
 And one was a bumble-bee.
 "Very odd children for such a mother!"
 Said all the hens to one another.

APRON: AN ACTING CHARADE.

BY L. ANNIE FROST.

Characters.—CLARENCE BALDWIN, CHARLOTTE BALDWIN, VICTOR SOMERSET, WALTER BALDWIN, and VICTOR'S APE.*

SCENE I.—[Ape.]

Scene: A sitting-room. In one corner a stand of flowers. Upon a table, writing materials and a work-basket, with sewing materials. Over a chair is thrown a long cloak, and a bonnet upon it. An *étagère*, with the usual ornaments. A long mirror in background, and a sham window, thrown open. Everything is arranged in a very orderly manner.

[Curtain rises, discovering CLARENCE seated, ciphering upon a slate; CHARLOTTE drawing a map upon paper.]

Charlotte. There! I have finished my map. I think Maine is the most tiresome of all the States to draw, the coast is so irregular.

Clarence. I wish my sum was finished. I can't make it come right.

[Enter WALTER.]

Walter. Oh, Claire! Lottie! Victor Somerset is coming in a few minutes to bring Jocko.

Clarence. Jocko?

Walter. Oh! I forgot, Claire, that you had been away since Jocko came.

Clarence. But who is Jocko? I never heard of anything but a monkey being named Jocko.

Walter. You've guessed it the first time. Jocko is a Barbary ape, as tall as his master. Victor's uncle sent him to him, and he has been taught all sorts of funny tricks.

Charlotte. I shall be afraid of him.

Walter. Pshaw! he wont hurt you. He is perfectly tame.

[Enter VICTOR and ape; the ape has a string around his waist, by which VICTOR leads him.]

Victor. Good morning!

Walter. Good morning! We are very glad to see you. So this is Jocko?

Victor. Yes. Shake hands, Jocko.

[JOCKO shakes hands, in monkey style, with WALTER and CLARENCE.]

Charlotte. I'm afraid!

[Runs out of reach of JOCKO, leaving her map on her chair. JOCKO tugs at the string to follow her.]

Victor. For shame, sir! Kiss your hand to the lady. [JOCKO kisses his hand to CHARLOTTE.]

Charlotte. Oh, what a funny fellow!

Walter. Is n't he splendid? Make him do something else, wont you, Victor?

Clarence [putting his slate and pencil on table]. O yes! please make him, Victor.

Victor. Make a bow, sir.

[JOCKO bows very low.]

Walter. Would he mind me? Shake hands, Jocko.

[JOCKO puts both paws behind his back.]

Clarence [laughing]. He knows his master, Walter.

Victor. Sit down in that chair.

[JOCKO sits down.]

Clarence. What a grand pet!

Victor. Go to sleep.

[JOCKO lies down on the floor and shuts his eyes. VICTOR sits down near him.]

Clarence. Have you had him long, Victor?

Victor. Nearly a month. Uncle John had him trained expressly for me. I don't think he has one vicious trick.

[JOCKO slyly picks an apple from VICTOR'S pocket, bites a piece out, and puts it back, unperceived.]

Walter. Do you have to keep him tied up?

Victor. I do now, but I hope to train him to respect property, so that he can run at large.

[JOCKO steals another bite of apple.]

Charlotte. Does he never bite you?

Victor. Never. He tears and destroys furniture and clothing, but he is never savage.

[JOCKO again steals the apple, and eats it all.]

Victor. Sit up, sir. Hullo! Where did you get that apple?

[JOCKO grins, and hastily munches and swallows the last bite.]

Charlotte. He stole it out of your pocket.

* The costume for an ape can easily be obtained in a city, at a costumer's; but in the country some ingenuity will be required to make a flexible mask and a plain-fitting suit of brown shaggy cloth for the character.

Victor. I owe you a whipping, sir.

[*JOCKO makes gestures of fear.*]

Walter. Oh, don't whip him! I'll give him an apple.

Victor. I wont whip you this time, then.

[*JOCKO makes gestures of delight.*]

Clarence. What else can he do, Victor?

Victor. Oh, he can walk on all fours! Walk like a dog, sir!

[*JOCKO walks on all fours, and runs at CHARLOTTE, who retreats into a corner, JOCKO chattering at her.*]

Victor. Here, come back, sir.

[*JOCKO tugs at string.*]

Victor. Shake hands with him, Lottie. He wont hurt you.

Charlotte. Are you sure he wont bite?

Victor. Certain of it.

[*CHARLOTTE comes forward, timidly.*]

Victor. Stand up, and shake hands with the lady, sir.

[*JOCKO stands up, takes CHARLOTTE'S hand, and kisses it, chattering his teeth at her.*]

Victor. Sit down like a tailor.

[*JOCKO sits on the floor, cross-legged.*]

Victor. Smoke a pipe.

[*Hands a pipe to JOCKO, who pretends to smoke it. Bell rings.*]

Walter. Oh, there's the dinner-bell! Do stay to dinner, Victor!

Clarence. Yes, stay, Victor! Can't you tie Jocko?

Victor. Certainly I can. [*Ties JOCKO to the handle of the door.*] There, he cannot do any mischief now. I will show you the rest of his tricks after dinner. [*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE II.—[*Run.*]

Scene: Same as before. Curtain rises discovering JOCKO alone, pulling the string on the door. The string snaps, and leaves him free. JOCKO walks all round the room, grinning and chattering his teeth. He takes CLARENCE'S slate, and rubs the sum all out with his paw. He puts CHARLOTTE'S map over his head, tearing a hole and wearing it like a ruff. He turns all the flower-pots upside down. He spies himself in the mirror, and dances before it, bowing and grinning. He upsets all the chairs, and finally, after removing the articles from the etagère, and putting them on the middle of the floor with many a monkeyish motion, turns it over with a grand crash.

[*CLARENCE, VICTOR, and WALTER run in.*]

Clarence. Oh, Victor! he has broken loose.

Victor [*sternly*]. Come here, sir.

[*JOCKO grins and chatters.*]

Walter [*laughing*]. You said you would show us some more of his tricks after dinner! Just look at the room!

Clarence. I think he has been his own showman.

Victor [*stamping his feet*]. Come here, sir!

[*JOCKO jumps on the sofa.*]

Walter. How can you catch him?

Victor. Oh, I can catch him! Come here, sir, or I will whip you!

[*JOCKO jumps down behind the sofa, and grins over the back at VICTOR.*]

Victor [*running toward him*]. I'll teach you to act so.

[*JOCKO runs round the room, VICTOR after him, overturning furniture and making all the confusion possible.*]

Walter. Go it! Catch him, Victor! Run, Jocko!

Clarence. Can't he run?

[*JOCKO jumps through the window; VICTOR follows him.*]

Walter [*running to window*]. Oh, see them, Claire! There goes Jocko right into the fountain! Now he is out! [*Shouting.*] Run, Victor, run!

Clarence [*looking from window*]. Oh, Walter, he has broken mamma's china jars with the lemon-trees! Did you ever see anything run so fast? He has been all round the garden four or five times already.

Walter. There he goes up a tree! Victor is all out of breath, but he is coaxing him down.

Clarence. Jocko wont be coaxed.

Walter. There goes Victor up the tree.

Clarence. But not so quickly as Jocko jumps down. Now for another run!

Walter [*laughing*]. Ha! ha! ha! I never saw such a race. [*Claps his hands.*] Victor is no match for Jocko!

Clarence. There! He has jumped over the fence. See him run down the road! He will be out of sight before Victor gets the gate open!

Walter. No, it is open now. He is turning the wrong way. [*Calling from window.*] Run to the right! run to the right!

Clarence. He hears you. Run, Victor, run!

Both [*clapping their hands and shouting*]. Run! run! run! [*Curtain falls.*]

SCENE III.—[*Apron.*]

Scene: Same as Scene I. Curtain rises, discovering CHARLOTTE folding an apron.

Charlotte. I believe the room is all in order now. What a mess Jocko did make! I will fold this apron and put it on mamma's work-basket. How fortunate it was he did not touch that! [*Folds apron and puts it on basket.*] I wonder if mamma has done with her cloak and bonnet? I will go ask her, before I put them away.

[*Exit CHARLOTTE.*]

Walter [*behind the scenes*]. Oh, Victor, I hope you have not lost him! Come to my room, and rest.

[*A moment's pause, then JOCKO climbs upon the window-seat and looks in. He peeps all round the room, and finally comes in, very slowly and cautiously. He goes all over the room, looking under the chairs and table, and finally sits down facing audience, and fans himself with CLARENCE'S slate. After sitting gravely a moment, he pulls the work-basket toward him, and begins to pull the things out; unwinds the spools of cotton, throws the emery-bag and pin-cushion on the floor, and takes out the scissors. First he pricks his fingers with them, then smells them and pricks his nose; then takes a book off the table, punches holes in the cover, and snips the leaves. He unrolls the apron, and surveys it; finally, bundles it up and throws it at the chair where the cloak and bonnet are lying. He springs up suddenly and runs to the chair, puts on the cloak and bonnet, and goes to the mirror; here he bows, smirks, and strikes attitudes. He takes up the apron again, and the scissors.*]

Clarence [*behind the scenes*]. Come in here. Victor, and we will hold a consultation.

[*JOCKO runs into a corner and sits down in a chair, face to wall, drawing the cloak close around him. During the conversation following, he turns his face occasionally toward audience and grins, unperceived by the speakers, who must sit facing audience.*]

[*Enter VICTOR, CLARENCE and WALTER.*]

Victor. I am afraid he jumped upon some cart that was passing, and so I have lost him entirely.

Walter. Oh, I hope not.

Clarence. You will have to advertise him.

Walter. You may get him then, if you offer a handsome reward.

Victor. And pay expenses. Who knows how much mischief he has done! Just think of the confusion he made here!

Clarence. Oh, that's no matter! Lottie said there was not much real harm done. My sum and her map will have to be copied again; but I am sure the amusement he gave us paid for that trouble.

Victor. Sitting here will not find him; but I am almost tired out. I shall be stiff for a week after that race.

Walter. You must rest a little while.

Victor. If I ever do catch Jocko, he shall have a chain, and a good strong one, too.

[*JOCKO shakes his fist at VICTOR.*]

Clarence. Oh, I do hope you will catch him! Perhaps he will come home himself. Dogs do sometimes when they are lost.

[*Enter CHARLOTTE.*]

Charlotte. Why! who upset mamma's work-basket?

[*Picks up the things and puts them in basket.*]

Walter [*rising*]. I must go. I have an errand to do for father before dark.

Victor. I must go too, and consult father about Jocko.

[*Exeunt WALTER, CLARENCE and VICTOR.*]

Charlotte [*seeing Jocko*]. What is mamma sitting over there for? Is she going out again? Mamma! mamma!

[*JOCKO begins to cut the apron with scissors.*]

Charlotte. Oh, mamma! what are you cutting my new apron all to pieces for?

[*JOCKO turns, and grins at her.*]

Charlotte [*screaming*]. Oh, it's that horrid ape! Victor! Walter!

[*Runs toward door. JOCKO jumps up and catches her. CHARLOTTE screams, and JOCKO ties up her mouth with the apron.*]

Charlotte [*struggling*]. Oh, let me go! let me go!

[*Enter WALTER, CLARENCE and VICTOR.*]

[*VICTOR runs quickly behind JOCKO and catches his arms.*]

Charlotte [*untying the apron*]. Have you got him fast?

Clarence. Here, tie him with this piece of string he left on the door, until you get a chain.

Victor [*tying Jocko*]. You wont escape me again in a hurry. What have you got to say for yourself, sir?

[*JOCKO hangs his head.*]

Victor. Are you sorry, sir?

[*Takes off the cloak and bonnet.* JOCKO *nods two or three times.*

Walter. I really believe he understands every word you say. [JOCKO *nods and grins.*

Victor. Now come home, sir, and stay in your cage until I buy you a chain. Make a bow to the lady and gentlemen, Jocko. [JOCKO *bows.*

Victor. Good-bye, all!

All. Good-bye!

Walter. I will go with you. It is in my way.

[*Exeunt* VICTOR, WALTER and JOCKO.

Clarence. Why, Lottie! what makes you look so doleful? Did he hurt you?

Charlotte. No. But just look at this!

[*Holds up apron to show the holes cut by* JOCKO.

Clarence. Whew! rather spoiled, Lottie! But never mind; we've had fun enough with Jocko to more than make up for it.

[*Curtain falls.*]

THE YOUNG SURVEYOR.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

CHAPTER XIV.

SNOWFOOT'S NEW OWNER.

JACK left the gun standing by the fence, leaped over, gave a familiar whistle, and called, "Come, Snowfoot! Co' jock! co' jock!"

There were two horses feeding in the pasture, not far apart. But only one heeded the call, lifted head, pricked up ears, and answered with a whinny. It was the lost Snowfoot, giving unmistakable signs of pleasure and recognition, as he advanced to meet his young master.

Jack threw his arms about the neck of his favorite, and hugged, and patted, and I don't know but kissed him; while the Betterson boys went up to the fence and looked wonderingly over.

In a little while, as they did not venture to go to him, Jack led Snowfoot by the forelock up to the rails, which they had climbed for a better view.

"Is he your horse?" they kept calling to him.

"Don't you see?" replied Jack, when he had come near enough to show the white feet and the scars; and his face gleamed with glad excitement. "Look! he and the dog know each other!"

It was not a Betterson, but a Peakslow style of fence, and Lion could not leap it; but the two animals touched noses, with tokens of friendly recognition, between the rails.

"I never expected such luck!" said Jack. "I've not only found my horse, but I've saved the reward offered."

"You have n't got him yet," said Rufe. "I guess Peakslow will have something to say about that."

"What he says wont make much difference. I've only to prove property, and take possession.

A stolen horse is the owner's, wherever he finds him. But of course I'll act in a fair and open way in the matter; I'll go and talk with Peakslow, and if he's a reasonable man ——"

"Reasonable!" interrupted Wad. "He holds a sixpence so near to his eye, that it looks bigger to him than all the rest of the world; he can't see reason, nor anything else."

"I'll make him see it. Will you go and introduce me?"

"You'd better not have one of our family introduce you, if you want to get anything out of Dud Peakslow!" said Rufe. "We'll wait here."

Jack got over the fence, and walked quickly along on the Betterson side of it, followed by Lion, until he reached the road. A little farther down was a house; behind the house was a yard; and in the yard was a swarthy man with a high, hooked nose, pulling a wheel off a wagon, the axletree of which, on that side, was supported by a propped rail. Close by was a boy stirring some black grease in a pot, with a long stick.

Jack waited until the man had got the wheel off and rested it against the wagon; then said:

"Is this Mr. Peakslow?"

"That happens to be my name," replied the man, scarcely giving his visitor a glance, as he turned to take the stick out of the grease, and to rub it on the axletree.

The boy, on one knee in the dirt, holding the grease-pot to catch the drippings, looked up and grinned at Jack.

"I should like a few minutes' talk with you, Mr. Peakslow, when you are at leisure," said Jack, hardly knowing how to introduce his business.

"I'm at leisure now, much as I shall be to-day," said Mr. Peakslow, with the air of a man who did not let words interfere with work. "I've got to grease this wagon, and then harness up and go to haulin'. I have n't had a hoss that would pull his share of a decent load till now. Tend to what you 're about, Zeph!"

"I have called to say," remarked Jack, as calmly as he could, though his heart was beating fast, "that there is a horse in your pasture which belongs to me."

The man straightened his bent back, and looked blackly at the speaker, while the grease dripped from the end of the stick.

"A hoss in my pastur' that belongs to you! What do ye mean by that?"

"Perhaps you have n't seen this handbill," and Jack took the printed description of Snowfoot from his pocket, unfolded it, and handed it to the astonished Peakslow.

"'Twenty dollars reward!'" he read. "'Stolen from the owner—a light, reddish roan hoss—white forefeet—scar low down on the near side, jest behind the shoulder—smaller scar on the off hip.' What's the meanin' of all this?" he said, glancing at Jack.

"Is n't it plain enough?" replied Jack, quietly standing his ground. "That is the description of the stolen horse; the horse is down in your pasture."

"Do you mean to say I've stole your hoss?" demanded Peakslow, his voice trembling with passion.

"Not by any means. He may have passed through a dozen hands since the thief had him. All I know is, he is in your possession now."

"And what if he is?"

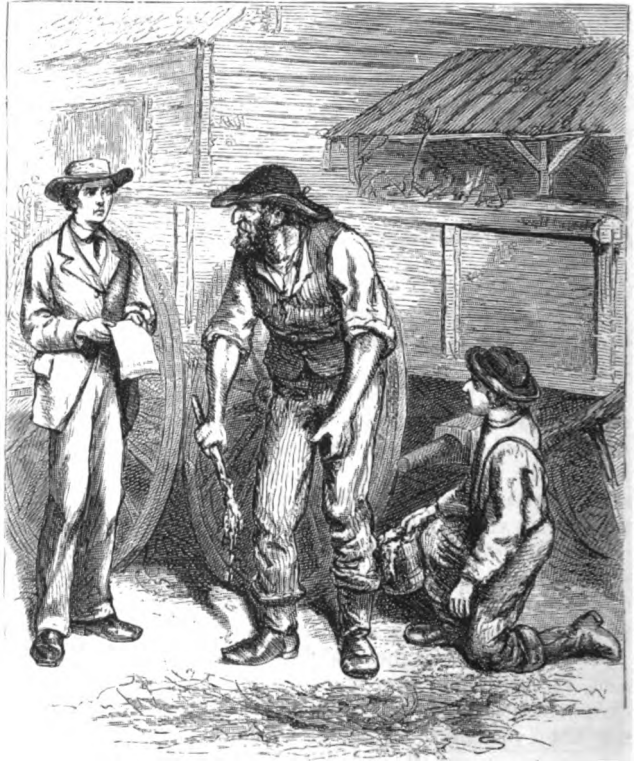
"Why, naturally a man likes to have what is his own, does n't he? Suppose a man steals your horse; you find him after a while in my stable; is he your horse or mine?"

"But how do I know but this is a conspiracy to cheat me out of a hoss?" retorted Peakslow, looking again at the handbill, with a terrible frown. "It may have all been cut and dried aforehand. You've your trap sot, and, soon as ever the animal is in my hands, ye spring it. How do I know the hoss is your'n, even if ye have got a description of him? Anybody can make a description of anybody's hoss, and then go and claim him. Besides, how happens it a boy like you owns a hoss, anyway?"

In a few words, Jack told his story, accounting at once for his ownership, and for the scars on the horse's side and hip.

"There are two other scars I can show you, under his belly. I did n't mention them in the handbill, because they are not noticeable, unless one is looking for them."

"Ye may show me scars all over him, fur's I know," was Peakslow's reply to this argument. "That may prove that he's been hurt by suth'n or other,—elephant, or not; but it don't prove you ever owned him."



THE AMIABLE MR. PEAKSLOW.

"I can satisfy you with regard to that," said Jack, confidently. "Do you object to going down with me and looking at him?"

"Not in the least, only wait till I git this wheel on. Ye may go and *see* the hoss in my presence, but ye can't *take* the hoss, without I'm satisfied you've the best right to him."

"That's all I ask, Mr. Peakslow; I want only what belongs to me. If you are a loser, you must look for redress to the man who sold you my property; and he must go back on the next man."

"How's that?" put in Zeph, grinning over his grease-pot. "Pa thinks he's got a good deal

better hoss than he put away; and you aint agoin' to crowd him out of a good bargain, I bet!"

"Hold your tongue!" growled Peakslow. "I can fight my own battles, without any of your tongue. I put away a pooty good hoss, and I gin fifteen dollars to boot."

"What man did you trade with?" Jack inquired.

"A truckman in Chicago. He liked my hoss, and I liked his'n, and we swapped. He wanted twenty dollars, I offered him ten, and we split the difference. He wont want to give me back my hoss and my money, now; and ye can't blame him. And the next man wont want to satisfy *him*. Grant the hoss is stole, for the sake of the argyment," said Peakslow. "I maintain that when an animal that's been stole, and sold, and traded, finally gits into an honest man's hands, it's right he should stay there."

"Even if it's your horse, and the honest man who gets him is your neighbor?" queried Jack.

"I dono',—wal—yes!" said Peakslow. "It's a hard case, but no harder one way than t' other."

"But the law looks at it in only one way," replied Jack. "And with reason. Men must be careful how they deal with thieves or get hold of stolen property. How happens it that you, Mr. Peakslow, did n't know that such a horse had been stolen? Some of your neighbors knew it very well."

"Some of my neighbors I don't have nothin' to say to," answered Peakslow, gruffly. "If you mean the Bettertons, they're a pack of thieves and robbers themselves, and I don't swap words with none of 'em, without 't is to tell 'em my mind; that I do, when I have a chance."

"You use pretty strong language when you call them thieves and robbers, Mr. Peakslow."

"Strong or not, it's the truth. Haint they cheated me out o' the best part of my farm?"

"The Bettertons—cheated you!" exclaimed Jack.

They were now on the way to the pasture; and Peakslow, in a sort of lurid excitement, pointed to the boundary fence.

"My line, by right, runs five or six rod t' other side. I took up my claim here, and Betterton bought his'n, 'fore even the Guv'ment survey run through. That survey fixed my line 'way over yender in their corn-field. And there I claim it belongs, to this day."

"But, Mr. Peakslow, how does it happen that a man like Mr. Betterton has been able to rob a man like *you*,—take a part of your farm before your very eyes? He is a rather slack, easy man; while you, if I'm not greatly mistaken, are in the habit of standing up for your rights."

"I can gin'ly look out for myself," said Peakslow. "And don't suppose that Lord Betterton took me down and put his hands in my pockets, alone."

"Nine men, with masks on," cried Zeph, "come to our house one night, and told pa they'd jest tear his ruf right down over his head, and drive him out of the county, if he did n't sign a deed givin' Betterton that land."

"Hold your yawp, Zeph!" muttered Peakslow. "I can tell my own story. There was nine of 'em, all armed, and what could I do?"

"This is a most extraordinary story!" exclaimed Jack. "Did you sign the deed?"

"I could n't help myself," said Peakslow.

"It seems to me I *would* have helped myself, if the land was rightfully mine!" cried Jack. "They *might* tear my house down—they *might* try to drive me out of the county—I don't believe I would deed away my land, just because they threatened me, and I was afraid."

"It's easy to talk that way," Peakslow replied. "But, come case in hand—the loaded muzzles in your face—you'd change your mind."

"Did n't they pay anything for the land they took?"

"Barely nothin'; jest the Guv'ment price; dollar 'n' a quarter an acre. But jest look at that land to-day,—the best in the State,—wuth twenty dollars an acre, if 't is a cent."

"What was Betterton's claim?" Jack asked; "for men don't often do such things without some sort of excuse."

"They hild that though the survey gin me the land, it was some Betterton had supposed belonged to his purchase. Meanwhile he had j'ined a land-claim society, where the members all agreed to stand by one another; and that was the reason o' their takin' sich high-handed measures with me."

Jack was inclined to cross-question Peakslow, and sift a little this astonishing charge against Betterton and the land-claim society. But they had now reached the pasture bars, and the question relating to the ownership of the horse was to be settled.

The Betterton boys were still sitting on the fence, where Jack had left them; but Snowfoot had returned to his grazing.

"Call him," said Jack. "If he does n't come for you, then see if he will come for me."

Peakslow grumbly declined the test.

"He does n't always come when I call him," said Jack. "I'll show you what I do then. Here, Lion!"

He took from his pocket an ear of corn he had picked by the way, placed one end of it between the dog's jaws, saying, "Bring Snowfoot, Lion!"

bring Snowfoot!" and let him through the bars. Lion trotted into the pasture, trotted straight up to the right horse, coaxed and coquetted with him for a minute, and then trotted back. Snowfoot followed, leering and nipping, and trying to get the ear of corn.

Lion brought the ear to Jack, and Jack gave it to Snowfoot, taking him at the same time by the forelock.

"What do you think of that?" he said, looking round in triumph at Peakslow.

"I don't see as it's anything to make sich a fuss over," said Peakslow, looking angrily across at the spectators on the boundary fence, as they cheered the success of the maneuver. "It shows you've larnt your dog tricks—nothin' more. 'Most any hoss would foller an ear of corn that way."

"Why did n't your hoss follow it?"

"The dog did n't go for my hoss."

"Why did n't he go for your horse, as soon as for mine?" urged Jack.

To which Peakslow could only reply:

"Ye need n't let down the top bar; ye can't take that hoss through! I traded for him, and paid boot, and you've got to bring better evidence than your say-so, or a dog's trick, 'fore I give up my claim."

"I'll bring you evidence," said Jack, turning away in no little impatience and disgust.

He hastened back to Mr. Betterson's house, and was met by the boys as he came into the yard.

"What did I tell you?" said Rufe. "Could n't get him, could you?"

"No, but I will!" replied Jack, untying the horse, which he had left hitched to an oak-tree. "I'm going for a witness." He backed the wagon around. "Get in, if you like,"—to Rufus.

Rufus did like; and the two rode off together, to the great dissatisfaction of Wad and Link, who also wanted to go and see the fun.

CHAPTER XV.

GOING FOR A WITNESS.

"DID Peakslow say anything to you about our folks?" Rufe asked.

"I rather think he did!" said Jack; and he repeated the story of the land robbery.

Rufe showed his contempt for it by a scornful laugh. "I'll tell you just what there is in it; and it will show you the sort of man you have to deal with. We have n't an inch of his land. Do you think father is a man to crowd a neighbor?"

"And a neighbor like Peakslow! That's just what I told him," said Jack.

"You see," said Rufe, "these claims through here were all taken up before the Government sur-

vey. Most of the settlers were decent men; and they knew that when the survey came to be made, there would be trouble about the boundaries, if they did n't take measures beforehand to prevent it. So they formed a society to protect each other against squatters and claim-jumpers, and particularly to settle disputed boundary questions between themselves. They all signed a paper, agreeing to 'deed and redeed,'—that is, if your land adjoined mine, and the Government survey did n't correspond with our lines, but gave you, for instance, a part of the land I had improved, then you agreed to redeed that part to me, for the Government price; just as I agreed to redeed to my neighbors what the survey might give me of their claims."

"I understand," said Jack.

"Well, father and almost everybody in the county joined the society; but there were some who did n't. Peakslow was one."

"What were his objections?"

"He could n't give any good ones. All he would say was, 'I'll see; I'll think about it.' He was just waiting to see if there was any advantage to be gained over his neighbors by *not* joining with them. Finally, the survey came through; and the men run what they called a 'random line,' which everybody thought, at first, was the true line. According to that, the survey would have given us a big strip of Peakslow's farm, including his house and barn. That frightened him. He came over, and shook his fist in father's face, and threatened I don't know what, if he took the land."

"'You really think I ought to redeed to you all your side of our old line?' says father."

"'Of course I do!' says Peakslow. 'It's mine; you never claimed it; and I'll shoot the fust man who sets foot on't, to take it away from me.'"

"'Then,' says father, 'why don't you join the society, and sign the agreement to redeed, with the rest of us? That will save trouble.'"

"So Peakslow rushed off in a fearful hurry, and put his name to the paper. Then—what do you think? The surveyors, in a few days, run the correct line, and that gave Peakslow a strip of *our* farm."

"Capital!" laughed Jack.

"It was n't capital for us! He was then, if you will believe it, more excited than when the boot seemed to be on the other leg. He vowed that the random line was a mere pretense to get him to sign the agreement; that it was all a fraud, which he never would submit to; that he would n't redeed, but that he would have what the survey gave him. That's the kind of man he is," added Rufus.

"But he did redeed?"

"Yes, in some such way as he told you. The dispute came before the society for arbitration, and

of course the decision was in father's favor. But Peakslow still held out, and talked of shooting and all that sort of thing, till the society got tired of his nonsense. So, one night, nine men did give him a call; they had called on a claim-jumper down the river a few nights before, and made kindling-wood of his shanty; Peakslow knew it, and knew they were not men to be trifled with. They told him that if he expected to live in the county, he must sign the deed. And he signed it. My father was n't one of the men, but Peakslow turned all his spite against him."

"He really imagines he has been wronged," said Jack.

"I suppose so, for he is one of that kind who never can see any side to a quarrel but their own. The land is growing more valuable every year; he covets it accordingly, and so the ferment in his mind is kept up. Of course," Rufe confessed, "we have done, or neglected to do, a good many things which have kept adding fuel to the fire; for it's impossible to live peaceably alongside of such a selfish, passionate, unreasonable neighbor. We boys have taken up the quarrel, and now I owe that Zeph a cudgeling, for hurting Cecie. He knows it, and keeps out of my way."

"How did he hurt her?"

"We had a swing up in the woods. The Peakslows are always interfering in our affairs, and, one day, when Link and the girls went to swing, they found a couple of little Peakslows there. Link drove 'em away, and they went off bellowing to their big brothers. In a little while Zeph came along, when Cecie happened to be in the swing; and he pushed her so hard that she fell out."

"I should n't think cudgeling him would give you much satisfaction," said Jack. "It was a dreadful thing to happen! But do you think he intended it?"

"I don't think he is sorry for it. Father went to see Mr. Peakslow about it; but he got nothing but abuse from him. What do you think he said? 'The swing,' says he, 'is on a part of the land you robbed me of; if you had gin me what the Guv'ment survey did, then your children would n't have been there, and the thing would n't have occurred.' That," Rufus added, "is the man who has got your horse."

Meanwhile, they had driven past Peakslow's house, proceeding down the river road; and now once more Jack reined up before old Wiggett's cabin.

At the sight of the wagon approaching, three or four half-naked little barbarians ran into the house, like wild creatures into their hole, giving an alarm which brought out old Wiggett himself, stooping through the low door-way.

"Mr. Wiggett, do you remember me?" said Jack.

"Wal, I reckon!" said the old man, advancing to the wagon, reaching up, and giving Jack's hand a hearty shake. "You're the young chap that found my section corner."

"And do you remember the horse I drove that day?"

"I 'low I oughter; for your elephant story, and the scars you showed me, was drea'ful curi's. I heard the hoss was stole."

"He *was* stolen. But I have found him; and I want you to go with me and identify him, if you will be so good. Mr. Peakslow has him."

"Peakslow?" said the old man, with a dubious shake of the head. "It's nigh about the easiest thing in the world to git into trouble with Dud Peakslow. I gener'ly go my way, and let Peakslow go his'n, and waste few words on him. But I don't mind gwine with ye, if ye say so. How did Peakslow come by him?"

Jack told the story, whilst driving back to Peakslow's house. There he left Rufus in the wagon, and walked on with Mr. Wiggett into the barn-yard.

CHAPTER XVI.

PEAKSLOW GETS A QUIRK IN HIS HEAD.

PEAKSLOW had finished greasing his wheels, and was about harnessing a pair of horses which Zeph held by their halters at the door of a log stable. One of the horses was Snowfoot.

"Please wait a minute, Mr. Peakslow," said Jack, turning pale at the sight. "I've brought a witness to prove my property."

Peakslow looked at his neighbor Wiggett, and gave a grunt.

"So you've come over to interfere in this business, hey?"

Mr. Wiggett made no reply, but walked up to Snowfoot, stroked his sides, examined the scars, looked at him before and behind, and nodded slowly several times. Then he spoke.

"I haint come over to interfere in nobody's business, Mr. Peakslow. But I happen to know this yer young man: and I know this yer hoss. At his request, I've come over to say so. I could pick out that animal, and sw'ar to him, among ten thousan'."

"What can you swear to?" Peakslow demanded, poising a harness.

"I can sw'ar that this is the hoss the young man druv the day he come over to find my section corner."

"That all?"

"Is n't that enough?" said Jack.

"No!" said Peakslow, and threw the rattling harness upon Snowfoot's back. "It don't prove the hoss belonged to you, if ye did drive him. And, even though he did belong to you, it don't prove but what ye sold him arterward, and then pretended he was stole, to cheat some honest man out of his prop'ty. Hurry up, boy! buckle them hames." And he went to throw on the other harness.

Jack stepped in Zeph's way. "This is my horse, and I've a word to say about buckling those hames."

"Ye mean to hender my work?" roared Peakslow, turning upon him. "Ye mean to git me mad?"

Jack had before been hardly able to speak, for his rising wrath and beating heart; but he was now getting control of himself.

"I don't see the need of anybody's getting mad, Mr. Peakslow. There's a right and a wrong in this case; and if we both want the right, we shall agree."

"Every man has his own way o' lookin' at the right," said Peakslow, slightly mollified. "The right, to your notion, is that I shall give ye up the hoss. I've got possession of the hoss, and I mean to keep possession; and that's what's about right, to my notion."

"I want only what is lawfully my own," Jack answered, firmly. "If you want what is n't yours, that's *not* right, but wrong. There's such a thing as justice, aside from our personal interest in a matter."

Probably Peakslow had never thought of that.

"Wal, what ye goin' to do about it?" he asked.

"I am going to have my horse," replied Jack.

"If you let me take him peaceably, very well. If you compel me to go to law, I shall have him all the same, and you will have the costs to pay."

Peakslow winced. The threat of costs touched him in his tenderest spot.

"How's that?" he anxiously asked.

"I have n't been about the country looking for my horse, without knowing something of the law for the recovery of stolen property," replied Jack. "If I find him in your hands, and you give him up, I've no action against you. If you hold on to him, I can do one of two things. I can go to a magistrate, and by giving bonds to an amount that will cover all damages to you or anybody else if I fail to make good my claim, get out a *writ of replevin*, and send a sheriff with it to take the horse. Or I can let you keep him, and sue you for damages. In either case, the one who is beaten will have the costs to pay," Jack insisted, turning the screw again where he saw it pinch.

The swarthy brow was covered with perspiration,

as Peakslow answered, making a show of bluster: "I can fight ye with the law, or any other way, 's long's you want to fight. I've got money. Ye can't scare me with your sheriffs and writs. But jest look at it. I'm to be throwed out of a hoss at a busy time o' year. *You* would n't like that, Mr. Wiggett—you nor nobody else."

"No," said Mr. Wiggett, who stood looking on in an impartial way, "it mout n't feel good, I allow. And it don't seem like it would feel much better, to have to stan' by and see a hoss that was stole from me, bein' worked by a neighbor. This yer young man tells a straight-for'ard story, and there's no doubt of its bein' his hoss. You've no doubt on't in your own mind, Dudley Peakslow. If he goes to law, he'll bring his proofs,—he's got friends to back him,—and you'll lose. Then why not come to a right understandin', and save right smart o' trouble and cost. I 'low that'll be best for both parties."

"Wal, what's your idee of a right understandin'?" said Peakslow, flushed and troubled, turning to Jack. "*My* hoss is in Chicago—that is, if *this* hoss aint mine. I might go in and see about gittin' on him back, but I don't want to spend the time, 'thout I can take in a little jag o' stuff; and how can I do that, if you break up my team?"

"Mr. Peakslow," replied Jack, quickly making up his mind what he would do, "while I ask for my rights, I don't wish to put you or any man to an inconvenience." He took Snowfoot by the bridle. "Here is my horse; and, with Mr. Wiggett for a witness, I make you this offer: You may keep him one week, and do any light work with him you please. You may drive him to Chicago, and use him in recovering your horse from the truckman. But mind, you are to be responsible for him, and bring him back with you. Is that a fair proposal?"

"Wal, I do'no' but what 't is; I'll think on 't," said Peakslow.

"I want you to say now, in Mr. Wiggett's presence, whether you accept it."

"I'll agree to bring him back; but I do'no' 'bout deliverin' on him up to you," said Peakslow.

"Leave it so, then," replied Jack, with a confident smile. "I call you to witness, Mr. Wiggett, that the horse is in my possession now" (he still held Snowfoot by the bridle), "and that I lend him to Mr. Peakslow. Now you can buckle the hames, Zeph," letting go the bridle, and stepping back.

"Gi' me a copy o' that handbill," said Peakslow. "I shall want that, and I ought to have a witness besides, to make the truckman hear to reason."

"If he happens to be an unreasonable man," said Jack, with a smile, "you have the same remedy which I have,—a suit for damages. I don't

believe he will wait for that. I'll see you in one week. Good-day, Mr. Peakslow."

"Looks like you was takin' a big resk, to let him drive the hoss to Chicago," Mr. Wiggett remarked confidentially, following Jack out of the yard.

"I don't see that it is," Jack replied, wiping the sweat from his forehead. "I did n't wish to be hard on him. It does men good, sometimes, to trust them."

"Mabbe. But Dud Peakslow aint like no other man ye ever sec. He's got some quirk in his head, or he never 'd have agreed to be responsible for the hoss and bring him back; ye may bet on that. He means to take some advantage. Now I'm interested in the case, and I shall hate to see you swindled."

Jack thanked the old man warmly; but he failed to see what new advantage Peakslow could hope to gain.

"I know him a heap better 'n you dew," said Mr. Wiggett. "Now, it struck me, when he said he might need a witness, I 'd offer to go with him to Chicago. I could help him with the truckman, and mabbe find out what new trick he's up tew. Anyhow, I could look arter your horse a little."

"That would oblige me ever so much!" exclaimed Jack. "But I see no reason why you should take that trouble for me."

"I take a notion tew ye, in the fust place. Next place, I've been gwine to Chicago for the past tew weeks, but could n't somehow git started. Now, banged if I wont go in with Peakslow!"

Having parted with Jack, the old man returned to propose the arrangement to his neighbor. He was just in time to hear Peakslow say to his son:

"I see a twist in this matter 't he don't, shrewd as he thinks he is. If I lose a good bargain with the truckman, I'm bound to make it up 'fore ever this hoss goes out of my hands. You ag'in, Wiggett?"

It was Mr. Wiggett, who concluded that he was quite right in saying that Peakslow had a quirk in his head.

CHAPTER XVII.

VINNIE MAKES A BEGINNING.

VINNIE learned only too soon why Jack had dreaded so much to have her enter the Betterson household; and, in a momentary depression of spirits, she asked herself whether, if she had known all she was undertaking, she would not have shrunk from it.

The sight of the sick ones, the mother enfeebled in mind as well as in body, Lord Betterson pompous and complacent in the midst of so much

misery, little Lill alone making headway against a deluge of disorder,—all this filled her with distress and dismay.

She could think of no relief but in action.

"I shall stifle," thought she, "unless I go to work at once, setting things to rights." And the thought of helping others cheered herself.

She needed something from her trunk. That was at the door, just where Jack had left it. She went out, and found that Chokie had changed his mind with regard to digging a well, and was building a pyramid, using the door-yard sand for his material, a shingle for a shovel, and the trunk for a foundation.

"Why, Chokie!" she said; "what are you doing?"

"I makin' a Fourth-of-Duly," replied Chokie, flourishing his shingle. "After I dit it about twice as bid as the house, I doin' to put some powder in it, and tout'th it off."

"O dear!" said Vinnie; "I'm afraid you'll blow my trunk to pieces; and I must have my trunk now!"

"I doin' to blow it to pieces, and you tan't have it," cried Chokie, stoutly.

"But I've something for you in it," said Vinnie, "and we never can get it for you, if you touch off your Fourth-of-July on it."

"O, wal, you may dit it;" and he began to shovel the sand off, throwing it into his clothing, into the house, and some into Vinnie's eyes.

Lord Betterson, who was walking leisurely about his castle, now came forward, and, seeing Vinnie in some distress, inquired, in his lofty way, if he could do anything for her.

"If you please," she replied, laughing, as she brushed the sand away from her eyes, "I should like to have this trunk carried in."

Betterson drew himself up with dignified surprise; for he had not meant to proffer any such menial service.

Vinnie perceived the little mistake she had made; but she was not so overpoweringly impressed by his nobility, as to think that an apology was due. She even permitted herself to be amused; and, retiring behind the sand in her eyes, which she made a great show of winking and laughing away, she waited to see what he would do.

He looked around, and coughed uncomfortably.

"Where are the boys?" he asked. "This—hem—is very awkward. I don't know why the trunk was left here; I directed that it should be taken to Cecie's room."

Vinnie mischievously resolved that the noble Betterson back should bend beneath that burden.

"It is quite light," she said. "If you want help, I can lift one end of it."

The implication that it was not greatness of character, but weakness of body, which kept him above such service, touched my lord. As she, at the same time, actually laid hold of one handle, he waived her off, with ostentatious gallantry.

"Permit me!" And, with a smile of condescension, which seemed to say, "The Bettersons are not used to this sort of thing; but they can always be polite to the ladies," he took up the trunk by both handles, and went politely *backward*



VINNIE'S STRATAGEM.

with it into the house, a performance at which Jack would have smiled.

I say *performance* advisedly, for Betterson showed by his bearing, lofty and magnificent even under the burden, that this was not an ordinary act of an ordinary man.

Having set down the trunk in its place, he brushed his fingers with a soiled handkerchief, and retired, exceedingly flushed and puffy in his tight stock.

Vinnie thanked him with charming simplicity; while Cecie, on her lounge, laughed slyly, and Mrs. Betterson looked amazed.

"Why, Lavinia! how did you ever dare?"

"Dare what?"

"To ask Mr. Betterson to carry your trunk?"

"Why not?" said Vinnie, with round eyes.

"A gentleman like him! and a Betterson!" replied Caroline, in a whisper of astonishment and awe.

"Who should have done it?" said Vinnie, trying hard to see the enormity of her offense. "I could n't very well do it alone; I am sure you could n't have helped me; and my friend who brought me over, he has done so much for me already that I should have been ashamed to ask him. Besides, he is not here, and I wanted the trunk. Mr. Betterson seems very strong. Has he the rheumatism?"

"O Lavinia! Lavinia!"—and Caroline wrapped her red shawl despairingly about her. "But you will understand Mr. Betterson better by and by. You are quite excusable now. Arthur, dear! what do you want?"

"In her trunt, what she 's doin' to dive me, I want it," said the boy, invading the house for that purpose.

"Yes, you shall have it," cried Vinnie, skillfully giving his nose a wipe behind the mother's back (it needed it sadly). "But is your name Arthur? I thought they called you Chokie."

"Chokie is the nickname for Arthur," Lill explained.

Vinnie did not understand how that could be.

"It is the boys' invention; they are full of their nonsense," said Caroline, with a sorrowful head-shake. "It was first Arthur, then Artie, then Artichoke, then Chokie,—you see?"

Vinnie laughed, while her sister went on, in complaining accents:

"I tell them such things are beneath the dignity of our family; but they will have their fun."

Vinnie took from her trunk a barking dog and a candy meeting-house, which made Chokie forget all about his threatened Fourth-of-July. She also had a pretty worsted scarf of many colors for Lill, and a copy of Mrs. Hemans' Poems—popular in those days—for Cecie.

"For you, Sister Caroline," she added, laughing, "I have brought—myself."

"This book is beautiful, and I love poetry so much!" said Cecie, with eyes full of love and gratitude. "But you have brought mother the best present."

"O, you don't know about that!" replied Vinnie.

"Yes, I do," said Cecie, with a smile which seemed to tremble on the verge of tears. And she whispered, as Vinnie bent down and kissed her:

"I love you already; we shall all love you so much!"

"Dear Cecie!" murmured Vinnie in the little invalid's ear, "that pays me for coming. I am glad I am here, if only for your sake."

"I dot the bestest pwesents," cried Chokie, sitting on the floor with his treasures. "Don't tome here, Lill; my dog will bite!" He made the little toy squeak violently. "He barks at folks doin' to meetin'. Dim me some pins."

"What do you want of pins?" Vinnie asked, taking some from her dress.

"To make mans and womans doin' to meetin'. One dood bid black pin for the minister," said Chokie.

Vinnie helped him stick up the pins in the floor, and even found the required big black one, to head the procession. Then she pointed out the extraordinary fact of the dog being so much larger than

the entire congregation; at which even the sad Caroline smiled, over her sick babe. Chokie, however, gloried in the superior size and prowess of the formidable monster.

Lill was delighted with her scarf,—all the more so when she learned that it had been wrought by Vinnie's own hand.

"O, Aunt Vinnie!" said Cecie; "will you teach me to do such work? I should enjoy it so much—lying here!"

"With the greatest pleasure, my dear!" exclaimed Vinnie, her heart brimming with hope and joy at sight of the simple happiness her coming had brought.

She then hastened to put on a household dress; while Cecie looked at her book, and Lill sported her scarf, and Chokie earned himself a new nickname—that of Big-Bellied Ben—by making a feast of his meeting-house, beginning with the steeple.

(To be continued.)

THE PETERKINS SNOWED-UP.

BY LUCRETIA P. HALE.

MRS. PETERKIN awoke one morning to find a heavy snow-storm raging. The wind had flung the snow against the windows, had heaped it up around the house, and thrown it into huge white drifts over the fields, covering hedges and fences.

Mrs. Peterkin went from one window to the other to look out, but nothing could be seen but the driving storm and the deep white snow. Even Mr. Bromwick's house on the opposite side of the street was hidden by the swift-falling flakes.

"What shall I do about it?" thought Mrs. Peterkin. "No roads cleared out! Of course, there'll be no butcher and no milkman!"

The first thing to be done was to wake up all the family early; for there was enough in the house for breakfast, and there was no knowing when they would have anything more to eat.

It was best to secure the breakfast first.

So she went from one room to the other, as soon as it was light, waking the family, and before long all were dressed and down-stairs.

And then all went round the house to see what had happened.

All the water-pipes that there were were frozen. The milk was frozen. They could open the door into the wood-house, but the wood-house door into the yard was banked up with snow; and the front

door, and the piazza door, and the side door stuck. Nobody could get in or out!

Meanwhile, Amanda, the cook, had succeeded in making the kitchen fire, but had discovered there was no furnace coal.

"The furnace coal was to have come to-day," said Mrs. Peterkin, apologetically.

"Nothing will come to-day," said Mr. Peterkin, shivering.

But a fire could be made in a stove in the dining-room.

All were glad to sit down to breakfast and hot coffee. The little boys were much pleased to have "ice-cream" for breakfast.

"When we get a little warm," said Mr. Peterkin, "we will consider what is to be done."

"I am thankful I ordered the sausages yesterday," said Mrs. Peterkin. "I was to have had a leg of mutton to-day."

"Nothing will come to-day," said Agamemnon, gloomily.

"Are these sausages the last meat in the house?" asked Mr. Peterkin.

"Yes," said Mrs. Peterkin.

The potatoes also were gone, the barrel of apples empty, and she had meant to order more flour that very day.

"Then we are eating our last provisions!" said Solomon John, helping himself to another sausage.

"I almost wish we had staid in bed," said Agamemnon.

"I thought it best to make sure of our breakfast first," repeated Mrs. Peterkin.

"Shall we literally have nothing left to eat?" asked Mr. Peterkin.

"There's the pig!" suggested Solomon John.

Yes, happily, the pig-sty was at the end of the wood-house, and could be reached under cover.

But some of the family could not eat fresh pork.

"We should have to 'corn' a part of him," said Agamemnon.

"My butcher has always told me," said Mrs. Peterkin, "that if I wanted a ham, I must keep a pig. Now we have the pig, but have not the ham!"

"Perhaps we could 'corn' one or two of his legs," suggested one of the little boys.

"We need not settle that now," said Mr. Peterkin. "At least, the pig will keep us from starving."

The little boys looked serious; they were fond of their pig.

"If we had only decided to keep a cow," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"Alas! yes," said Mr. Peterkin, "one learns a great many things too late!"

"Then we might have had ice-cream all the time!" exclaimed the little boys.

Indeed, the little boys, in spite of the prospect of starving, were quite pleasantly excited at the idea of being snowed-up, and hurried through their breakfasts that they might go and try to shovel out a path from one of the doors.

"I ought to know more about the water-pipes," said Mr. Peterkin. "Now, I shut off the water last night in the bath-room, or else I forgot to; and I ought to have shut it off in the cellar."

The little boys came back. Such a wind at the front door, they were going to try the side door.

"Another thing I have learned to-day," said Mr. Peterkin, "is not to have all the doors on one side of the house, because the storm blows the snow against *all* the doors."

Solomon John started up.

"Let us see if we are blocked up on the east side of the house!" he exclaimed.

"Of what use," asked Mr. Peterkin, "since we have no door on the east side?"

"We could cut one!" said Solomon John.

"Yes, we could cut a door!" exclaimed Agamemnon.

"But how can we tell whether there is any snow there," asked Elizabeth Eliza, "for there is no window?"

In fact, the east side of the Peterkins' house formed a blank wall. The owner had originally planned a little block of two semi-detached houses. He had completed only one, very semi and very detached.

"It is not necessary to see," said Agamemnon, profoundly; "of course, if the storm blows against this side of the house, the house itself must keep the snow from the other side."

"Yes," said Solomon John, "there must be a space clear of snow on the east side of the house, and if we could open a way to that —"

"We could open a way to the butcher," said Mr. Peterkin promptly.

Agamemnon went for his pickaxe. He had kept one in the house ever since the adventure of the dumb waiter.

"What part of the wall had we better attack?" asked Mr. Peterkin.

Mrs. Peterkin was alarmed.

"What will Mr. Mudge, the owner of the house, think of it?" she exclaimed. "Have we a right to injure the wall of the house?"

"It is right to preserve ourselves from starving," said Mr. Peterkin. "The drowning man must snatch at a straw!"

"It is better that he should find his house chopped a little when the thaw comes," said Elizabeth Eliza, "than that he should find us lying about the house, dead of hunger, upon the floor."

Mrs. Peterkin was partially convinced.

The little boys came in to warm their hands. They had not succeeded in opening the side door, and were planning trying to open the door from the wood-house to the garden.

"That would be of no use," said Mrs. Peterkin. "The butcher cannot get into the garden."

"But we might shovel off the snow," suggested one of the little boys, "and dig down to some of last year's onions."

Meanwhile, Mr. Peterkin, Agamemnon, and Solomon John had been bringing together their carpenter's tools, and Elizabeth Eliza proposed using a gouge, if they would choose the right spot to begin.

The little boys were charmed with the plan, and hastened to find,—one, a little hatchet, and the other a gimlet. Even Amanda armed herself with a poker.

"It would be better to begin on the ground floor," said Mr. Peterkin.

"Except that we may meet with a stone foundation," said Solomon John.

"If the wall is thinner up stairs," said Agamemnon, "it will do as well to cut a window as a door, and haul up anything the butcher may bring below in his cart."

Everybody began to pound a little on the wall to find a favorable place, and there was a great deal of noise. The little boys actually cut a bit out of the plastering with their hatchet and gimlet. Solomon John confided to Elizabeth Eliza that it reminded him of stories of prisoners who cut themselves free, through stone walls, after days and days of secret labor.

Mrs. Peterkin, even, had come with a pair of tongs in her hand. She was interrupted by a voice behind her.

"Here 's your leg of mutton, marm!"

It was the butcher. How had he got in?

"Excuse me, marm, for coming in at the side door, but the back gate is kinder blocked up. You were making such a pounding, I could not make anybody hear me knock at the side door."

"But how did you make a path to the door?" asked Mr. Peterkin. "You must have been

working at it a long time. It must be near noon now?"

"I 'm about on regular time," answered the butcher. "The town team has cleared out the high-road, and the wind has been down the last half-hour. The storm is over."

True enough! The Peterkins had been so busy inside the house, they had not noticed the ceasing of the storm outside.

"And we were all up an hour earlier than usual," said Mr. Peterkin, when the butcher left. He had not explained to the butcher why he had a pickaxe in his hand.

"If we had lain abed till the usual time," said Solomon John, "we should have been all right."

"For here is the milkman!" said Elizabeth Eliza, as a knock was now heard at the side door.

"It is a good thing to learn," said Mr. Peterkin, "not to get up any earlier than is necessary."

NANNY ANN.



"OH, Nanny Ann! the sun is bright,
The sky is blue and clear;
All ugly clouds are out of sight,
No rain to-day, my dear.
No need, as I can plainly tell,
For you to take your fine umbrell'.
Go to the spring, my pretty daughter,
Fetch me a jug of sparkling water."

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Now Nanny Ann herself was bright;
Says she: "Though skies are clear,
And ugly clouds are not in sight,
'T is April, mother dear.
The ways above, no soul can tell;
I'd rather take my fine umbrell'."
So saying, off she went for water;
Now was n't she a wise young daughter?

JOHN SPOONER'S GREAT HUMAN MENAGERIE.

BY JOEL STACY.



POSITIVELY for one night only!

When Master John Spooner sent out forty-nine and a-half complimentary tickets of admission to his Great Human Menagerie, the boys and girls who received them knew that he meant to show them something worth seeing. So on the appointed night—February 10th, at half-past seven o'clock precisely

—they flocked to Johnny Spooner's house, as the Spooner residence was called by his "set," as eager and happy a crowd of young folks as ever assembled for an evening's frolic.

John Spooner, you must know, is sixteen years old, and a young gentleman who apparently promised himself, in the first six months of his existence, never to do anything half way. He has kept his word. In fact, judging from the testimony of parents, grandparents, nurses, teachers and friends, it is safe to say that he has made five-quarter way his average during the whole of his brief and brilliant career. Therefore, when our forty-nine and a-half guests (the half was "under eight") arrived at Johnny Spooner's house on the aforesaid evening, they were not in the least surprised to see great showy posters in the elegant hall, nor to find the grimmest of ticket-men in a sort of sentry-box by the hall door, nor, on a stand near by, great piles of programmes or handbills, the very sight of which made each new-comer almost wild with expectation.

The spectators were hardly seated in the dimly lighted front parlor before a bell rang—none of your half-way bells, but a good loud ringer that seemed to raise the curtain with the final flourish of its big clapper.

Behind the curtain was a stage covered with green baize; in front of the stage, but hidden from the spectators, were lights that made it just bright enough, without showing things too distinctly, and on that stage was precisely nothing at all. This the children all took in as the curtain went up, but they had hardly time to draw a fresh breath when the wonderful Royal Shanghai chicken came tread-

ing his dainty way over the green baize. He was white as snow and as large as a colt! He had the funniest pink bill, the wildest eyes, the strangest tail, and the most remarkable feet that ever Shanghai had, and his head bobbed in a way that nearly "killed" the girls and made the boys clap and shout tremendously.

Now what I should really like to do would be to describe the whole of this great show just as it appeared to the spectators; to tell you how when the

*Spooners Great
Human Menagerie
For one night only!
Wild Animals!!
Tame Animals!!!
Ante-diluvian Animals!
The Livid Goloconda!
Dwarfs!! Giants!!
The Unequaled
Whirligig, Four-armed
Dancing Boy!
The Wounded Scout!
The Living Headless Baby!
And other lively attractions
Too Numerous to Mention!*

THE PROGRAMME.

Shanghai had picked its mincing way from the stage, Johnny Spooner himself came out, magnificent in scarlet trousers and yellow turban, leading a great elephant that walked back and forth, kneeled down, flourished his trunk, and moved

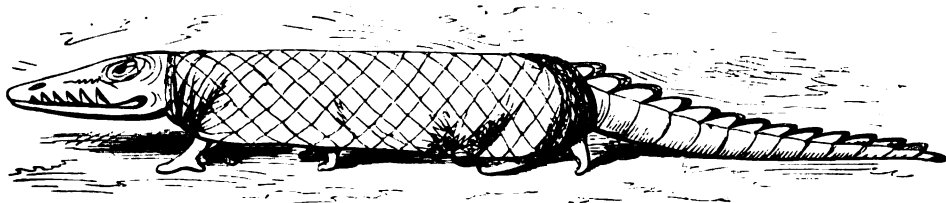
about with great soft heavy tread—a real live monstrous elephant, that everybody knew could n't be an elephant at all, for was not this a *human* menagerie?

I should like to tell you how, after the elephant, came the Dutch dwarfs; the Belgian giant; the great dancing bear from North America; the

their friends by getting up one or more of these animals and oddities at home, they may do so without any difficulty."

Therefore, my friends, we'll proceed to business at once.

In the first place, Master Spooner wishes it to be distinctly understood that, though the Livid Golo-



THE ROARING CALLIOPOLUS.

Livid Goloconda, a snake sixteen feet long and a foot thick, with fiery eyes and a rattling tail; the talented dwarf, Baron Pompalino; the huge antediluvian known as the Roaring Calliopolus, a crawling monster with six legs, a long tail, and a frightful head, with red eyes and white teeth; of the terrible baby who played and clapped its hands gleefully just the same whether its head were on or off; of the telescopic India-rubber man, Seek-a-seek; the unequaled whirligig boy with four legs and six arms; and, last of all, the wounded scout—just as they really appeared to the spectators; and all the funny things that the great showman said, and how the audience cheered and laughed and clapped and shuddered by turns, and how everybody went home perfectly delighted and mystified, and sure that in all the wide, wide world there was n't such another tremendous fellow as Johnny Spooner. I should like to do all this I say, but it would be impossible. ST. NICHOLAS would n't hold it all. Everything else would be crowded out—even "The Young Surveyor" and

oconda, the Whirligig Boy, and one or two others are his own invention, he does n't by any means claim that his entire menagerie is original. He picked up his animals and curiosities here and there, just as other showmen do, and that, he says, is "the long and short of it."

We'll begin with that wonderful antediluvian monster,

THE ROARING CALLIOPOLUS. •

The effect of this creature as he went crawling across the stage, roaring fearfully and slowly moving his head from side to side, as if looking for his prey, was something to remember. As Master Spooner and I had the honor of making the head and tail of the monster, you shall know just how they were manufactured. We took a large square of gray cardboard, and folded it something in the shape of the paper horns that, filled with sugar-plums, hang in the candy-shop windows at Christmas time. We dented in the point slightly; then we cut a long slit, running in from the point, to



DIAGRAM OF ROARING CALLIOPOLUS.

the "Eight Cousins" would be sent flying—and what is more, the editors would n't be satisfied, for what they said to me was exactly this:

"Mr. Stacy, we shall be very glad to have you give our boys and girls an account of Master Spooner's menagerie, if you will give them pictures of the animals, and, with Master Spooner's permission, tell them just how they were made, so that if at any time they wish to amuse themselves or

form the mouth; into this slit we inserted on each side a strip of white cardboard, cut to represent the teeth. This was nearly as long as the slit. Then we filled up the rest of the slit with red flannel, and proceeded to paint above it the most hideous eyes we could think of; and, finally, we trimmed and folded the big open end so that it would fit like a cap on a boy's head.

The lower picture will show you how this cap

was attached to the head of one of the two boys who constituted the Calliopolus.

Next came the tail. That was made of soft brown wrapping-paper, cut double, with two or three thicknesses of black cotton batting afterward basted between the two papers to give a sort of soft firmness to the whole. This we painted in black and white to suit our fancy. A stout cord connected the head and tail, and the two paper sides of the latter were parted for a space to enable them to be adjusted over the body of the youth who had to wear it. On the night of the exhibition, as the head and tail were ready, we had only to arrange our two boys as seen in the diagram, put stockings on their hands and feet, cover their bodies with an old green silk quilt, doubled and securely pinned at each end, and our Calliopolus was complete.

I will say here, that in making the Calliopolus the largest play of fancy is allowed. You may have one boy or three boys, instead of two (a little practice will enable the three to hitch themselves along the floor together); you may fashion the head and tail as you please, and, in default of a green quilt, you may throw over the body folded shawls or army blankets.

• THE LIVID GOLOCONDA

Was constructed somewhat in the same way, as far as the head and tail were concerned, but the boys arranged themselves differently. This time three poor fellows, after taking off shoes and coats, had to crawl one after the other into a sort of long bolster-case, made of cheap green woolen stuff, and provided with breathing holes under each boy's face. The head was firmly secured to the pate of the first boy; the tail was fastened to one of the

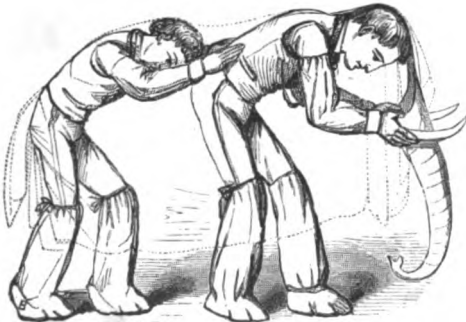
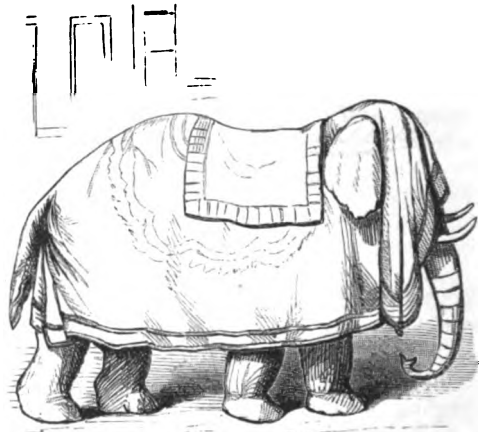


DIAGRAM OF ELEPHANT.

feet of the last boy, and the open ends of the bolster-case carefully lapped and tied over the joinings. The snake-like movement was made by the boys hitching themselves along, partly by their feet and partly by their arms, folded across their breasts

The last boy squirmed the long stuffed tail about by means of his foot, and the desired rattling was produced in some way by his gifted mouth. We had basted bits and stripes of red and silver tinsels all over our Goloconda's case; his eyes were of



THE ELEPHANT.

green tinsel, and from his hissing mouth projected a fearful fang of wire wound with red flannel.

THE ELEPHANT

Was easily made, as you can see by studying the pictures. The trunk was made of brown wrapping-paper; the tusks were white letter-paper, rolled into huge lamplighters, and then carefully bent to a curve. This time, as you see, we again needed a pair of boys, but one boy had to be taller and stouter than the other. Before placing them in the required position, we tied queer cases on their legs made of gray cotton stuff, and closed at the end so as to cover their feet. In the heel of each boy's slipper we placed an upright piece of cardboard (B), shaped so as to make the case project at the heel, thus giving the form of the elephant's foot. The boys once equipped and placed in position, we had only to throw a great gray army blanket over them, as shown by the dotted line in the diagram, pin it together at the back, pin on great ears of soft gray wrapping-paper, throw a gay door-mat over the top for effect, and the elephant was ready to walk forth. As the boys kept step, treading slowly and cautiously, the "walk" was perfect.



Now comes the great

DANCING BEAR.

This was the hardest of all to make, but as Johnny and I prepared everything for the per-

formance, we took plenty of time for the work. The diagram and picture will describe our processes very well. The head was made of pasteboard painted black, wet with glue and sprinkled with burnt coffee grounds, and embellished with



THE DANCING BEAR.

a red flannel tongue. On the elbows and knees of Clem Digby, the big boy who acted the bear, we fastened pieces of pasteboard shaped like the small diagram, A. This sent the bear's joints low down, as they should be. After his shaggy coat was put on, fur mittens on the feet and hands, two brown bear-skin sleigh-ropes, borrowed from a furrier,

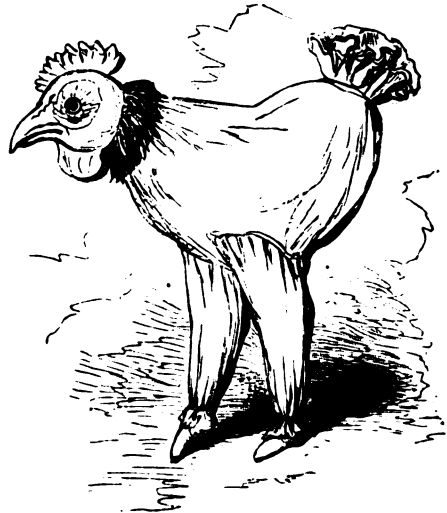


DIAGRAM OF DANCING BEAR.

completed the outfit. We "shaped" the creature by tying the robes as well as we could upon Clem Digby's body with strong twine, that was easily hidden from sight in the shaggy fur. The corners of the robes came in well for the legs and arms.

THE ROYAL SHANGHAI.

To make this Shanghai, we first prepared one of John Spooner's boys by removing his shoes, attaching a pillow to his back, and putting over his fore-



THE ROYAL SHANGHAI

head a little conical pasteboard cap, painted pink, with black markings to represent the bill. On each knee we tied a piece of stiff pasteboard (see A), to give the Shanghai a joint. Then we

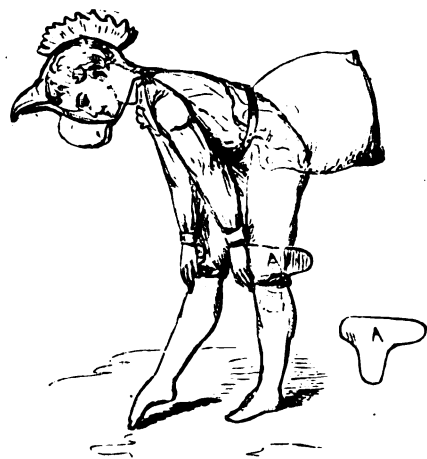


DIAGRAM OF ROYAL SHANGHAI.

stood him in the position shown in the diagram and hastened to put on the finishing touch. This finishing touch was nothing more nor less than a lady's large, long night-dress, with ruffles at the neck and sleeves. We put the poor fellow's legs



DIAGRAM OF GIANT
SEEK-A-SEEK.

about the throat, allowing it to fall in rich profusion.



THE SHORTENED GIANT.

into the long sleeves; then we secured the neck of the garment as well as we could to his throat, and then gathered the rest of it at the end of the pillow and wound it about with a string. The bunch thus formed made the tail. This last we further decorated with a quantity of white paper fringe. The last thing was to draw over our boy's head a sort of cap-mask made of an old Summer gauze under-vest. This was made to bind tightly about the upper end of the bill and pass over the head to the neck. It was left open underneath to allow the Shanghai to breathe. From each side of this breathing slit hung a bit of red flannel, pinked; and the mask had two enormous eyes painted upon it. To conceal the joinings at the head and neck, we tied on a treble strip of paper fringe

I may add here that, in making a Royal Shanghai, you will find it necessary to have everything in readiness before you put your boy in position, as he has to preserve rather an uncomfortable posture, and you will not wish to waste his strength before presenting him to the spectators. His head-covering and ruff must be the last things put on. He will have no difficulty in finding his way about the stage if his head-gear be sufficiently thin to enable a little light to pass through. A clever Royal Shanghai makes all sorts of queer chicken-noises as he struts about.

Now for

THE GREAT TELESCOPIC GIANT, SEEK-A-SEEK,

whom many of you already know intimately. Those who do not know how to make him have only to look at the pictures to learn the whole process. A tall boy holds a broom or stick upright. On the top of the broom is a hat; a little below the hat, and tied to the stick, is a piece of barrel hoop (this is to form his shoulders); over the stick, and hanging from under the hat, is a long sheet-mantle or a shawl. After this covering is on, the telescopic giant can make himself grow very tall by merely raising the stick higher and higher; or when he wishes to shorten himself he has only to slowly draw down the pole and crouch under the cloak. Seek-a-Seek generally is seen examining a door, apparently in anxious search for the key-hole, which he looks for in every possible spot, from the top nearly to the bottom. This giant is very easily made, and a little practice will enable him to go through his mock search very comically. An impatient little grunt thrown in now and then improves the effect of the performance very much.



GIANT SEEK-A-SEEK

THE HEADLESS BABY.

Some of the more critical of Master Spooner's guests felt, when they saw the giant and headless baby, that "menagerie" was hardly the right name for the entire exhibition; but that is none of our business. It is enough to say that the headless baby proved a great success. When the curtain rose, after a brief intermission, there sat his infantile majesty, head and all, safe and sound, in a high baby-chair, beating on his little table with a rattle and clapping his chubby hands in great glee. He was arrayed in the approved yard-long baby-dress, with blue sash about his waist, blue bows on his shoulders, and a lovely white bib tied under his chin. In the interest of the occasion, no one noticed that he was a decidedly large baby, and with more intelligence in his rosy face than is usually seen during the rattle and "goo-goo" age. Still this baby crowed and played and rubbed its little nose so sweetly, as he sat there, that everybody was charmed, and it was not until, in giving his nose an unusually lively rub, it knocked its dear little head *clean off* that anything seemed amiss. However, as he still clapped his hand "patty-cake," and held out his arms to be "taken" when his ruffled-cap nurse came in, and as the nurse at once stooped down behind baby and, picking up his head, put it on his shoulders again, no harm was done, and the scene passed off delightfully.

The explanation is this: A pillow, prettily dressed in long baby-dress, sash, and bows, sat in the chair, while behind it stood chubby little Victor Royle in just such a way as to let his arms apparently come from baby's shoulders, and his head rise from baby's bib. It was easy enough for him to suddenly bob his head down behind the pillow, and so hold it out of sight until the nurse, stooping and pretending to pick it up, should place it carefully on baby's shoulders again. Victor Royle's plump, rosy face was just the thing needed, and his imitation of baby motions and noises was capital.

Johnny Spooner had also a

GIANTESS.

She was made by seating a light boy upon the shoulders of a tall, strong fellow, who could easily bear him about in that position by holding on to the light fellow's feet. A long skirt is made to hang from the head of the big boy, who takes care that he shall have a loop-hole to see through. Two skirts may be put on the lower boy, for that matter,—one hanging from his waist, as the ladies say; the other, a sort of "over-skirt," hanging from his head. The upper boy wears a shawl or deep cape and a lady's bonnet,—as outlandish and showy an affair as can be devised,—and he carries a big umbrella and a satchel. The deception is com-

plete. Johnny's giantess could make a lovely courtesy, sing songs, and in all respects she was quite an accomplished young woman.



BARON POMPALINO.

Following close upon the giant and giantess, came

THE DWARFS.

No. 1 was the celebrated Baron Pompalino. The pictures will give you a capital idea of the Baron and his construction. You will notice that a young fellow stands erect behind a table, upon which he places his hands. These must be thrust into a pair of boots. A stick, furnished at each end with a stuffed glove, is put through the long sleeves of a lady's street sack. This is then buttoned over the Baron's queer little body, fastening at the throat; a false beard is tied under his chin (if desired); a

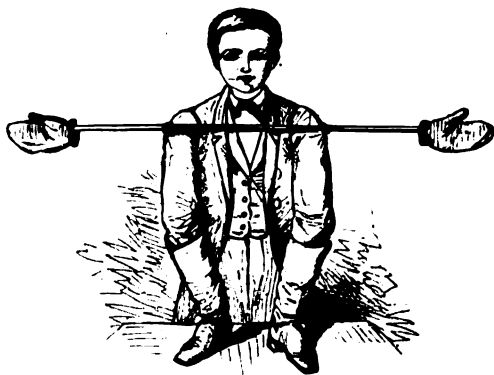


DIAGRAM OF THE BARON.

jaunty cap is placed upon his head; and there he stands, ready to dance his best for the ladies and gentlemen, or sing a song in broken English for their amusement. Our artist has put the stick in position in the diagram, to show you where it will be when the sack is on. It may be found necessary

to secure this stick to the upper part of the sack arm-holes, but experiment will soon decide that point. It would be a hard matter to get on the sack if the long stick were first tied to the boy's body.

Sometimes this dwarf is made by allowing a smaller boy to stand on a bench behind the Baron in such a way that he can lend his arms to that distinguished person, who has a curtain close behind him to hide the small boy's head; but Master Spooner says he prefers the stick arms for the Baron. The two-boy plan belongs to Dumb Orator, which, nearly everybody knows, is made by seating a big man, with his hands behind him, on the lap of a small man, who thrusts *his* arms through the big man's elbow-crooks. This done, a cloak is thrown over the two, so as to show only the big man's head and body and the little man's arms. It looks like a single person with unusually small arms and hands; and if this person speaks a piece while the small hands gesticulate as absurdly as possible, the effect is very amusing.



RYCHIE.

Dwarf number two, who was introduced as

RYCHIE, THE DUTCH DWARF,

was very easily made, though she was one of the great "hits" of the evening. A girl of about fourteen years (the age and size are not of much consequence) held her arms above her head, as shown in the diagram; a scant white cotton skirt, on the under side of which a great face had been that morning painted, was pinned about her waist, and the bottom of it then raised over her head so that she could hold it up by gathering the fullness in

each hand. This, as you see by the pictures, formed something like ears. A long stick was run through the sleeves of a sack, and the sack was



DIAGRAM OF DUTCH DWARF.

then buttoned about her, making her "waist" serve in place of a neck. A large bow was needed to conceal the gap caused by the fact of the waist being larger than an ordinary throat.

This Dutch dwarf, like Baron Pompalino, was a brilliant dancer, though certainly a little stiff in the arms. She had tremendous blue eyes, a smiling red mouth, and very rosy cheeks, and, taken altogether, was a decidedly striking young person.

Now comes John Spooner's celebrated

WHIRLIGIG, OR DANCING BOY,

one of the great successes of the evening. Two boys, respectively about ten and twelve years of age, were tied together with a scarf, back to back, at the waist, loosely enough to enable them to kick and flourish their arms. A stick, with a mitten on each end, was tied between and across them, as shown in the picture. The feet of each were dressed in woolen stockings, put on so crookedly and loosely as to flap. These, when the trousers hung over them, looked something like mittened hands. Boots were then placed upon the boys' four arms (as shown in diagram); a deep cape was hung from the neck of the taller boy, so as to cover the smaller boy's head; and the celebrated whirligig boy was ready to dance.

Such dancing! For a moment all you could see was a spinning something with about a dozen feet and hands flying wildly in the air. The spectators clapped and shouted; the whirligig boy danced and capered; the fiddle behind the curtain played its jig-tune faster and faster, until at last the danc-

ing boy fell in a heap on the floor, a confused mass of the wildest legs and arms that ever were seen, while the curtain descended to the air of "Rory O'More."

Now came the final "lively attraction." The curtain rose slowly to the sound of mournful music. In a moment two men appeared, carrying an empty litter. This was really a six-foot ladder, with a dingy old quilt folded wider and shorter than the ladder and laid smoothly upon it. The men crossed the stage and disappeared. Some confusion was heard outside, and in a moment they appeared again, this time carrying the litter on their heads. A wounded man, with bandaged forehead, lay upon it. You could see his head and feet, but his body and arms were covered. Slowly the men bore their sad burden along, when suddenly one of them tripped. Down they fell, litter, wounded scout, and all. There was a moment's struggle, and when they rose and lifted the litter the wounded scout was gone! There was nothing left of him but his boots. In vain the men, after putting down the empty litter, searched all over the well-lighted stage; in vain they angrily questioned each other in dumb pantomime, shook their fists in each other's faces, and appeared frightened half to death at their loss. The scout was not to be found, nor had any boy or girl among the spectators seen him go. In fact, as they were very sure he had *not* left the stage at all, their excitement and wonder were intense. At this point the fiddle behind the scenes



WHIRLIGIG, OR DANCING BOY.

struck up a lively tune; the men, suddenly reconciled to their misfortune, picked up their litter and danced off with it in the gayest possible manner, and the curtain fell. John Spooner's great exhibition was over.

Where *was* the wounded scout?

The truth is there was n't any wounded scout at all. When the two litter-bearers stepped off of the stage the first time, the hindmost, and taller one,



DIAGRAM OF WHIRLIGIG, OR DANCING BOY.

with the aid of Master Spooner, thrust his head between the last two rounds of the ladder, laying it back upon a cushion. With his head thus thrown back, he carried the ladder on his hands and shoulders. A pair of boots was placed on the ladder, about five feet from the head, and the place between was filled up with a thick shawl, rolled so as to represent the scout's form; over this was thrown a blanket, leaving the head and boots of the scout uncovered. The foremost man, of course, kept his head under his end of the ladder.

Now, my young friends, I trust, from the descriptions and pictures given, you will be able to conjure up any of Johnny's animals and oddities at will, with but little trouble. You need n't attempt to do them all at once, nor to have a stage like Master Spooner's. Any one of them, brought into the drawing-room where family or friends are assembled, will create no little entertainment. The elephant can be made at a few moments' notice by dispensing with the elephant-trousers, and making the trunk simply of a hooked umbrella or cane thrust into a worsted legging or wound with a gray shawl. The pasteboard heads of the animals are more easily made than one would suppose. They can be very rough affairs if they are to be shown in a dimly lighted room. Some boys and girls will prefer to soak the pasteboard, and, molding it carefully into the desired shape, leave it to dry before being painted. Others will be content with merely bending and painting it so that it will "do." At any rate, I hope one and all will find enjoyment in some way or another from this account of Master John Spooner's great human menagerie.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

LAST April, my darlings, we had some fine April-fool stories, and so, of course, you'll look for them this time; but there are none. That's Jack's little joke, you see.

Instead of them, I'll give you something you'll delight in,—good advice. Don't be April fools, my dears, nor May fools, nor June fools, nor any kind of fools, if you can help it. Be hearty, wide-awake, merry, and frolicsome, as you please; be tricksome, too, in a good-natured, true-hearted way, but don't be fools. So endeth Jack's sermon. Now we'll have

A SLIGHT INTERRUPTION.

THE other day the little schoolma'am received a letter from Germany, and, as good luck would have it, she read a part of it, in my hearing, to her young charges during the noon play-hour. She said, at the time, "it ought to be printed;" so Jack offers no apology for repeating it to you, as nearly as he can recollect it:

"I'll tell you," the writer said, "of a little incident that happened here lately:

"Frau Roleke and her children were returning from a visit to Frankfort-on-the-Main by way of the Thuringian Railroad. From the time they left that place until nearly dusk, the little ones had kept up a merry prattle about the wonderful sights they had seen in the great city. But as dusk deepened into dark they showed unmistakable signs of fatigue. So the kind mother began to tell them stories. I must tell you just here that the cars on these European railroads are not like yours in America, but are divided into separate compartments, or carriages, which have seats along each side, and a door at each end. Frau Roleke and her children were alone in one of these carriages, and the latter were listening eagerly while she narrated the adventures of Robinson Crusoe, when suddenly the door flew open and little Fritz fell out into the darkness. With great difficulty Frau Roleke, by pulling a bell-rope, secured the stoppage of the train, and the men, hurrying back with their lanterns, met Fritz crying and calling, '*Die mutter! die mutter!*' His face was all covered with blood, but he proved not to be seriously hurt, and his mamma soon wiped the blood from the dear, scratched little face. When all were settled in the car once more, little Fritz looked up into the mother's face and said, in a voice which made her smile through her tears: 'Mamma, wont you go on with the story? You did n't finish it after I was gone, did you?'"

TOO MUCH TO BELIEVE.

ONE day, Farmer Robson's old hen came scratching about in my meadow, and just then the pretty schoolma'am tripped by with two of her children. She was talking to them about the fish called the sturgeon.

"Yes, my dears," she was saying, "I read it this very morning in the *Popular Science Monthly*. Nine hundred and twenty-one thousand six hundred eggs have been found in a single sturgeon!"

"My! what a lot!" exclaimed one of the children; "and if every egg gets to be a sturgeon, and every one of the new sturgeons lays just as many, just think what heaps and heaps of grandchildren a sturgeon must have."

The teacher laughed. They walked on; and suddenly I heard a sort of gulp.

It was the old hen. I never in my life saw any living creature in such a state. She was so mad she could hardly keep inside of her feathers.

"Nine hundred thousand eggs!" she exclaimed (you would have thought she was only trying to cluck her head off, but Jack understood every word), "nine hundred thousand eg-gug-gug-gugs! Don't believe a word of it! Never was such a thing since the world began—sturgeon, indeed! Never even heard of such a bird. What'll school-teachers say next, I wonder? Nine hundred-thousand egg-gug-gug-gugs indeed!"

The last I saw of that hen, she was strutting off indignantly toward the barn-yard to tell the other hens all about it.

HERBIVOROUS ANIMALS AND CARNIVOROUS PLANTS.

THERE'S a big sentence for you to contemplate, my children! It means plant-eating animals and animal-eating plants. You've often seen the first,—that is, animals that eat grasses, vegetables, and so on; but have you ever seen plants that live by eating animals? No? Well, there really are such things. There is a common plant called the bladderwort. It grows in marshy places, and what do you think it lives upon? Why, upon the lively water-bear, of which ST. NICHOLAS gave you a picture last month. But you shall read for yourself the newspaper account that the winds sent to me:

"ANOTHER ANIMAL-EATING PLANT FOUND.—The carnivorous vegetables have received an accession at the hands of Mrs. Mary Treat, who reveals the secret habits of the bladderwort to a degree that makes one shudder at the cunning villainy it shows. The bladderwort is a very common marsh plant, with long, slender, pliant stems, a fine frill of leaves, queer tufted flowers, and having scattered among its leaves, or on its bare stems, little pear-shaped bladders, which have been vulgarly supposed of use to float the plant. Mrs. Treat, who is a naturalist of growing note, with her inquiring microscope noticed in some of these bladders, a year ago, sundry dead animalcula, and since then has domesticated the bladderwort and watched its ways, until she knows that it not only most ingeniously traps wretched little water-bears and larvae, but has a moral certainty that it absorbs their juices. She has seen the victims done to death many a time."

THE LONGEST WORD.

"ROB," said Tom, "which is the most dangerous word to pronounce in the English language?"

"Don't know," said Rob, "unless it's a swearing word."

"Pooh!" said Tom, "it's *stumbled*, because

you are sure to get a tumble between the first and last letter."

"Ha! ha!" said Rob. "Now I've one for you. I found it one day in the paper. Which is the longest word in the English language?"

"Valetudinarianism," said Tom promptly.

"No, sir; it's *smiles*, because there's a whole mile between the first and last letter."

"Ho! ho!" cried Tom, "that's nothing. I know a word that has over *three* miles between its beginning and ending."

"What's that?" asked Rob, faintly.

"*Beleaguered*," said Tom.

WHY IS N'T THE OFFER TAKEN UP?

FOR five years past, a rich farmer in our neighborhood has made a standing offer of \$10,000 in gold for a double set of cow's teeth,—that is, the upper and lower rows complete. Yet his offer has never been taken up. Who can tell me why?

SURVEYORS SAVED BY A HORSE.

BOYS, as young surveyors are very popular with you just now, you shall hear a true story that is well told in a paper called the *Turf, Field, and Farm*:

"Some years since a party of surveyors had just finished their day's work in the north-western part of Illinois, when a violent snow-storm came on. They started for their camp, which was in a forest of about eighty acres in a large prairie, nearly twenty miles from any other trees. The wind was blowing very hard, and the snow drifting so as to almost blind them.

"When they thought they had nearly reached their camp, they all at once came upon footsteeps in the snow. These they looked at with care, and found, to their dismay, that they were their own tracks. It was now plain that they were lost on the great prairie, and if they had to pass the night there, in the cold and snow, the chance was that not one of them would be alive in the morning. While they were shivering with fear and cold, the chief man caught sight of one of their horses, a gray pony known as 'Old Jack.'

"Then the chief said: 'If any one can show us our way to camp, out of this blinding snow, Old Jack can do it. I will take off his bridle and let him go, and we can follow him. I think he will show us our way to camp.'

"The horse, as soon as he found himself free, threw his head and tail in the air, as if proud of the trust that had been put upon him. Then he snuffed the breeze, and gave a loud snort, which seemed to say: 'Come on, boys! Follow me. I'll lead you out of this scrape.' He then turned in a new direction, and trotted along, but not so fast that the men could not follow him. They had not gone more than a mile when they saw the cheerful blaze of their camp fires, and they gave a loud huzza at the sight, and for Old Jack."

WHAT AN ARMY OF TOAD-STOOLS DID.

DID ever you think how strong the growing plants must be to force their way up through the earth? Even the green daisy tips and the tiny blades of grass, that bow before a breath, have to exert a force in coming through that, in proportion to their size, is greater than you would exert in rising from under a mound of cobble stones. And think of toad-stools—what soft, tender things they are, breaking at a touch. Yet, I can tell you, they're quite mighty in their way.

Charles Kingsley, the celebrated English priest and novelist, was a very close observer of nature. One evening he noticed particularly a square flat stone, that, I should say, was about as long and as broad as the length of three big burdock leaves. He thought it would require quite a strong man to lift a stone like that. In the morning he looked

again, and lo! the stone was raised so that he could see the light under it. What was his surprise to find, on closer examination, that a crop of toad-stools had sprung up under the stone in the night and raised it up on their little round shoulders as they came!

I'm told that Canon Kingsley gives an account of this in his book called "Christmas in the West Indies," but it was in England that he saw it.

Knowing that he was so close an observer, I should n't be one bit surprised if he went still further and found out that one secret of the toad-stools being able to lift the stone was that they did n't waste time and strength in urging each other to the work, but each one did his very best without quarreling about whose turn it was, or whether Pink Shoulder or Brown Button was shirking his share. But then the toad-stools must have been strong, too.

A DANGEROUS CRADLE.

HERE is a true duck story: One of the wild ducks that sometimes swim in the pond near my pulpit had it from an eider-duck who has seen the cradle.

Away off at the north of the north coast of Scotland are the Shetland Islands; so steep, cold, barren and lonely that flocks of sea-birds go there at certain times of the year to build their nests and lay their eggs, thinking that they will not be disturbed in such a place. But the eggs have their value; so the few and poor inhabitants of the bleak and rocky islands are willing to descend the most dreadful precipices and climb the most difficult heights to find them.

Near the coast of one of the islands, but separated from it by a tempestuous channel, stands a very high and nearly perpendicular pillar of rock. Here, on this steep and desolate height, the sea-birds come in great numbers year after year; but at last a man, who could climb even more dreadful precipices than the hardiest Shetlanders would dare to scale, went in a boat to the foot of this rock, and climbed its steep sides, carrying with him a pulley and a very strong rope, one end of which was already fastened on the highest point of a neighboring island on the side nearest the pillar. Arriving, after much toil and danger, at the summit of the pillar, the man managed to get the rope through the handles of a stout basket, and then fastened the pulley to the rock. Here then was a way by which the islanders could get over to the pillar. By getting, one at a time, into the basket, and swinging at this dizzy height over the foaming channel, the islanders could pull themselves across by means of the rope and pulley to obtain the eggs.

I forgot to say that the pillar of rock is called the "Pillar of Noss," and the basket is called the "Cradle of Noss." A cradle that, perhaps, birds might like to rock in, but not such a one as a quiet, stay-at-home Jack-in-the-Pulpit would recommend to his dear St. NICHOLAS children. Will St. NICHOLAS please show my children a picture of this cradle?

THE LETTER-BOX.

HERE comes a letter from a little girl, who evidently has a literary taste of her own:

Sycamore, Illinois.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You're just *splendid*! I just love you now. I don't believe that a person that reads you can help loving you. I can't. The stationer always sees me at his store the 20th of every month, unless I'm sick. You grow better and better all the time, and you are better now than ever before.

I like that story of Louisa M. Alcott's. I hope most of it will be about the boys, for, if I *am* a girl, I like stories of boys better than I do stories of girls; there is so much more excitement in boys' stories. I like tragedy: I could sit all day and read Shakespeare.

I should really like to see the person that likes to write; I am sure I do not. But I must stop—Ever your loving reader,

META GAGE.

NELLIE RICHARDS writes: "I think I can answer F. Bask's question as to what forms the small bubbles on the inside of a glass of water which has been standing for some time. The water, as it gets warm, turns into vapor, which forms small beads that cling to the glass. If the water was heated to a greater degree, these bubbles would rise to the surface in the form of vapor."

JOHN H. YOUNG sends the following novel explanation of the manner in which foxes capture turkeys from the limbs of trees:

Baden, Pa., January 30, 1875.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your number of February I noticed a fox story, and I want to let you know how a fox will get birds off a high tree. It is very simple. The fox takes his tail in his mouth and commences running round in a circle, and continues thus until the bird gets dizzy looking at him, when the bird falls; then he catches it. This operation has been witnessed. This county was, and is at present, a good fox county. Last year there were about one hundred killed here, on a place in the Economy Wood. They have many holes, and have been known to attack men when hunting them—that is, the men left at the place to guard them.—Yours,

JOHN H. YOUNG.

THE space usually occupied by the pages for "Very Little Folks" has been appropriated, this month, by the "Great Human Menagerie," which, of course, required a good deal of room, with its elephants, giants, and antediluvian monsters. But we feel sure that all our readers, the little folks as well as the older ones, will take a great interest in Johnny Spooner's exhibition.

EASTER EGGS.

HANNAH D.; KATE AND CHARLEY; LILLIE T. O., and others:

The old-fashioned way of boiling the eggs in bits of calico is not yet wholly abandoned, but experience says it is almost sure to end in disappointment. The general impression is that a calico should be selected that will fade; the contrary is true; even for this purpose fast colors are to be preferred. If you wish to try the experiment, let the calico be drawn as smoothly as possible around the eggs, and sewed neatly on; then drop into a vessel of very weak lye and boil for one hour. Perhaps the imprint of the figures may be very well stamped on the shell, but you must not expect that the colors will be as fine as they were in the cotton goods.

Aniline dyes, furnished from coal oil, are the best for coloring Easter eggs. They should be used with caution, and, at least, under the oversight of a grown person. These dyes are found in the following variety: red, violet, blue, green, yellow and orange, brown and black. A few cents' worth of each will suffice. They may be obtained at any well-furnished drug store. Most of these are soluble in water, and do not even require that the thing to be dyed be placed over the fire; but we think it better to boil the eggs in a solution of the dye-stuff, taking care that there is plenty of the liquid to cover them, as the color is thus more speedily imparted.

Aniline red is a magnificent carmine, and is better for being dissolved in a little alcohol before being mixed with water, as is also true of the violet, green, yellow, and orange. Stir the eggs gently about so as to color them evenly, and do not allow them to rest on the bottom of the kettle. You may produce a lighter shade of the same color—pink, for instance—by adding a fresh supply of water to the dye you have already used for the deep tints.

Be careful, however, to have the dye-pots immediately emptied and well cleansed, for arsenic being largely used in the composition of these coloring matters, the dye is poisonous stuff. The little on the egg-shells, however, is not enough to make their use in this way dangerous.

Logwood boiled with the eggs will give shades from lilac to a dark purple, according to the quantity used, an ounce being sufficient for several dozen eggs. The addition of vinegar will change this to crimson; and potash, or, better still, sulphate of iron, will produce a fine blue.

When the eggs are all properly colored, then dampen a cloth with sweet oil or butter, and wipe them over to give them a beautiful polish.

If you would like to have names or mottoes written on the shells, dip a brush or a new quill pen in melted white wax; trace with it whatever words or design you choose, then put it on to boil; while the other part of the egg will receive any dye in which it is submerged, the tracery will remain white and legible.

The same effect will be produced by dipping the brush in strong vinegar or nitric acid. The acid must be used very carefully, however, as it will injure any cloth it happens to spot. Sometimes the marking can be made very well, after the coloring, with a penknife.

By covering the wrong side of a sheet of gilt or silver paper with gum, cutting stars and other fancy forms from it when dry, and then putting these designs on like postage stamps, a very pretty effect will be obtained.

MARY STUART SMITH.

ST. NICHOLAS: You have a conundrum in your February number from E. B., about "The Cooky with a Hole in it." The verses end with the question, "But how do you eat the hole?" I raise my hand to answer. If you will just do as I would, you will

EAT THE [W]HOLE.

BESIDES the suggestions given in the February Letter-Box for "turning your hand into an old woman," we here print a letter telling of another way in which it may be done.

Water Gap, Pa.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to give you another way of making a face with your hand. You may not think it good enough to publish, but we have had lots of fun with it. Tie two shoe-buttons together, about an inch apart; place them between the first and second fingers, and put the thumb between the second and third fingers; now lay your handkerchief over the top of it and hold it in front of a looking-glass, and if you do not see an old lady's face it is not my fault.—Yours truly,

LIDA B. GRAVES.

In our June number we shall give the names of all who belong to the Army of Bird-Defenders. So send in your names in time for the Grand Muster Roll.

HARRY L. GRAHAM.—You will find the articles on "Christmas City" and "Holiday Harbor" in the numbers for May and December, respectively, of 1874. They will give you all the directions that you ask for.

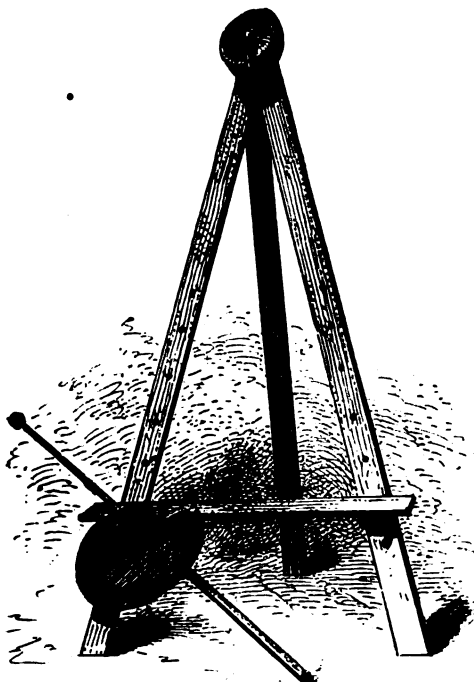
The expression which you mention, as generally used, is slang.

A MINIATURE EASEL.

HERE is something pretty that boys can make, as well as girls. The materials needed to make this easel are a few narrow strips of cardboard, Bristol board, or pasteboard; gold paper; a square-inch of red merino, flannel, or silk; a square-inch of blue silk; very tiny pieces of blue, yellow, red, green, white, and black paper or woolen goods; and three little sticks of wood. A match will supply two pieces, if whittled down a little thinner; the other must be half an inch long and a quarter of an inch broad.

Cut three strips of pasteboard half an inch wide; two must be nine inches, the other eight and an eighth of an inch long. Cut these two slanting at the top, so when joined they will look like the top of a letter A. Then cover all the strips with gold paper, leaving a surplus of paper at the top. When dry, punch holes equidistant in the two strips forming the front of the easel. With thickly melted gum-arabic join the two front pieces; the gold paper must be folded over the top of each strip. Next gum a small piece of wood half an inch long at the back, where these two strips join; then gum the back-piece on. The gold paper, which is left longer than the strip it is intended to cover, will now be useful in fastening all three strips together by gumming the paper. A little red scull-cap, made of merino or silk, covers all signs of piece-work and helps strengthen the whole. The easel-pegs are made by covering the match-like stick of wood first with white, then with gold paper, and are fastened in the easel-holes with gum. The palette is cut out of thin pasteboard, covered with gilt paper, and has little bits of blue, green, and other bright-colored goods pasted on it. It is hung on the peg and fastened with gum. The mahl-stick may be made either of a narrow

strip of wood or pasteboard; wood is better. The gold paper is cut in a narrow strip and wound around the mahl-stick, the end of which is ornamented with a knob, made by cutting a round piece of blue silk, tying it with black silk. Gum the mahl-stick fast to the back of



the palette. The piece that lies across the easel, supported by the pegs, is made of pasteboard, covered with gilt paper, and is not fastened. The palette will help keep this cross-piece in its place. *Be careful not to make it any wider than the distance between the easel and palette.* Use flour paste to cover the pasteboard with the gilt paper.

Although this easel is very light it will support a small picture or hold photographs, and it will be pretty as long as the gold paper remains bright.

ALICE DONLEVY.

JAMES HARMER, of Boston, writes: "The story, 'Grandma's Nap,' in the department for Little Folks in your number for December, 1874, was lately dramatized and acted by the Preparatory Department of Chauncey-Hall School, of this city. It was on the occasion of the forty-seventh annual exhibition of that school, and the exercises were held in the Music Hall in presence of a large audience. The *Boston Advertiser* of the next day said, in speaking of 'Grandma's Nap': 'This latter was the first elocutionary exercise ever given by this department at the school exhibition, and was simply surprising for the appreciation and truthful rendering of the sense of this model child's story. It is worthy of mention that this exercise was the only one which drew forth from the audience a call for repetition, though, of course, it could not be complied with.'"

We are glad to hear that this story has been acted by the scholars of Chauncey-Hall School. There are many other things in ST. NICHOLAS, besides the acting charades, etc., that could be performed with success by bright boys and girls.

Boston.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can any boy or girl tell me how many verses the Old Testament has, and how many has the New? I would also like to know which is the *middle* verse in the Old Testament, also the middle verse in the New Testament. I found these questions the other day, and would like to know the answers.—Your very sincere friend,

ALLEN CURTIS.

C. M. BREVARD writes: "Can you tell me anything about courtesy in different nations?" He will find a short item on the subject in the Letter-Box for March, 1874, which may be of interest.

WORD-MAKING.

In addition to the answers to word-making challenges recorded in the March Letter-Box, we have received from W. F. Bridge, Jr., a list, which is certainly worthy of mention, as it contained *one thousand* words derived from the letters of the word PERAMBULATIONS.

The following boys and girls have sent us lists of words as designated in each case, and challenge any one to find more, the competition to be conducted with the understanding that no letter is to be used twice, unless it occur twice in the main word. Walter B. Snow has made 675 words from the letters of the word INCOMPREHENSIBILITY; Harry Lipscomb, 427 from PRECAUTIONARY; M. F. and J. B., 242 (no proper names) from the word RENUNCIATION; Charlie Bigelow, 240 from the word CONSTANTINOPLE; Bertha Williams, 200 from the word PENNSYLVANIA; and Mabel E. Bennet, 107 from the word DISSATISFACTION.

MINNIE RUSSELL.—Elizabeth Wetherell lives on a romantic island in the Hudson River, near West Point.

I cannot find Alice M. W.'s verse in any collection in our library, but I have a newspaper scrap containing one that is nearly as funny as hers. Papa reads it aloud sometimes with deep feeling, and if persons hearing it for the first time do not have their wits about them, they are apt to think it is "real sweet." Here is the verse:

"How happy to defend our heart,
When love has never thrown a dart!
But, oh, unhappy when it bends,
If pleasure her soft bliss suspends!
Sweet, in a wild distorted strain
A lost and wandering heart to gain!
Oft in mistaken language wooed,
The skillful lover's understood."

Yours truly,

LIZZIE B.—R.

BIRD-DEFENDERS.

Again we have to record several new lists of Bird-defenders, as well as a long roll of recruits who have joined singly.

The trumpet-call has been heard even on the Pacific Coast, and Edwin S. Belknap and Emma Lombard send the following names of San Francisco volunteers: Frank Harrison, Harry French, Joe E. Toy, William A. Smith, Thomas O. Farjon, Henry A. Millar, James K. Hyland, Frank E. Waters, Arthur F. Waters, Henry Perry, Alexander Cohen, Percy Cohen, Joseph R. Smith, Ben O. Smith, Frank E. Smith, Oscar J. Lund, Harry Lund, James R. Haste, Charles Morhardt, Robert McElroy, Walter Cole, Ralph O. Thomas, Obe Thomas, George F. O'Leary, Isaac B. Dutard, George Singer, Albert F. Sawyer, Eddie Henry, Edmund D. Cooke, George H. Bly, John S. Kibbie, Frank B. Allery, John T. Allery, Edmund C. Battledon, Frank Battledon, John H. McStrue, Colin McGregor, Walter Wilding, and Edwin Belknap; Jennie Cooke, Carrie F. Harrison, Ettie Lombard, Fannie Hare, Jennie B. Widley, Mary M. Griffin, Tillie S. Vaughan, Susan R. Hopley, Bella S. Chaplain, Fannie T. Ksene, Lottie D. Rummell, Florence G. Grimshaw, Gertie B. Plum, Delia Sherman, Minnie K. Peese, Katie F. Cutter, Mattie R. Hughes, Mary Fenton, Lulu De Chrella, Katie L. Cummings, Louisa T. Lee, Mary Jackson, Annie R. Lloyd, Carrie S. Smith, A. Susan Smith, Alice Andrews, Maria Ford, Jennie H. Haskins, Sarah L. Sylvester, Minnie F. Bly, Etta M. Peck, Jennie D. Peck, Bessie A. Walton, Gussie D. Walton, Carrie E. Grant, Effie T. Wahl, Mary J. Toy, Millie Dirrell, Nellie Lovejoy, and Emma Lombard.

Hattie E. Buell and Mary B. Beverly, of Schenectady, N. Y., send the following list: Kate D. Hanson, Aggie Clement, Kittie Schuyler, Ida I. Van Denburgh, Mary M. Dailey, Lavinia D. Scrafford, Hattie Morgan, Mary L. Apps, Celia W. Tenbroeck, Mollie Hallenbeck, Julia Ruoff, Theresa E. Quant, Ritie S. Brooks, Libbie D. Sibley, Lilian G. King, Emma Clute, Augusta Oothout, Jennie Hoyt, Emma Planck, Lillie I. Jennings, Anna Miller, Gertie A. Fuller, Kittie Van Nostrand, Bessie Barker, Clara Hannah, Susie Sprague, Mamie Yates, Anna Wemple, Susie C. Vedder, Katie Fuller, Anna M. Lee, Alice D. Stevens, Nettie Knapp, Lizzie King, Addie Richardson, A. Y. Schermerhorn, John L. Wilkie, Mynard Veeder, Alvin Myers, James Vedder, and Lewis Peissner.

Julia C. Roeder and Mary M. De Veny—two Cleveland girls—send the following names: Addie L. Cooke, Addie L. Patterson, Rosa Zucker, Fannie E. O'Marah, Dora O'Marah, Johnnie O'Marah,

Nellie O'Marah, Lettie Lawrence, Bertha P. Smith, Lizzie E. Weidenkopf, Annie E. Rudy, Emma T. Holt, Lena M. Bankhardt, Loey M. Davey, Mary Taylor, Eva Lane, Sarah Venning, Lola Hord, Emma L. Yost, Florence Harris, Eva Brainard, Annie B. Warner, Jennie M. Roberts, Florence Robinson, Lucy Robinson, Willie Robinson, Mamie J. Purdie, Annie Purdie, James J. Purdie, Charlie A. Lyman, J. D. Campbell, Marian A. Campbell, and M. M. De Veny.

Allen S. Jamison, of Philadelphia, joins with some of his friends: Carrie Jamison, Jennie Jamison, Lucie Jamison, Florence Knight, Lilly Weiss, Ida Engelman, Alfred Weiss, Harold Rankins, William Black, and Frank Knight.

Pansie Dudley sends her own and these names: Maude Bishop, Lillie Duntzen, Fannie Lansing, Minnie Yates, Leah Moore, Dora Conklin, and Blanche Wilkinson.

Bryant Beecher joins and sends these names: Abbie Beecher, Alice Beecher, Morie Sampson, Willie Sampson, Minnie Sampson, Eddie Sampson, Otto Stewart, Charlie Stewart, Cassius Stewart, Maggie McGuire, Frankie Howland, James Howland, Johnny Howland, and Willie Howland.

Belle Fawcett sends her own name and five others: Elsie Smith, Libbie Smith, Issie Smith, Lena Adams, and Mary Eddy.

Julia D. Elliott sends the following names besides her own: Lessie Gay Adams, Carrie Matthews, Jessie Shortridge, Eben. Bradesyle, Olive Bradesyle, May Bradesyle, and Russell Bradesyle.

Other names have been received as follows: Nellie Beale, Ida Vallette, Fred J. Beale, Julia G. Beale, Florence W. Ryder, Clara Louise Ryder, Nettie Myers, Hattie E. Edwards, Alice W. Edwards, Carrie Hurd, May Keith, John W. Cary, Jr., J. Brayton Parmelee, Ella C. Parmelee, Lillie B. Coggeshall, Katie S. Baker, Ruth and Mabel Davison, Mary Wilcox, Reinette Ford, Alma Sterling, Edith Sterling, Hildegard Sterling, Mary Manley, Edith Manley, Romeo G. Brown, Harry Blackwell, Mary Blackwell, Lillie Bartholomew, May Bartholomew, Mollie E. Church, H. J. Rowland, Eugene Rowland, A. B. Smith, Mills Clark, Minnie M. Denny, Fannie L. Clark, Helen R. Munger, Ida Diserens, Lemmie Bryant, Hattie Bryant, Edward K. Titus, Carrie James, Arthur James, and Carrie M. Hapgood.

"PANSY."—We publish the names of all those who send the correct answers to *any* of our puzzles; those who answer *all* in one number correctly will receive special mention.

We are glad to receive contributions to our Letter-Box or Riddle-Box from any one, whether a subscriber or not; but it is best to send your own name with all communications.

"JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT," by his item in our February number, has called forth a friendly note or two about "watches" on shipboard. Here is an extract from a sailor friend, who ought to know the case better than the birds:

I am not aware of more than two systems of "setting the watch," the Dutch and the English, the latter being in use in American vessels. The accompanying scheme will show what the "watches" are: the object of the "dog watches" being to change the turns of the sailors in keeping the watches. The watches are always "set" at eight o'clock in the evening.

The English System.

8 P. M. to 12 P. M.—First Night Watch.
12 P. M. to 4 A. M.—Middle Watch.
4 A. M. to 8 A. M.—Morning Watch.
8 A. M. to 12 M.—Forenoon Watch.
12 M. to 4 P. M.—Afternoon Watch.
4 P. M. to 6 P. M.—First Dog-Watch.
6 P. M. to 8 P. M.—Second Dog-Watch.

The Dutch System.

8 P. M. to 8 A. M.—Exactly the same as the English system.
8 A. M. to 2 P. M.—First Dog-Watch.
2 P. M. to 8 P. M.—Second Dog-Watch.

A bell is struck every half-hour during the watch, so that eight bells is struck at the end of each watch; and in the English system even, at the end of the First Dog-Watch the bells recommence, and seven o'clock is two bells, but eight bells is struck at eight o'clock.

OLD TAR.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ENIGMA.

I CONTAIN nineteen letters. My 9, 11, 17, 4 is acute. My 15, 6, 3, 12, 4 is verdant; my 5, 16, 8, 18, 4, 11, 6 is more so. My 14, 12, 17, 19 is not always to find. My 1, 11, 3, 9 is a period of time. My 9, 4, 7, 18 is a part of the body. My 13, 2, 8, 10 is a pronoun. My whole is a proverbially "tough" situation, and at the same time a very easy one.

M. N. L.

HIDDEN LAKES.

1. Go never, I entreat you. 2. We nerved ourselves to the task. 3. Hope pined herself to death. 4. Is earnestness always praiseworthy? 5. I love it as calves love milk.

L. O.

QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC.

THE finals, reading downward, signify an oblique look; reading upward, a lively dance. The primals, reading downward, name a kind of limestone; reading upward, signify a journey by water.

1. A city of England. 2. A female name. 3. A flower. 4. A bird.

ITALIAN BOY.

PUZZLE.

EACH question will be solved by using one letter of the poet's name by itself, and transposing the others.

1. A letter drew back when a poet's name was mentioned. 2. A letter was told to talk more when a poet was named. 3. A letter withdraws from a poet to leave him more brilliant.

B.

LINEADUCTIONS.

1. I AM trite; write my name and draw a line through a certain letter, and I become condition. 2. I am fierce; draw a line, and I become a hat made of wool. 3. I am the power of choosing; draw a line, and I am to droop.

ITALIAN BOY.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

INITIALS.

OF Shakespeare's heroines the first, or so it seems to me;
"A Daniel come to judgment,"—now tell me who is she?

FINALS.

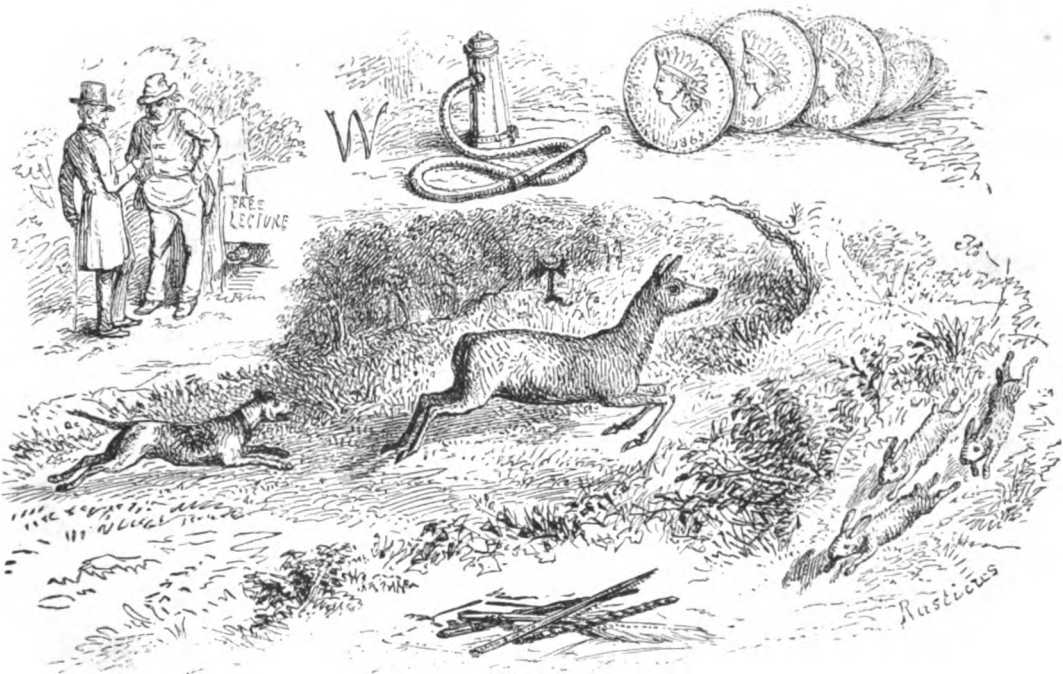
A prince, unhappy, sad, oppressed—you've heard his mournful tale;
But flattered much by one who said 't was "very like a whale."

CROSS-WORDS.

My first is a fruit both sweet and fair to see;
My second you may read of in "The Brown Rosary;"
My third you do in Summer-time, through wood and vale and dell;
My fourth's a famous archer—you children know him well;
My fifth I hope you never are, but should you wish to be,
Go to my sixth and learn from her, for who more wise than she?

M. N. L.

REBUS, No. 1.



GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. ONE of the United States. 2. A country. 3. A city of Connecticut. 4. A name for island. 5. A large sea. 6. A river of Asia. The primals and finals name two European cities.

ITALIAN BOY.

SQUARE WORD.

1. A PLEASANT gift, denoting skill,
Which some can manage at their will.
2. A certain *shape*,—not round or square,—
Birds partial to it always are.
3. What growing maize is found to be,
As in the harvest you can see.
4. An animal, that will attend, . . .
In war and peace alike, your friend.

A foreign city, whose queer ways
Have drawn forth censure, laughter, praise.

B.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A CONSONANT. 2. A chart. 3. A sign used in arithmetic. 4. A girl's name. 5. A plant. 6. Murmuring. 7. A large net. 8. An animal. 9. A consonant.

ALDEBARAN.

GEOGRAPHICAL CHARADE.

I AM a city built in the shape of a lady's fan opened;
with five canals encircling me in parallel lines, and one
passing around the outside; with cross-canals that
divide me into ninety-five islands; with streets that
cross the canals by six hundred draw-bridges; with
houses fronting on canals; and ships and boats that can
pass all through the city, and land passengers and prod-
uce at any point that may be desired.

F. R. F.

REVERSALS.

1. A WORD meaning to swallow hurriedly; reverse,
and find a peg. 2. To eat; reverse, and find a lady of
King Arthur's time. 3. Small animals; reverse, and
find a heavenly body. 4. An intransitive verb; reverse,
and find a period of time. 5. To exist; reverse, and
find corruption. 6. An article of toilet; reverse, and
find to cut. 7. Small fruits; reverse, and find to stupefy.

D. W.

THE TEA-PARTY.

A RHYMING PUZZLE FOR THE VERY LITTLE ONES.

HERE 's Sue and Tom, and Bess and Harry;
And who comes next? my little ——.
And who comes here with Master Ned?
Mary and Kitty, George and ——.

What did Sue bring? it rhymes with take;
I know she brought some frosted ——.
And Mary brought what rhymes with arts;
Peep in her napkin—what nice ——!

And then there 's something rhymes with handy,
From Tom and George—delicious ——!
And something nice, that rhymes with huts,
In Nanny's basket—splendid ——!

What did they have that rhymes with hearty?
They had a very pleasant ——.
When did they leave?—it rhymes with eleven;
They every one went home at ——.

Where were they lost?—it rhymes with deep;
They every one were lost in ——.
What did they have that rhymes with teams?
They every one had pleasant ——. B.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. It would not be — to call the alphabet complete though — should be placed in regular order. 2. Do you attend the — as a spectator merely? —. 3. When we — yesterday, he said he should — to-morrow. 4. The clay statuettes of such — are —. 5. The audience will — quickly if such a man —.

B.

EASY METAGRAMS.

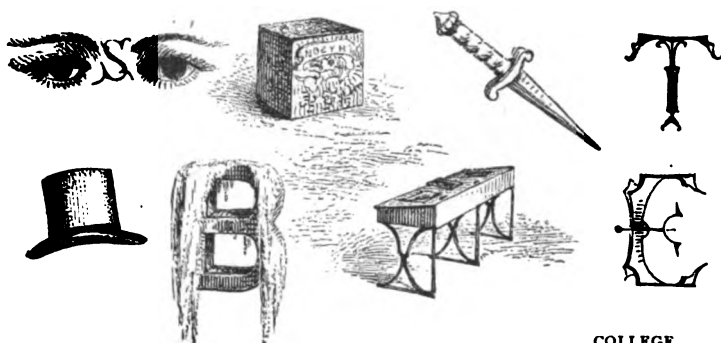
FIRST, I am to shape; change my head, I am a precious metal; again, and I am frigid; again, I am brave; again, I am a plait; again, I stop. Behead me. I am aged; behead and curtail me, I am a consonant.

IRON DUKE.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. ONE-SIXTH of Arabia. 2. A cape. 3. A European river. 4. A country. 5. A city of Europe. 6. A city of France. 7. One-sixth of France. ITALIAN BOY.

REBUS, No. 2.



CHARADE.

My first, a liquid path, is made
By something used in foreign trade.
My second pours from out his throat
To weary ones a welcome note,
Coming a sure and pleasant token
That Winter's icy chain is broken.
My whole I've found in purple bloom,
Or clothed in white 'mid forest gloom,
Leaves, petals, sepals—all in threes,
A triple triplet, if you please.

B.

CENTRAL PUZZLE.

THE central letters form the name of a patron saint. 1. Class in society. 2. Part of a church. 3. A sort of boat. 4. An assumed name. 5. A bird. 6. A coloring matter. 7. The shape of an egg. 8. A disease. 9. A musical instrument. 10. A kind of gum. L. O.

COLLEGE.

BEHEADED RHYMES.

THE blacksmith with hammer of musical —
Forges a chain of a ponderous —
His hands are brawny and black as —
But he does his work as well
As his neighbor goldsmith at ease in a —
Twisting fine gold to the size of a —
And weaving a trifle as light as —
For the delicate ear of a belle. L. D. N.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH NUMBER.

QUERIES.—1. Pears. 2. They are always sold (soled) before they are finished. 3. Because they are men dead (mended), yet not forgotten. 4. Because he is working on his last. 5. Because his hat would hold his all (awl). 6. Because they have souls (soles). 7. A row. 8. Because some of them have a stitch in the side.

METAGRAM.—Bark, lark, park, mark.

CHARADE.—Ivanhoe.

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Sable, able. 2. Shark, hark, ark. 3. Slack, lack. 4. Flinch, linch, inch. 5. Pink, ink. 6. Larch, arch.

SQUARE-WORD.—Fore, Opal, Rack, Elks.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Antony Canova.

RIDDLE.—Beau, Bow (Rainbow, Fiddle-bow, Ribbon).

CURTAINMENTS.—1. France, franc. 2. Seal, sea. 3. Pearl, pear, pea. 4. Pansy, pans. 5. Teal, tea. 6. Robe, rob. 7. Scant, scan.

TRANSMUTATIONS.—1. Deranged (D-ranged). 2. Sea-girt (C-girt). 3. Delighted (D-lighted). 4. Enamored (N-hammered). 5. Detested (D-tested). 6. Argonaut (R-gone out). 7. Geode (G-owed). 8. Cadence (K-dense). 9. Ovoid (O-void). 10. Espied (S-pied). 11. Beheld (B-held). 12. Seaboard (C-bored). 13. Expensive (X-pensive). 14. Defamed (D-famed).

LOGOGRIPH.—Pearl, earl, pear, pea, real, Lear.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Schuykill.

EASY REBUS.—Deface, Detail, Defeat.

DOUBLE DIAMOND PUZZLE.—Angelic, Roseate —A, End, Cages, Roseate, Nelly, Lit, C.

BURIED PLACES.—1. Venice. 2. Athens. 3. Paris. 4. Naples. 5. Siam. 6. San Francisco. 7. Boston. 8. India.

A PICTORIAL ENIGMA.—Moonshine: Hoe, Hen, Noose, Mine, Hose, Mesh, Moose, Men, Hone, Shoe, Inn.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, previous to February 18, from Etta Clay Wagner, M. H. S., Nellie B. Reed, Thomas P. Sanborn, Lulu Sutton, E. H. P., G. L. F., George Brady, Annie Wright, Inez L. Olsey, Lizzie C. Brown, Willie A. Lewis, Belle and Kitten Smith, Belle Fawcett, "Edith," Ruth and Mabel Davison, Mary E. Church, Lillie May Farman, Frank S. Halsey, Emilie B. Brinton, Grace Orvis, H. B. Nichols, Mary Harned, Mary Wilcox, "New Subscriber," Lawrens T. Postell, D. P. L. Postell, Charlie W. Olcott, Nessie E. Stevens, Pansie Dudley, "May B. Not," Florence S. Wilcox, Theodore I. Condon, May Keith, Montgomery H. Rochester, Mattie W. Gray, Willie Boucher Jones, Mollie Beach, Fred Halsted, Alice W. Ives, Augusta Imhorst, Arod Berne, Reinette Ford, Mary H. Rochester, George E. Hayes, Katie T. Hughes, May Bartholomew, Isabel M. Evans, Flora Kirkland, Mamie Beach, J. G. Holliday, G. V. Holliday, Louis F. Brown, Rufus Nock, Lonie W. Ford, Allie Anthony, Grace G. Nunemacher, Julia Dean Hunter, Bessy Shubrick and Katey Walsh, Jessie McDermot, "Ariel," Fred G. Story, Flora S. James, Max F. Hartlaw, Allie Neill, George Huntington, Edith Wight, Rachel Hutchins, Mark W. Collet, Thornton M. Ware, Anna L. Gibbon, Eddie L. Heydecker, Florence B. Lockwood, Arnold Guyot Cameron, and Lucy Barbour.

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